# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# VILLA LAURIER

## By Henry C. Rowland

*ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS*

*Once We Were Admitted, Our Three Hostesses Became Suddenly Hospitable. They Invited Us Inside, Offered Us the Native Pink Bellet and Cakes*

WHEN Tom and I entered the Beaux Arts to study architecture we should have collaborated on a book entitled: French Schools I Have Been Fired From. We had, I think, been fired from them all, or at least all to which American boys are apt to be sent. Still, the above title would be in some cases inexact. There were schools on the list that we had merely marched out of under arms, as you might say, inviting attempts at forcible detention. In such cases the firing was actually a hangfire, and came later.

So far as concerns A 1 Lloyds Full-Powered American Boys, I should define European schools as institutions of expedience. They are handy for boys whose parents prefer to live abroad, and they are useful *oubliettes* for boys whose parents haven't time to bother with them. There is still another class to which Tom and I belonged—we are not brothers—and of which nothing much need be said except that it is of boys whose parents cannot agree.

The war broke before we had got into our stride at the Beaux Arts. Some students were called to the colors; others joined up, Tom and I among these. We weathered out the Great Storm without permanent disability, but it had not cleared the family atmospheres at home. On this account more than for any other we decided to stick on in France, and declined half-hearted invitations to return, also faint offers of assistance. We tried airplane construction, commercial flying, agencies of different sorts. The last of these was for radiators, and we made a good hotel strike on the French Riviera.

This happened just when the sprightly boom in real estate was starting up in and about Juan-les-Pins, by Antibes; so Tom and I decided to get out of radiators and in on this renaissance of an ancient littoral. Cannes seemed a better base, so we opened an office on the Croisette, keeping also a desk and a scout at Juan.

Business would have looked good from the start if we had not been too quick to tie up our small capital in Juan-les-Pins prospects, so that it was not long before we found ourselves working on a frayed shoestring. We had one splendid proposition by the tail, but no firm footing from which to haul in the slack and get it by the neck.

On this gorgeous morning in May we were waiting in our little office to see an American who had sent a hotel *chasseur* with a note to say that he wished to talk to us about the purchase of a villa.

Tom and I were by this time about a year on the job, pretty well known locally under the names of Monsieur Tom and Monsieur Charles. These seemed enough for business purposes.

It was a little after ten, and the Croisette—that beautiful water-front esplanade of the best town on the Côte d'Azur—glittered and sparkled with life and color. This shore of the Mediterranean was proving its pet name. The air through the open window was fresh while yet soft, and held a combination of energy and languor of which you could take your choice. Tom was placidly smoking his pipe, while I was restless. So also was my big black-maned police dog, Brigadier, whom I had acquired under curious circumstances. For a canine apparently in full prime his demeanor was habitually more quiet than one would expect. Yet there was about him something to suggest the tireless vigil of the classic detective who waits unobtrusively but alertly for his man at some focal point of human activity. Brig would lie for hours against the wall beside the front door, apparently inert, but closely scanning every car of the multitude that passed.

Tom and I were at this moment facing a very tight jam, with our Cannes office rent to find and no grace to be expected from our Provençal landlord. All over France no maxim is more true than that of: "*Les bons comptes font les bons amis.*" Only a lucky break within the next twenty-four hours could save us from the loss of valuable holdings—which was bad enough—or the loss of credit—which was worse.

We were feeling very low when there breezed in upon us a big man with a hard but rather handsome face and a hearty manner. He wore light tweeds that told of a costly English tailor, costly hat and tie and shoes, and what was unquestionably a very costly jeweled ring. He would have parked somewhere, one felt instinctively, a costly woman in a costly car. There emanated from him the mixed aroma of Grasse perfume and a morning cocktail. "Morning, gentlemen," he said. "I'm the man that sent the bellhop round here to make the date. My name's Smith, late of Chicago and just in from the moldy dump called London."

We introduced ourselves and he looked amused. "Mr. Tom and Mr. Charles, hey? Well, that's sort of chummy soundin' too. Easy to remember anyhow. Now I want you boys to buy me the Villa Laurier just as she stands, and the sooner the quicker. My bank reference is right here a few doors up the bool'vard."

"Let's see," Tom said. "The Villa Laurier is that big place up against the slope just on the edge of Grasse, isn't it?"

"That's right. It's owned now by an American and his daughters, name of Moran. Came to them from the wife and mother. She was French. The grounds are all a tangle except for the gardens in the rear. There must be a couple of acres planted in roses. They grow 'em for the market, maybe."

"It's a fine old place," I said. "Grounds, sea view and everything."

"You bet. It may be hard to buy, but that's up to you. They're nearly flat, I guess. You boys got to make 'em listen to reason. Show Moran he owes something to his girls. Make 'em see they can't go on like that."

"Have you met them, sir?" Tom asked.

"Sure—yesterday. I stopped in passing and rang a big bell over the gates and by 'n' by a pretty girl opened an iron door at the side. She told me that Mr. Moran was workin' in his lab'ratory and couldn't be disturbed. Durin' the argument her two sisters came. Some babies! Sort of gold-red fluffy hair and turned-up noses, but set up right and nothin' shy about 'em."

"I've seen those girls," Tom said. "They look alike. First, second and third editions."

"That's right. I might have crashed the gate, but the oldest one had a no-trespass eye. She guessed I was lookin' to buy the property and told me there was nothin' doin'."

*"So That Was It," I Said in a Hushed Voice. "Back There in the Park. This Bandit is Brig's Old Master"*

"Then you didn't get in to see the house?" Tom asked.

"Say, you don't know Smithy. I said 'What about two million francs, cash, if the place looks good to me?' That opened her eyes a little."

"Would you pay that, Mr. Smith?" I asked. "Or was it just to crash the gate?"

"Oh, I'd pay it all right. It's a swell place all run to seed. She hung in the wind a minute, then took me up into the house and dragged her father out of his lab'ratory. But all I got from him was a polite frost. I guess he was sore at bein' disturbed, and maybe my American method rubbed him the wrong way. That's why I'm here."

"How high would you be willing to bid for the property, Mr. Smith?" I asked.

"Well, I might go to three million francs if I had to. It's a grand old place. But I'd want the whole works, just as she stands. Lock, stock and barrel."

Tom tapped his lips with his pen. Three million francs at the rate of exchange just then stood for $120,000, and was in our opinion about twice what such a property as the Villa Laurier was worth, furnished throughout, with no pieces of uncommon value.

Smith guessed what was passing in our minds. "You boys think I'm after something special, and you're right. But it ain't in the house. It's over at Cap Antibes. I followed it here from London." He chuckled.

"That sounds like a romantic quest," I said. "As if you were contemplating matrimony and a paradise for two."

"You got me, Mr. Charles. This lady has been kidding me along and tryin' to decide if I'd make an honest john of a husband; and now she says she'll marry me if I hand her the deed for the Villa Laurier. She got stuck on the property when she was here over a year ago. I'm out to call her bluff, whatever it costs me."

"I see," Tom said. "Then I don't need to tell you that you are offering about twice its market value, unless there's something of particular value in the house."

Smith shook his head. "I don't believe they've got anything to put in a museum. Moran doesn't strike me like the sort of man to let his three girls wash dishes and spade the garden if he had a rug or picture or something that would fetch a few thousand francs. He must know what he's got."

"Well," Tom said, "my partner and I will look into it, Mr. Smith, and see what we can do, and let you know."

Smith appeared to be satisfied with this assurance and presently went out. Tom looked after him thoughtfully, then said to me:

"This may be a *grande passion* of middle age, and then again he may have reason to believe he's next to something good."

I agreed that Smith must believe he'd seen his money's worth. But, on the other hand, an American of culture married to a Frenchwoman and living a quarter of a century here in France would know what his things were worth, individually and collectively. Better than Smith.

"We could do with the commission right now," Tom said. "Let's slide out there. Smith doesn't expect us to buy the place for less than three million. That's not the limit, but where we start."

Our French tin car was in front of the door, so we got aboard and shoved off. The Villa Laurier was a little beyond Grasse, on the road to Castellane, about eighteen kilometers from Cannes, well up on the slope, with a magnificent view of the sea. Anybody might want to own such a property and live in it for six months of the year, or even the year round, and the chances were, we thought, that the amount of his offer did not say much to Mr. Smith.

We climbed up through Grasse and came presently to the Villa Laurier. Nothing could be seen of the property from the road except its frontage of about a hundred meters, because, like most such hillside locations, the road had been cut through rock on the higher side and terraced as high again with fitted stones, on the top of which was a low ramp with big *jarres* at intervals. The entrance drive was closed by a pair of big iron doors, with a small one beside them, and there was a bell pull with a tarnished brass handle. I got down and gave a tug on this, and it let out a couple of deep melodious notes.

We waited three or four minutes, and I was about to try again when I heard the scuffle of gravel inside. Then the small door opened with a whine, and a very pretty girl in a working blouse stood looking at me with wide eyes. She was a ruddy blonde with a saucy-youngster look. Her skin was very clear and had a flush, as if she had been interrupted while working vigorously.

I bowed and asked in English if we might see Mr. Moran. She looked uncertain; then answered in the same tongue, with a throaty accent:

"Papa is very busy in his laboratory. It is hard for him to leave his work. Something could go wrong."

"May we drive in and wait until he can spare us a few minutes?" Tom asked.

She hesitated, evidently tugged two ways by courtesy and parental orders. Behind her was a big *massif* of laurel, in bloom, and a flight of stone steps cut through it from the drive, leading up onto the terrace. This was in May, and the air was sweet with flower perfume that had a delicate but searching odor of roses. As the girl hung in

the wind, undecided, there came a pattering rustle, and two other girls—her elder sisters evidently—broke cover at the foot of the steps.

They were as alike as three La France roses from the same bush, but at different phases of bloom: a bud, a blossom half unfolded and the flower nearly but not quite full-blown. Their ages might run from sixteen to twenty, and they were so pretty and provocative in a pastoral way that the ancient gates seemed the entrance to Arcadia. But their faces were positive, and their eyes a bluish heliotrope that was soft only in coloring. Straight eyebrows well pronounced gave them force and intentness. The same combination of softness and strength was apparent in their physiques. It was impossible to pity them for having to work in the garden. As a health and beauty treatment, that form of exercise appeared to have everything to commend it.

The one who was evidently the eldest gave us a cool scrutiny and said briefly: "Messieurs, if you have come to try to buy this property it is a waste of time."

"We were afraid that might be the case," Tom said, and then in English: "We are authorized at least to offer you a great deal of money, mam'selle."

"How much?" she asked, looking at Tom with more interest.

"Three million francs," Tom said promptly. "Our client is an American millionaire. His sort don't care what they pay when they want something."

The girls looked a little startled. Then the eldest shoved out her boyish chin and said briefly, "There are some things that even rich Americans have not money enough to buy."

I saw the color rising in the girl's face and said quickly, "Mademoiselle, it is really a compliment to be offered nearly twice the current market price for one's estate."

"Besides," Tom added, "you can't question the sincerity."

The girl looked mollified. "Why should anybody want our home so badly?" she asked.

"People who have never had homes of their own are apt to feel that they can buy the atmosphere of one like this with the rest of it," I said. "Sometimes they really do."

Tom asked again in his pleasing voice if we might drive in and wait until Mr. Moran could spare us a few moments. The permission was reluctantly accorded by the eldest sister. They followed us up to the *perron* of a fine old roomy house of pleasing proportions that would have been dignified by the name of château in a less rich and elegant region. It stood on a plateau or wide shelf of the hillside that was partly terraced artificially by that enormous expenditure of labor one sees all along the Riviera.

Then, once we were admitted, our three hostesses became suddenly hospitable. They invited us inside, offered us the native pink Bellet and cakes. I noticed that the second sister kept looking surreptitiously at Tom, and that it was not hard for him to look back. The youngest girl told us that their father had always been intensely fond of flowers and made a study of floriculture. He called his three daughters, Jasmin, Mimosa and Lys, though these were not their baptismal names. I noticed that Mimosa and Lys were called by their sisters, Mimi and Lili, but Jasmin remained Jasmin.

We were having a purely social time of it when Mr. Moran entered the big salon. He was a handsome man of about fifty-five, with a closely trimmed mustache and Vandyke. His features were finely chiseled, and the savant was plainly written on him. His manner was courteous but direct.

Tom apologized for the intrusion, explaining our errand frankly. Mr. Moran looked more puzzled than resentful at being disturbed.

"I told Mr. Smith yesterday that our property was not for sale at any price," he said. "Why do you suppose he offers so much?"

"It may be that the place suits him exactly and he is so rich that the price doesn't matter to him," Tom said.

Mr. Moran nodded. "Yes, it's hard to convince the *nouveau riche* that there is anything that can't be bought for money enough. Besides, he knows I am hard up."

Tom said: "If there is any danger at all of being obliged to sell sooner or later, wouldn't it be well to consider this good offer?"

Mr. Moran said frankly, "I have reason to believe that I may soon have money enough. I'm a chemist. Rather more than dilettant. I've been at work for two years on a rose perfume which if I am able to perfect should lead the market. Experts assure me that there is nothing to compare with it. Twice I've thought the trick was turned, but each time it deteriorated at the end of a few weeks. The secret lies in the base by which the volatile oil is held to be distilled. I am working with something new. The perfume itself is a natural product, but the base is made by synthesis."

"If you succeed, then your fortune will be made," Tom said.

"Unquestionably. I could either manufacture or sell the process on a royalty basis to one of the big producers. The use of delicate perfumes develops fine appreciation of them, and people able to appreciate the superior quality of mine would have it at any cost."

I believed that he was right. Just as the visual, the auditory and the tactile senses respond voluptuously to certain exquisite vibrations of color, sound and form, so also does olfactory. We have all experienced that sensual delight of certain delicious odors and their associations.

Tom nodded, then asked, "May I tell our client your reasons for refusing his offer at present?"

"Why not? It could do no harm that I can see. I expect to succeed. The problem is now merely that of permanence in the scent. A perfume that does not keep could not be sold. Customers would feel defrauded, and with perfect right. That is what has taken so long to determine. Meanwhile we carry on, thanks to my daughters. They work the rose gardens and everything else on the place."

We thanked him for his courtesy and rose to go. At the door Mr. Moran said, "You can scarcely appreciate what this old place means to us. I was married from this house and the children were born in it. Our lives are in its warp and woof. Last year I found myself at the end of my financial resources, and in order to carry on, rented the property for the season to a young American couple named Brown, of Chicago. We went to America to visit members of my family. My eldest daughter was delighted with the United States. But we three others were glad to get back."

"That does not surprise me," Tom said. "I hope you got a good rent."

"Very good. Then, the day the lease expired I came to take possession, and do you know, I had the devil of a time to get that couple out? Mr. Brown offered me carte blanche to renew the lease. I refused, being impatient to get back to work, and we had no place to go. He tried to tell me that his wife was too ill to move, but I knew that to be untrue because I had seen her the day before, driving like mad to Nice in her car. If the worst comes to the worst I can always rent again. In fact, Mr. Smith told me to name my own price for the summer when I refused to sell."

While talking we had stepped out onto the *perron*, a graceful structure with a glass marquee. The flowering laurel, big like rhododendron, grew in a heavy continuous *massif* on the edge of the graveled driveway, and my eyes were resting absently on a certain sector of it. I was wondering idly, with no sharp focus of surmise, why Mr. Moran's late tenant should have wanted so much to prolong his lease at the close of the season, when a spray or two of the laurel at which my vision was directed stirred.

For a moment I scarcely noticed it, my mind preoccupied. The branches stirred again, farther back, and the top of the clump was agitated. There was not a breath of wind, and all the other foliage was still.

"Have you a dog, Mr. Moran?" I asked.

"No, not now. Our poor Miro, a big *chien de Pyrénées*, died suddenly in some sort of a

(Continued on Page 80)

*"Morning, Gentlemen," He Said. "I'm the Man That Sent the Bellhop Round Here to Make the Date"*

# VETO OF WAR

## By Richard Washburn Child

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WASHINGTON. There are two kinds of thought about the peace of the world. One is political and the other nonpolitical and practical. By careful combing around at the nation's capital, it is possible to find sparse but fertile ground for wholly new thought about the assurance of peace.

For real light upon the future of international affairs it is futile to go to Washington and invoke the prejudices and sentiments of congressmen who want the United States to bristle, or of professors who want the United States to lie down.

Some years have gone by, however, since there has been, in Washington, in the presidency or—except for Hughes—in the secretaryship of state, minds quite as capable of accepting the practical, nonpolitical, nonsentimental, positive methods of building peace by sense and science as one can find now in Hoover and Stimson.

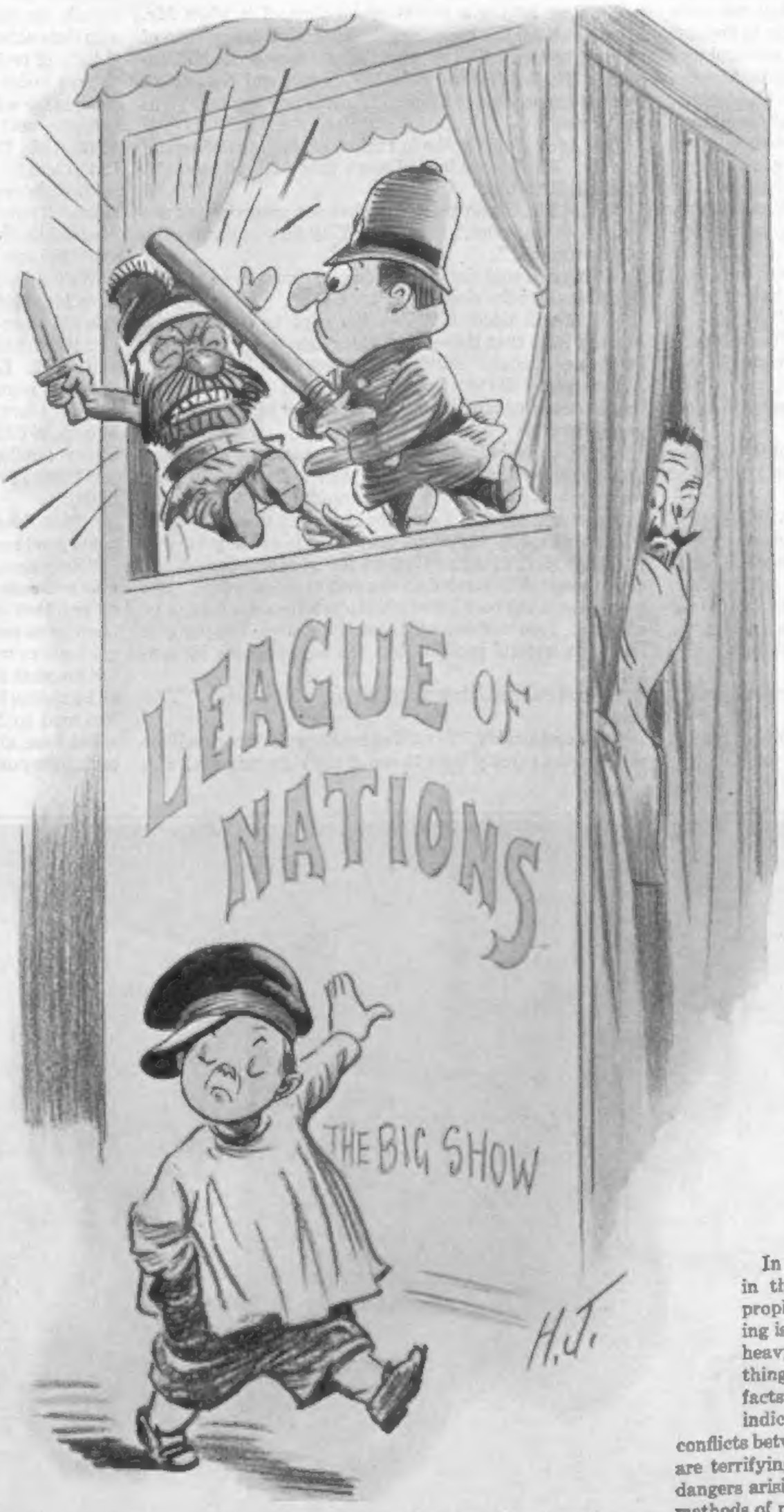
A tremendous opportunity is open to them. It is new. It has not ripened before. It discards the old methods. It accepts new processes—practical processes. It cuts through traditional nonsense which makes barriers to progress on the one hand, and on the other it sustains the policy of avoiding precommitments of the United States or arm-tying of the United States by pledges and memberships in impractical internationalism. It thanks our lucky stars that we are still free to face facts, to take leadership and to build on a sounder basis than that of providing formulas, parchment statesmanship, and slender pledges not to engage in war.

Granted that we citizens have no desire to become cynical as to the more than a decade of political exchanges, or as to the League mechanism to avert war—the time has come in the warmth of 1929 to foresee that the world cannot live on unrealities and that, as sure as the dawn, a practical world will find more fundamental methods to preserve peace than those provided by bickering statesmen of a school bound to go out of fashion. The latter have been afraid to tell, even themselves, the truth.

### *A New Path to Peace*

ONE truth, for instance, which uncourageous men have been afraid to tell causes averted eyes during Washington conversations even today. This truth is that there exists in the world a set of forces which is better than any other agency ever yet devised, not only to coöperate for peace among themselves but, in the last analysis, to veto any war anywhere, any time.

These forces are those nations which hold the bulk of sea power and do the bulk of the world's business.




*The Small Countries Know That Supposedly Open, Democratic Decisions are Really Prepared Behind the Green Baize Doors of European Capitals*

It is with a profound sense of obligation to civilization rather than with any sense of power in itself that three nations of the world, each in its sphere—or the three cooperatively and with world-wide influence—can tell themselves that by practical means it is within their determination, alone and exclusively, not only to refrain from war but, if ethical reasons give sanction, to prevent all war.

It is needless for sentimental gentlemen to be shocked when practical men, who often are too timid to tell the truth, say behind the scenes that the United States, Great Britain and Japan can, by financial, economic, moral and, if necessary, sea power, veto war.

The outlawing of war, even in such circumscribed and indefinite form as the Kellogg pact, is only a mild improvement on the feeble protection offered by the League in its more than ten years of practice. Compared with either, the plain fact, like it or not, is that complete coöperation among three nations can veto war.

Such a complete coöperation of three nations in practical terms, indeed, never would have to invoke the power of violence to prevent war!

Such a coöperation might well, in its completeness and by its very practice of nonpolitical peace building, create a recognition of a new era and a new technic in internationalism.

Such a coöperation among them might show the whole world the way to a practical common purpose and the path along that purpose to universal coöperation.

There is no question about the ability of these three nations to take such a leadership. They have the bulk of the sea power of the whole world.

But more important is this: The internal and external business of the United States, the British Empire and Japan represents the vast bulk of the producing and distributing economic life of the world. The import and export trade of these three exceeds the import and export trade of all Continental Europe, with most of Asia included.

The mere fact that only three nations would have to decide to institute a new international practice would avoid all the petty bickerings, all the old prejudices, traditions and politicians' intrigues, which have clouded all the political maneuvering against war made since the great conflict of 1914.

### *The Wrong Psychology*

IF ANY reader wanted to go to Washington today, and if he had at his command all the information in the office of the President and the Secretary of State, and if to this he applied the common sense of facts, divested of prejudice or preconceptions, he would probably have to say, as some so-called statesmen in Washington might say in whispers, that not only these three nations, by practicing nonpolitical but real coöperation, can bring about this result but two nations alone—the United States and Great Britain.

This report of investigation and its consequent suggestions do not lead toward any proposed alliance with Great Britain. They do lead toward the adoption, at a time when there is grave need for it, of certain mutual recognitions of realities and a definite, new international technic created not by pledges but by day-by-day and year-by-year practice.

Not only have two nations the sea power to dedicate to this end in a benevolent partnership but, putting that aside, they have the financial and economic and moral powers to do it.

Probably no two nations in the history of the world have had the weight of obligation now—at this moment—resting on Great Britain and the United States to find by new means, which our present investigation will suggest, a basis for complete coöperation for this aim and goal.

In the face of this fact there is something tragic in the low sounds of voices which pretend to prophesy conflict between the two. Of course nothing is more obvious than that the two are the only heavyweight entries in the world-war arena as things stand. Nothing is more plain than the facts—which we will later examine carefully—which indicate that the temptations to great economic conflicts between the United States and the British Empire are terrifying in their proportions. Everyone knows the dangers arising from the absence of adequate nonpolitical methods of peace assurance to prevent those sparks which fly from old-fashioned international machinery, even when that diplomatic machinery is at its best. All the old or new international machinery has proved its failure to stop wars in a world to which it was much better adapted than to the world which has sprung violently and awe-inspiringly into our almost-unseeing faces since the Great War.

It is also too bad for other voices to mumble over and over again that no possibility of war exists. There is always something ridiculous about those who believe that they are allaying any fears by going through the streets morning, noon and night crying out "War is unthinkable." If it were unthinkable they would not be crying to the stars and waking the neighbors. The whole psychology is wrong. It is like the psychology of those who assure us in one breath that the outlawing of war has guaranteed the peace of the world, but for heaven's sake let us do something else at once! It is saturated with disbelief. It is like the wholly objectionable emphasis which has been laid upon

the prevention or prohibition of war as distinguished from the building and weaving and erecting of causes for coöperation and peace.

The way to silence both kinds of voices is to create a new voice—the voice of coöperation. And that opportunity is the one offered to Washington at this time.

One of the most astute observers of world affairs in Washington—and they are rare in Washington—says, "Not only in our relations with Great Britain but in every direction we are dealing with a Mississippi flood of new waters, not necessarily evil and perhaps good, but uncharted, unmeasured—mostly economic—and we still allow spellbinders with long hair and college professors with short mustaches to show us how to pilot the stream in the old, obsolete, political side-wheelers and in new, cranky paper boats."

No one has failed to see, among those with whom I have conversed, that the obligation of world peace resting upon the two—or three if you will—nations possessing overwhelming sea power, and, on top of that, economic and financial veto power, and who do more than half the world's business, is a tremendous obligation.

They have unparalleled obligations, and one of these obligations is to find better means of coöperation between them than have been devised already—certainly something better than the mere existent political machinery. That machinery, with all its gestures, still remains as a utility for jealous bulldogs making hypocritical gestures with sanctimonious tail wagging. To fulfill this greater obligation and carve out new treaties in any general conference of nations is too large a task when dozens and hundreds of little races and peoples are involved, and when there are certain to be present small villains, corrupt intriguers, cranks, popinjays and fools. That would be and has been reminiscent of Babel and of sewing circles. But it is not an insuperable difficulty—if there is recruited for the task something better than the political or crankish brains of two nations—for two great peoples to come to accord upon certain definite realizations of what should be done and how it can be done.

There are protests enough from Lloyd George and Robert Cecil, from Stanley Baldwin and who knows who, across the water, that the peace of the world hangs in doubt, that catastrophe is over us like a sword on a hair. Opinion in Washington today does not support this view and considers that a part of it is due to election hysteria in the British Isles. But if there is good sense and science left in the two nations, the time of impending difficulty is the very time for foresight and close coöperation, and, above all, for a realization of the cold, hard facts upon which we may build together.

One of these cold, hard facts which is not reassuring is that none of the bulwarks against war yet devised are really substantial bulwarks against war. If they were, the world powers outside the United States would not be adding to their armaments at a rate which carries them above the prewar preparation anywhere from 12 per cent to 300 per cent!

"What a strange fix the world is in!" exclaims one of the pacifists in our new Government, who adds sense to his sentiment. "Nations used to arm for conquest; today the era of conquest is over. Yet in spite of all the preventives said to be created against war, they arm today for defense and fear—quite sincerely too—and like mad men."

At any rate, there is nothing in the progress of disarmament to constitute a bulwark against war. Furthermore, it has been pointed out recently more than once in the House of Commons that mere disarmament does not prevent war in any case.

Indeed, if disarmament is one-sided, it is likely to invite war; since the unprotected in the world of reality, like dogs muzzled among wolves, invite attack. And if the disarmament is mutual, the only gain is in the saving of life from deadly machines and in paring down investment in such machines. For no one can possibly say that war is prevented. When there were no complex modern weapons, spears did the work, and when there were no spears, clubs and stones would serve, and contests went on forever and a day.

One might go further on the path of common sense and say that the mere terrors and prospective losses to both sides in modern devastating warfare are a deterrent to all war. In any case, disarmament has neither the fulfillment nor the promise to constitute a bulwark against war.

It is not without regret that anyone examines the frailties of the other governmental and political attempts to gain peace by stopping war. To approach these political gestures is, to the common sense of British and American minds, to approach a field of endeavor which somehow is out of step with the modern world.

We may examine them as two nations having a common and sincere purpose, and willing to make such admissions as the world as it is exacts from us. One of these exactions is that most agreements and institutions worth while are those which depend, not upon forswearing selfishness but upon making selfishness join in a common cause that clearly gains by the practice of coöperation on a real, rather than on any political basis. In other words, the problem is to build peace rather than to forbid conflict.

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They May Veto Any War

# ANGELA

## By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

*"How About Going for a Swim in One of Those Lakes? There Certainly Aren't Any Sharks in 'Em"*

HER name was Angela and she was the apple of her old man's eye, but I'm here to say that she was a spoiled child and a brat. She had her old man's funny sort of sarcastic smile, Angela did, and she was just as ornery as he was, which is pretty, danged ornery. Some day I'll tell you about the time she came down here on his yacht. She certainly threw a monkey wrench into the wheels that time!"

"Why not tell me now?" I asked. "We've an hour before dinner."

Elmer Davis sighed and clasped his hands over his ample paunch. "Maybe after a little bit," he replied.

We were sitting on the shady side of the Strangers Club porch at Puerto Durango, and across the harbor we could see the flag of San Sablo hanging limply over Fort Barabar. Presently the sunset gun boomed, the flag descended in jerks and a faint bugle call sounded. Elmer's hands smacked together, awakening a Jamaican negro from his heat dream. Without waiting for orders the negro flat-footed toward the bar, for he knew that it was Elmer's first-drink time.

It had been one of those days when the sky is like a sheet of hot tin bent over the earth so that no fresh air can get in; but now that it was officially sunset a faint breeze began to stir the air. At last the boy came with a tray which held glasses, a bottle, a siphon and a bowl of ice. Elmer beamed and poured—poured plenty. A little sigh of contentment escaped him.

"Up north," he said, "people don't know anything about how nice it can be down here when night comes. I wouldn't live up there for anything! Here's how."

"How," I replied.

"I tried living up there once," Elmer continued. "I retired. I said to myself that I'd made my pile and that I'd better go back to the land I came from and get settled down. So up north I go and I land myself right smack in the middle of the dangedest blizzard you ever heard of. The wind whistled up my pants legs and the snow went down my neck. I like to have froze to death before I got to the hotel, and by the time I was in my room, up against a steam coil, I was wondering when the next boat sailed. When a man has been around these parts for nearly forty-five years his natural place is right down here where he belongs, and I've been in considerably less of an uproar ever since about going to what I used to call home."

He paused to reflect, and I reminded him that he was to tell me about Angela, who was a spoiled child and a brat.

"That's just what I'm doing, my boy," he said placidly, "so keep your shirt on and be patient."

I didn't catch the next boat, he continued, because Elvin Piersoll—that's Angela's father—heard I was in town and sent word that he wanted to see me. I'd never met him, but I knew him as a pirate and a hard man to do business with, a man who had mines and oil properties all down the backbone of two continents. Naturally I wondered what he wanted to see me about, because I'd washed up all my holdings and let a hard-boiled banker stick the loot into bonds. The only dealings that Piersoll could have with me'd be a poker game. That was how I figured anyhow.

I went down to his office and I was taken in right away. He told his secretary to get out and keep everybody else out, and when we were alone he offered me a cigar, but I said that if it was all the same to him I'd rather chew.

"Me too," says he. "Smoking's all right sometimes; but when you have to think, a good chew is like nothing on earth. Ever since the ladies decided that chewing wasn't decent, this country has been going to the dogs."

I agreed with him and passed over my plug, which meant that we were getting off to a good start, with a feeling that we talked the same language. He didn't seem like such a pirate as people had always said.

"Mr. Davis," says he, "I'll throw my cards on the table. I'm dang near going crazy with the condition of politics in San Sablo, and for two cents I'd wash my hands of the whole pack and get out. Those Spigs are enough to make any sensible business man want to get himself locked up in a quiet, restful madhouse."

"That's because you don't understand 'em," I said.

"And that's why you're here," he came back at me. "My men tell me that there's no one like you for knowing the Spigotty mind. I want you to go back down there as my personal representative, and you can write your own ticket. If you can't clean up San Sablan politics, I'm for getting out and staying out, because I'll know I'm licked. Are you with me?"

We were getting on dangerous ground, as I explained to him. I wasn't forgetting that day when our minister to Costa Rica came to me with a billy-doo from the State Department in which I was told that if I didn't keep my hands out of other people's scraps, which included everything from real fighting and running ammunition to instigatin' and encouragin', I'd be deprived of my American citizenship. Not for me! When the State Department began to talk like that I had an attack of virtue that was the talk of five countries.

"I'll give you my personal guaranty that nothing like that'll happen to you, and I know what I'm talking about," says Piersoll.

The upshot of it was that we came to terms, and with nary a written line between us. If I told you my salary you'd think I was lying.

Then the argument started, and I've never had a harder-headed son of a gun to argue with in all my born days. He was a man who had his own set opinions about things, and most of 'em, when it came to Central American politics, were wrong. It was two weeks before I shoved off and I resigned every day I was there, including Sundays. Piersoll wanted things done his way, and I talked myself to the point of strangulation. But once you've proved to him that you're right, he stays put. Come hell's fire or hail storms, he's with you. Anyhow, by the time I sailed he'd come around to my way of thinking, which was that we have a little revolution and put Alberto Gandarios in as president. No bang-up, first-chop revolution; just a quiet, peaceable one. I wanted Gandarios because he was an engineer—a Massachusetts Institute of Technology man—and he was as honest as any man need be.

The government had grown so rotten that a revolution was just as easy as spanking a dead fish. We had six

casualties and three houses burned down. The houses were burned by some of the lads setting off a skyrocket in a gin mill. The next day we had the grandest bullfight ever seen in Puerto Durango, with a bullfighter I imported especially from Spain and a comic bullfighter who dressed up like Charlie Chaplin. Then we exiled three men and told 'em they'd be shot on sight if they ever showed up again, and released the other prisoners after they'd agreed to support the government. Pshaw! In the old days we would have been fighting for weeks.

Next we got six of the richest men in the country to act as a finance committee. I figured that they were too rich for little graft and too jealous of each other to let anyone get away with anything big. And if they tried to steal enough to make a six-way split we couldn't help but notice it; in which case we could throw 'em all in the jug and take it out on their estates. Just practical politics, that's all.

You'd think that a man who had three or four million dollars—not Mex, either—invested in a country'd be interested enough to come down and give it a look-see. I suppose he had so much money invested in so many countries that he couldn't afford to go gadding about. Of course I was sitting on the political lid for him, and he had his staff of engineers looking out for his interests. Once I tried to resign, but he cabled that if I didn't think my pay was enough to say so, but to cut out the resignation talk. Finally, when it came to the job of running a railroad from Puerto Durango to San Fernando, he cabled that he'd run down with some experts aboard his yacht.

You see, the development of the country had reached the point where we just had to have that railroad across Balopa Peninsula. Except for telegraph, which could easily be put out of commission, our only means of quick communication was by aeroplane. We'd imported a lad who used to be in the United States Navy—Annapolis man, he was—called Christopher Lane, and he used to fly the circuit of the peninsula twice a week, carrying mail, express and sometimes passengers. Also, he was doing some aerial survey work. But the lack of a railroad was holding everything back, and no company was going to stand behind the bonds unless Piersoll was standing with 'em, for he had more to gain or lose than anybody else.

If you're going to hold a country together, and not have some tin-pot Napoleon busting out in a revolution every time his digestion goes bad, you have to have some means of communication, which was the big reason for having Chris Lane on the job with an aeroplane. Also, under the wings of his flying boat there were forty racks for twenty-pound bombs, and in the arsenal we had plenty of bombs for 'em too.

Lane was a good lad. I liked him from the start-off. He was a tall, lanky fellow with a stern expression on his face, except when he smiled, which wasn't often during the first year he was down here. He wasn't very easy to get acquainted with. For the most part he stuck to his hangars and to the little house he'd rented, and he hardly ever showed up around the club. I don't mean that he was ever snappish, but just abrupt and to the point. He never drank and he never looked at the girls.

Pretty soon the wiseacres and gossips got busy and the story went floating around that he'd been thrown out of the Navy. I didn't pay any attention to it until Gandarios heard the yarn.

"I think we'd better find out about this man Lane," he says. "He's in a strategic position if a revolution should pop and we don't want to discover bombs coming down around our own heads. We have to have a pilot that we can absolutely depend on."

I told him that I was able, through Piersoll, to get the truth about it easier than the San Sablan minister at Washington, and Gandarios said to go ahead. After thinking it over I decided that I'd go right to Lane first. He seemed like such a straight, decent cuss that I didn't like to go behind his back. So that evening I went out to his house and found him sitting on his porch reading. I put it to him square-out.

He just glared at me. If I'd been a younger man I think he would have taken a sock at me.

"Let 'em think anything they please!" he says. "That's all I've got to say. Good evening."

That let me out, so I went back to headquarters and coded a cablegram to Piersoll, asking for information. The next evening, just about first-drink time, I was sitting here on the porch as usual and who should come up but Lane?

"I was rude to you last night, sir, and I apologize," he began. I told him to sit down and forget it. Then he came out with the whole story, which I shan't repeat to you because it's nobody's business. Just one of those fool things that a young fellow'll do when he gets a little tanked up. I've done worse and so have you. But the point was that he really didn't get kicked out of the Navy; he was allowed to resign for the good of the service, as the expression goes.

If he'd stood court-martial he would have got off without even a slap on the wrist—without losing a number, as he put it—but in trying to defend himself a lady's name would have been involved and a brother officer would have got it in the neck. So Lane stood his ground protecting two people who weren't worth it, and out the side door he went.

Then he opened up and told me what a hell of a time he'd had down here in San Sablo, how he felt he was a disgrace to his family and how it had mighty near killed him when his terrible past had jumped out at him. He hadn't had a drink since he'd left the Navy, because he was afraid he'd go to the devil. He was getting all bitter inside of himself from being by himself all the time, thinking about his troubles, which included a girl up north who hadn't stood by him. I felt downright sorry for the young fellow, so I ordered him a drink and told him to loosen up and get human once again. We had dinner together that night, and I found he was about as pleasant a man as you'd ever want to meet anywhere.

After he'd gone I went into the bar where some of the busiest gossips were a-gnashing away at somebody's reputation and told 'em that I'd just had news from Washington that Lane's record was A 1 and that he was a regularly resigned officer. And that was just about what Piersoll's office in Washington cabled to me the next day. After that I made a special point of seeing that Lane came around the club and got acquainted. He took to having a drink now and then with the boys and passing the time of day. A few fleas may be good for a dog, but too many make him sick, which was what was ailing Lane. He began to forget about his fleas and his horrible past and to enjoy life.

Came the day when Piersoll's big yacht, the Maola, eased into the harbor. She war all white and shiny, as slick a ship as ever you'd want to see. She cost a fortune to buy and another fortune to run, but Piersoll had reached the point where he couldn't spend his money as fast as it came in, so what did he care? I and his chief engineer in San Sablo went out after she'd anchored and found that he'd brought a half-dozen men down for a two weeks' powwow with the government.

That was when I met Angela. If ever a girl got hooked up with the wrong name, it was her, for she looked about as much like an angel as I do. Only she was pretty. She was small and she had curly brown hair, and there was a lot of devilment in her green eyes. What I mean is that she was cocksure of herself and her own importance in this world, full of pride and stubbornness. And she was fresh too. But you couldn't help but like the kid, except when you wanted to turn her up and spank her, which was sometimes pretty often.

Her old man and I, when conferences were over for the day, used to sit on deck and chew the rag about places we'd been and things we'd done. The second night he told me that he'd brought her along because he didn't dare to leave her behind. She was just twenty-one and too old to be salted down in school any more.

"She's a problem to me surely," he said. "When I was perplexed and troubled about the condition of things here in San Sablo I could call an expert in for the job of straightening them out, but there is no expert on earth who can keep up with that child of mine."

"Why not marry her off to some good man and pass the buck over to him?" I asked.

Piersoll only shook his head. "She's too young to

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*If No Indians, Attracted by the Aeroplane, Showed Up by Night, He'd Use Two Rockets. And if No Indians Showed Up by the Next Noon, They'd Start Out by Themselves*

# THE THROWBACK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

*In Court, He Grinned at the Judge and Explained His Predilection for Revolving Doors So Appealingly That the Magistrate Let Him Off With a Warning*

THE BIG GUN was discovered by Willie McCarr. Willie and Joe Devine were together at the time, driving north from Florida, but Joe never claimed, nor did Willie offer him, any share in the credit of the discovery.

Somewhere in Georgia they came upon a reach of bad road, as straight as a string between close-pressing walls of cabbage palm and live-oak scrub, but rough and rutted beyond belief. Joe, who labored at the wheel, had no eyes for the prospect ahead, but Willie saw the chain gang at work while they were still half a mile away. The striped uniforms made the men conspicuous; and as the car drew nearer, Willie perceived that the gang was putting in a new culvert. A guard with a shotgun under his arm stood in the nearest shade, and he wiped his brow with his handkerchief as Joe stopped the car on the lip of the open ditch where the culvert presently would be.

Joe stopped the car and hailed this man. "What do you say, there?" he resentfully demanded. "What's the chance to get by?"

The guard stuffed his handkerchief away. "They's a No Passing Th'ough sign back at the fo' corners, ain't they?" he suggested mildly. "But I guess we can lay some boa'ds to ca'y you-all over, in 'bout half an hour."

So perforce, they waited. Joe stayed in the car, scowling his furious discontent, but Willie McCarr alighted from the automobile and joined the guard under the palmetto. Willie always dressed handsomely, and just now he was, in the brilliant sun, a radiant spectacle. His panama hat drooped about his ears; his shirt was lavender, and his tie did it no violence; his suit was tan as to coat, a paler hue about the trousers; his socks were blue silk and his shoes were yellow-brown, rich as mahogany. The darkies in the road gang rolled admiring eyes at him, and they licked their lips in envious appreciation of his splendor.

But the guard spoke to them some admonitory word, and they resumed their work, their eyes flickering sidewise toward where Willie stood there in the shade. Then one of them began to sing in a rich barytone:

*"I got shoes, you got shoes, all God's chillun got shoes."*

And the others, chuckling like children at the jest, joined in the humming refrain:

*"Heaven-n-n-n, Heaven-n-n-n."*

Willie, while he talked to the guard, watched the man who had begun the song. This individual was a colossus in ebony, and despite the abject shapelessness of his garb, there was symmetry in his every movement. Willie had an eye in such matters. Masculine muscles were, you might say, his stock in trade. He marked the long arms, the sloping shoulders, the widening curve of the torso above the waist, the lean legs and the broad, flat feet so solidly planted; and at last his curiosity about the man found utterance.

The darky's name, the guard said, was Sam Mawgun.

"Morgan?" Willie hazarded, but the other did not know.

"He calls it Mawgun," the guard repeated mildly.

"What's he been doing?" Willie asked; and the guard said Sam had been fighting. "Can he fight?" Willie inquired with quickening interest, and the other man chuckled.

"I neve' have heard any complaints that he didn't do a good job when he once took hold," he drawled. "They say they's busted jaws all over Geo'gia that he's fixed that way."

Willie's eyes narrowed. "Yeah?" he echoed, not too much impressed. It was easy to find men with a local reputation. Yet he asked at last whether he could speak to the convict; and the guard assented and lifted his voice languidly.

Big Sam Mawgun grinned at the summons, and came toward them; and Willie lighted his cigar and asked quizzically: "Boy, what you watching me for?"

Big Sam chuckled, and his grin was full of an easy impudence. "Man, you blind the eyes!" he retorted.

The guard interjected warningly: "Mind you' lip, Sam!"

And Sam, in an entirely different tone, said "Yas-suh!"

But Willie told the guard: "That's all right. I like to see a man talk up for himself."

So the guard did not again interfere, and Willie said to Sam, "They tell me you've been fighting."

"Yas-suh! Some!" The big darky chuckled and his white teeth shone.

"Think you're quite a fighter, eh?" Willie challenged, his eyes suddenly as hard as flint, his jaw thrust forward.

"Naw-suh!" Sam cried in quick apology, backing a step away. "Naw-suh, not me, suh! I ain't said no sech a thing!"

Willie nodded. "All right, Sam," he said reassuringly. "I like fighters. But your kind of fighting doesn't get you anything but a job on the road. If you want to fight, I can show you how to make your fists pay your way, instead of getting you into trouble."

"Yas-suh?" Sam echoed, frowning in a puzzled fashion.

"If you're good," Willie qualified.

"Git money out o' fighting, suh?"

"I'm telling you."

"Yas-suh, but what does I have to do to come by dis here money?"

"Fight."

"Ain't I got to wu'k?"

Willie grinned dryly. "It takes work to make a good fighter. How long you here for, Sam?"

Sam scratched his head. He said ruefully, "Hit figures 'round about twenty-two days more, suh, 'cording to de jedge."

"Ever been in New York?"

"No-suh!"

They had laid boards at last across the cut, and Joe started his engine. "Come on, you!" he called to Willie. "Let's roll!"

Willie looked at his watch, he looked at Sam, and he spoke to the guard. He prided himself upon being a man of action and decision. A moment later he was scribbling on a card; he stuffed some money into the guard's hands.

"There, Sam," he said hurriedly. "When you're through here, this gentleman will put you on the train for New York. You come and see me. I'll give you all the fighting you want and pay you good money besides. O.K.?"

"How much I git paid?" the big negro asked shrewdly.

"Plenty."

Sam's eyes flickered over Willie's splendid garments. "Enough, you reckon, so's I kin buy me a coupla neckties and some o' dem yaller shoes?"

Willie chuckled. "I'll give you this pair," he promised, "the day you show up. And a new pair every month as long as you stay. What say?"

Big Sam grinned. He cracked his knuckles eagerly. "Boss," he vowed, "ef'n de train don't carry me, I'll up and carry de train!"

So Willie jumped the ditch and climbed into the car. Behind him, as they rolled away, he heard Big Sam's great voice lifted up in triumphant song:

*"I'm go'n' lay down my burdens."*

After a moment, Willie began to laugh to himself contentedly, but Joe Devine was in no humorous mood.

"What's the idea?" he demanded venomously. "Standing there talking to that dinge?"

Willie puffed at his cigar. "I've got a hunch on that coon, Joe," he confessed with a vast complacency. "I wouldn't sell you a piece of him right now for ten grand, cash in hand."

Willie McCarr believed in his hunches and played them, but when Big Sam Mawgun duly delivered himself in New York a month later, Willie had a momentary doubt. Sam in the palmettos was a gorgeous savage, but Sam in New York was something entirely different. He appeared at Willie's office in overalls, tremendous patent-leather shoes without socks, and a rusty frock coat. When he saw Willie, the darky's grin pushed his ears out like fans, his white teeth shone, and he threw up his hand in a gesture of greeting.

"Hi, mister man!" he called cheerfully. "Whur's dem brown shoes?"

Willie remembered, and chuckled; and without a word he picked up the telephone at his elbow, gave the number of his apartment, and directed briskly:

"There's a pair of brown shoes that I wore down South, in my closet. Send them up here right away. The man they belong to has come."

Then he clapped the receiver back upon the hook. "There, Sam," he said cheerfully. "They'll be here in half an hour."

"Boss," Sam retorted, with that wide grin of his, "who all does you want busted in de jaw? Any time you say de word, hit's done!"

But Willie McCarr did not say the word for another six weeks. In the meantime, Sam slept on a cot in a gymnasium which Willie patronized; he muffled his ponderous hands in enormous gloves; and under strict orders not to hit back, he boxed daily with assorted gentlemen. Willie's instructions to these gentlemen were explicit too.

"Give him all you've got," he directed. "If there's yellow in him, I want to know it; and if he can't take it, I want to know that too."

Also, these antagonists wore six-ounce gloves, while Sam's were twelves; so Big Sam suffered. Once or twice he appealed to Willie.

"Lemme hit that red-headed one just once, boss!" he begged. "Jus' lemme hit him one time, please, suh! Thass all I'm asking you."

But Willie shook his head. "Later, Sam," he promised. "You'll get your chance. But the first thing I want you to learn is to keep them from hitting you."

"Let um hit me twenty times, and then lemme hit him just oncet," Sam pleaded. His grin was wistful as a child's. "Please, suh, boss. Jus' one time."

But Willie played his hunch and followed his plan, and it came to pass in six weeks' time that Big Sam was beginning to learn. He had a natural foundation; attacked, he instinctively threw himself into a sound defensive posture, his hands higher than his head, his forearms perpendicular and parallel to guard his face, his elbows shielding his ribs. He began to be a hard man to hit. Not that they did not hit him. Lightweights hit him with snapping jabs; middleweights hit him blows that cut to the bone; and heavyweights hit him so hard that his heels were stone-bruised. But at the end of a month, none but the little fellows were fast enough to hit him at all. So long as he stayed on the defensive, he was able to avoid the attacks of heavier men, and always his own punches were withheld, withheld!

Then one afternoon Willie told Sam to hit back, and when that afternoon was over, plain Sam Mawgun was become Big Sam Gun, or the Big Gun for short. Also Willie bought him a new pair of shoes, and a suit to match, and a tie that exceeded Big Sam's wildest dreams.

Two weeks later, Willie entered him in some amateur bouts for the state championships. There were six men in the heavyweight class, so Sam had three matches. His first punch in the first bout split his opponent's eyelid so that the referee lifted Big Sam's hand. In his second fight he opposed a man thirty pounds heavier than he, but after Sam's second blow this opponent went down, not from necessity but choice, and scrambled toward his corner, shaking his head in a gesture of negation. In the final, Sam met the defending champion. This contest lasted half a round.

Some of the sporting writers who sat at the ringside thought Sam had a punch. Willie McCarr took care to tell them that the big negro would fight next as a professional, but they were not particularly interested. Between amateur boxers and professionals a great gulf stands. But Willie McCarr was satisfied. He gave Sam another pair of shoes.

Sam up to this time had lived a retired life; he slept in the gymnasium and he ate his meals at a restaurant near by. Willie had given him no money at all. But after his first professional bout—which he won by a knockout in one minute, thirteen seconds—Willie handed him five dollars and an injunction not to waste it. Whereupon a new world opened for Sam.

He did not, as might have been expected, drift north to Harlem. He went south, downtown, and with a definite objective. There was an elevator in the gymnasium, but that building was only four stories high. Sam wanted more of a ride for his money; and by asking questions here and there, and trudging patiently along the indicated routes, he came at last to the Woolworth Building.

He rode up and down in the elevators there until the operators rebelled, and when they ordered him out he went to seek the nearest substitute. He was due back at the gymnasium at half-past two, but he did not appear there till dusk, and at Willie's furious question, Sam grinned in a wide apology.

"Boss, I been travelin'," he explained.

Willie snorted. "Traveling? You're supposed to be up here skipping rope and punching the bag. I'll travel you, you flat-footed Ethiopian. Where'd you travel to?"

"I went for some rides in dese here elevators," the Big Gun confessed sheepishly. "Up a mile and down a mile. Yas-suh. Forty-'leven times."

"Elevators?" Willie exploded. "Where's the kick in that? You can't even see out of the window!"

Sam chuckled. "Boss, it's lak dis. When she goes up, you stays down, and when she comes down, you stays up. Dat swoopish feelin' in de stomach sure does git to me. Yas-suh!"

Willie frowned as sternly as he could. "Well, Sam, that'll cost you a pair of shoes," he said severely. "I was going to get you a new pair Monday, but now you'll have to wait till Monday week. You're due here every afternoon at half-past two, and if you're late, that's a pair of shoes. See?"

"Yas-suh, boss," the Big Gun promised cheerfully. "I ain't gwine fo'get no moah."

But he did forget, again and again. From the big man's point of view, New York was a gigantic toy full of surprises contrived for his delight. The elevator was his first discovery; the revolving door was the next. Later, he saw his first escalator, and he rode miles on that device. Subsequently, when he graduated from the gymnasium to a cheap hotel, he discovered the vacuum cleaner; and he wheedled enough money out of Willie McCarr to buy one for his own. It afforded him amusement and delight for days.

Willie gave him money with misgivings, but Sam's earning power was increasing so rapidly that Willie wished to maintain at least the appearance of fair dealing. Also, he opened an account in Sam's name at a clothing store; and the huge darky was apt to drop in there every day or two, discover some garment which attracted his exotic eye, strip off whatever he might be wearing in order to don that which he coveted, and march proudly out in his new garb.

He had no conception of property, in the sense of accumulation. If he had two suits, and preferred one, the other was thrown away; if he liked a new hat better than an old one, he tossed the old one into the street. He was made sufficiently conspicuous by his great stature, by that physical grandeur which he wore, by his wide and beaming grin, but the garments he affected gave him the general color scheme of a walking Sunday supplement; the harmonies of color which he contrived were as blatant as the discords which betrayed him. And when one day he saw and bought a great Dane, and led the huge beast in leash up the avenue, his fame approached its apogee.

His activities inevitably brought him into conflict with the law, but the Big Gun moved—and not only in the ring—in a circle of invulnerability. There was that about him which protected the huge darky from the consequences of his own eccentricities. When a doorman protested because Sam tried to lead his dog through a revolving door, Sam joyfully cuffed

(Continued on Page 106)

*"Boy, What You Watching Me For?" Big Sam Chuckled, and His Grin Was Full of an Easy Impudence. "Man, You Blind the Eyes!"*

# WAR PROPAGANDA

## By One of the War Propagandists

*A German War Poster by Oswald Polte Advertising the Pomeranian Sale Week for Jewels and Gold*

WHEN the drums of war smote the startled ear of the world, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg and Dr. Heinrich Albert, accompanied by Privy Counselor Meyer-Gerhardt, girt their loins to depart for New York. Almost simultaneously Dr. Karl A. Fuehr, with his colleague, Doctor Mechlenburg, and one or two other assistants, embarked for the United States from Japan, for already the War God had stalked to Asia. Both men were attached to the embassy. Fuehr spoke English like a native. He owes his extraordinary knowledge of our language and of American psychology to his charming American wife.

When these German officials arrived in the United States they immediately sloughed off their official skins. Doctor Dernburg, though a former cabinet minister, was actually no longer a public official. He came to our shores as a delegate of the German Red Cross. Albert represented a large government purchasing agency. He was not, in the beginning, officially attached to the embassy. Both Doctor Fuehr and Doctor Mechlenburg emphatically declared that they were in America on a leave of absence from official duties. Their status as private citizens made it less embarrassing for Americans to coöperate with them. Moreover, it relieved the embassy from any official responsibility for their actions. After the rupture of diplomatic relations, Fuehr and Mechlenburg returned to Germany with the ambassador and reëntered the diplomatic service.

### *The Beginnings of German Propaganda*

IT WAS Albert's duty to float German loans in the United States, to supervise all financial deals involving German business interests, to finance shipments of copper and cotton, to purchase factories and to advise the German Embassy on all commercial matters. In these endeavors he encountered unexpected difficulties. England not merely ruled the waves but waived the rules governing maritime intercourse. The British authorities calmly ignored the protests of the American Government. This fact intensified Albert's interest in the campaign to arouse popular indignation against British interference with American commerce.

Albert supplied the motive power for the engine of propaganda. He was, in the parlance of war days, the paymaster who financed the embassy and Doctor Dernburg. It was he who secured funds. The activities of his office were as complicated as those of a bank. He was a member of Doctor Dernburg's propaganda cabinet from the beginning, becoming its head after Dernburg's departure.

Doctor Dernburg insisted that the funds at his disposal were not government money. It was hinted that they were mysterious contributions from wealthy Germans and from plutocratic Americans of German descent. This pretense was maintained, although toward the end it seemed a hollow one.

When the Germans arrived in New York they found George Sylvester Viereck at the head of a pro-German weekly, The Fatherland, flaunting from all news stands the colors of the Central Powers. They also found the German steamship companies eager to place at their disposal a large force of employes condemned to idleness by the blockade.

Meeting the editor of The Fatherland, the steamship men and other influential pro-Germans at the New York Athletic Club, Germany's newly arrived ambassadors of propaganda, flanked by embassy officials, adopted a program of coöperation. Out of the negotiations grew the propaganda cabinet at 1123 Broadway, where Doctor Dernburg and Doctor Fuehr had their offices.

The meeting was rather stormy. Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, and Dr. Hanns Heinz Ewers, exotic poet novelist and globe trotter, strongly urged the alliance with the editor of The Fatherland. Prince Hatzfeldt, of the German Embassy, objected, but was overruled by Doctor Dernburg. This result was brought about partly by passionate attack on the part of Ewers. Ewers did not hesitate to call German diplomacy bovine. Dernburg did not contradict him.

Neither Ewers nor Munsterberg was a member of the propaganda cabinet. Münsterberg preferred to play a lone hand in purely intellectual circles, while Ewers was too colorful to fit into any organization. He wrote pro-German poems, delivered pro-German lectures, engaged in a variety of adventures, made two or three mysterious trips to Mexico and was finally interned in Fort Oglethorpe.

Propaganda among Americans of German descent and publicity in general were the special field of George Sylvester Viereck. He held, so to speak, the German-American portfolio in the propaganda cabinet. He shared with the late William Bayard Hale the portfolio of publicity. It was Viereck who advised the retention of Doctor Hale.

Early in life William Bayard Hale deserted the ministry for journalism. He looked back upon a distinguished literary career as an editor on World's Work, as literary editor of the New York Times and special correspondent of the Hearst papers. Before the star of Colonel House was in the ascendant, William Bayard Hale was a confidential adviser and collaborator of Woodrow Wilson. In the preface to The New Freedom, Mr. Wilson expresses his indebtedness to Hale in glowing terms. After the author of The New Freedom entered the White House he intrusted Hale with a special mission to Mexico as his personal representative.

### *The First Propaganda Cabinet*

HALE was a handsome chap, tall, dark, subtle and intellectual. But something of the unextinguishable Pan broke now and then through the severe restraints imposed by centuries of Anglo-Saxon traditions. Hale's greatest journalistic triumph was his interview with the Kaiser in the Century Magazine. This interview was scheduled to appear shortly after a similar interview in a London paper which made every political teapot in Germany boil over, and induced Bulow to repudiate his imperial master in the Reichstag. In order to prevent another scandal of equal proportions the German Government bought up the entire edition of the Century Magazine and dumped it into the ocean. However, a set of proofs found its way into the offices of a New York paper; its publication subjected the Kaiser to vitriolic criticism at home.

*Dr. Heinrich Albert*

Hale, shortly after the outbreak of the war, demanded fair play for Germany. This statement made him the logical choice of the German propagandists. They needed, not a press agent but a master mind, equally at home in journalism and international politics. In the back of their minds lingered the hope that Hale held the key to the back door of the White House. This hope was soon snuffed out by events.

Hale himself describes how one night a strange gentleman rang the bell of his apartment on Riverside Drive and introduced himself as Doctor Dernburg. The stranger frankly explained that he proposed to conduct a publicity campaign for Germany in the United States and engaged Doctor Hale at a salary of approximately $15,000 per annum. Hale was the only American member of the propaganda cabinet drawing a salary from Berlin.

The head of a German shipping concern in New York and his publicity man; Captain Ewald Hecker, of the German Red Cross; Fuehr, Mechlenburg, Meyer-Gerhardt, Albert, Dernburg, Hale, Viereck, and one of Viereck's

*A German War Poster Showing the Cost of the First Six Months of the War to Different Countries Engaged*

associates, a banker, constituted the first propaganda cabinet. Dernburg presided. Meyer-Gerhardt and the German shipping man soon dropped out. Fuehr assumed the actual direction of the propaganda bureau. All responsibility rested upon his shoulders, all wires crossed in his hand.

Count Bernstorff attended no meetings of the cabinet, though individual members conferred with him in Washington and at the Ritz in New York. Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed, the military and naval attachés of the embassy, were cited when special information was needed. Now and then an Irishman would appear before the cabinet with plans for Irish-German coöperation. Occasionally Doctor Dernburg introduced a distinguished guest who was able to shed light on some specific problem. But as a rule no stranger was permitted to participate in the cabinet meetings.

There were, of course, wheels within wheels. The German consul in New York was antagonistic to the propaganda cabinet and to the embassy. Prince Hatzfeldt, the right hand of Bernstorff, never forgave or forgot his encounter with Ewers. He did not relish the job of explaining to an incredulous Secretary of State that the embassy was not responsible for the hectic attacks on the Administration appearing week after week in The Fatherland. The professional diplomats found it hard to stomach the dynamic personality of Doctor Dernburg. The German Embassy shed no tears when the public clamor aroused by Dernburg's speech on the Lusitania compelled the doctor to shake the dust of the United States from his feet.

### *Behind Closed Doors*

THE objective of German propaganda was threefold: To strengthen and replenish Germany; to weaken and embarrass Germany's foes; and to keep America out of the war. This was the common end for which all pro-German forces labored. The embassy in Washington, the various consuls, divers mysterious emissaries of the German General Staff, the propaganda cabinet, and thousands of volunteer workers used every possible means to achieve their purpose.

The ambassador abhorred illicit activities. The repercussion of bombs set off in the holds of ships and in munition plants shattered his plans to gain the confidence of the Administration like a house of cards. Doctor Fuehr eschewed all conspiracies. The aim of the propaganda cabinet was propaganda, not crime. It must be said, in justice to the Germans, that they never asked the American members of the cabinet to engage in any activity detrimental to the United States.

Before I attempt to depict in detail the stream of propaganda poured forth from 1123 Broadway, let me describe a cabinet meeting.

It is ten o'clock in the morning in the fall of 1914. The tall, angular figure of Doctor Hale is bent over some papers in a whispered consultation with Fuehr. Viereck is chatting with Albert. The press agent of the steamship line spreads out before him a large number of reprints from a news sheet which he edits under the direction of Doctor Fuehr. The banker member of the committee is busy with figures, while the shipping man, very elegant and immaculate, yawns to himself. Captain Hecker, who is tall enough to be one of the grenadiers so sedulously collected by Frederic William II of Prussia, is telling a funny story to Meyer-Gerhardt. Meyer-Gerhardt pretends to listen while his methodical mind is grappling with other problems. Mechlenburg rushes in from the adjoining room with the typewritten minutes of the previous meeting. To the outsider these records are unintelligible. The names of all participants are fantastically disguised; such as F (ake) Smith and Doctor Wilhelm!

Suddenly steps are heard from without. It is Dr. Bernhard Dernburg. All those who are seated rise as a mark of respect.

Dernburg is heavy but alert. In contrast with the finicky attire of the others, he dresses negligently. It is evident that he is not interested in details. Impatient, impetuous, he overrides opposition, although he can, on occasion, acknowledge defeat with a gracious smile. Dernburg can be delightfully entertaining, but he lacks the small social graces. He is more successful in presenting an argument on the platform than in the small talk of the drawing-room. He does not like professional soldiers or professional diplomats. In order not to be bulldozed by them, he is sometimes compelled to be rude. He is to pay for this afterward.

*A German Propaganda Poster by H. R. Erdt*

Entering almost blusteringly, Dernburg brings with him a wave of activity. Unfolding a manuscript, he starts to read. Frequently interrupting himself by explanatory remarks, he analyzes the political situation in the United States. He quotes from editorials in New York, Chicago and Washington, prepared for his perusal. He replies to various charges leveled against the German invasion of Belgium. Belgium, he insists, had a secret treaty with England and France.

*Hugo Munsterberg*

He flaunts a sheaf of documents purporting to embody the secret agreement between Belgium and Great Britain. With an eloquent gesture, Dernburg intrusts the facsimile of letters exchanged between General Ducarne and Colonel Barnardiston to the editor of The Fatherland, who will arrange to publish them in a booklet as well as in his magazine. The distribution of this booklet, Doctor Fuehr insists, must be nation-wide. "Let us send it," he says, "to all the men and women listed in Who's Who, to all members of Congress, to all members of the state legislature."

"Don't forget," shouts the publicity man, "all the newspapers and all the weeklies!"

The shipping man places at the disposal of the committee twenty or thirty thousand selected names.

Echoes of Dernburg's exposé will soon appear in the broadsheets sent out by the publicity man of the steamship line, in the entire pro-German press. Doctor Fuehr will transmit it by cable to Mexico and South America. Doctor Dernburg himself will embroider the subject in a special article for a metropolitan newspaper or in a lecture. The ambassador will use the arguments advanced by Doctor Dernburg in his conversations with the Secretary of State.

### *Spreading the News*

THE animated debate which follows gives Dernburg an opportunity to test the effect of his statement. Doctor Hale would like to play the documents surreptitiously into the hands of an American newspaperman. He does not like the direct attack. He prefers the stiletto to the sledge hammer. Dernburg insists that at times the hammer is needful. He has no objection to the stiletto.

Doctor Albert rises to offer a criticism. To emphasize his point, he draws from his pocket a letter which he has just received from Bethmann-Hollweg

Was that a step in the hall? Was there a rustling behind the door?

Ever alert, the publicity man rushes out to see if anyone is listening, but the hall is empty. Doctor Albert resumes his reading.

"Hist!" The stage whisper emanates from the publicity man. "Have you examined the room?"

"Not today," replies Doctor Fuehr. "Plage!" he calls. One of his assistants appears, clicking his heels. They converse in subdued tones. It seems that one of the staff of translators is an electrical engineer. But where is he? Dernburg leans back sullenly. Albert paces the room like a caged tiger. The proceedings of the committee are at a standstill.

At last Plage appears with the engineer, who comes out of the elevator munching a sandwich. He, too, clicks his heels. Then he begins to examine the room. He looks behind the pictures, he moves the map from the wall, he examines the molding, he investigates the lighting fixtures and the telephone. In vain! No machine is revealed. The meeting is resumed.

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# NOTHING OVER TEN CENTS

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"The Girl Doesn't Act Like a Snitch. She Fell Into Seven Fits When the Wagon Went for Her"

WHAT would you do? Bite into a hot dog on bun with piccalilli? I am speaking figuratively, of course. But what would you do, if you were, say, jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, like Donovan, and a slip of a girl ——

The girl had sent in the name of Miss Sarah Struthers. Her age at a guess was twenty, but whatever it was, she was small for it. The top of her little hat might have reached Donovan's shoulder, had he been standing when she entered. A woman would have noticed that although her hat and coat and shoes did not lack style, their style bore the flick of the receding wave, rather than of the advancing. Donovan's first glance left him with an impression of gray eyes, brown-black hair and smallness; but it included also a white-gold ring and a ruby pendant that rose and fell over her heart.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, finding his feet.

"Sarah Struthers," she repeated nervously from the edge of her chair. "I know you're very busy, but tomorrow would be just as bad, and besides, this is the only time I have off."

"I'm not busy," he assured her.

Her hand sought the ruby pendant.

"The girl in the office outside told me you will insure anything, no matter how valuable."

"Any kind of personal property, such as jewelry," he corrected.

"But the important thing is, the insurance helps you to get things back if they're stolen."

"You have a better chance. We're used to running things down. Either we recover the jewels or pay for their loss, and naturally we'd rather recover them."

"I have a pendant I want to insure," she said.

"Nothing easier. Have you the pendant with you?"

Unclasping the trinket about her neck, she passed it across the desk. For a moment he thought she meant to offer it for insurance. The pendant consisted of a brass stamping that had been lightly plated with gold, in which had been set a large glass ruby, such as women sometimes wear for the color effect. The design was not unpleasing, but another as good could have been bought for fifty cents.

"I haven't it here. It's supposed to be exactly like this one, but the stone is better polished and I like it better. I was very careful about selecting it."

Either the girl was incredibly ignorant of values or he had quite misunderstood her words. He groped about for a question that would clarify her statement.

"How much insurance upon it are you asking, Miss Struthers? I mean, upon this better pendant?"

"I should wish to place a fifty-dollar valuation upon it," she told him firmly.

Donovan had passed upon the value of another pendant only that morning. Its owner was Mrs. Philip Cabot Behring, and the value she had placed upon it, fifty thousand dollars. But he did not allow his voice to reflect his surprise.

"How long have you owned this other pendant?" he asked, and the words might have been addressed to Mrs. Behring without the change of an inflection.

"I bought it day before yesterday."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Ten cents," the girl replied, flushing.

He waited for her to tell him more, but as he was to see, the moment she touched a fact of importance she grew reticent. Yet he had not smiled, even inwardly. She may have been incredibly naïve, incredibly ignorant of values, but so are the wise. Mental confusions are common to the race. The value of our dearest possessions? Is it their cost price? If it were, we never should have bought them. Absurd? Not wholly. Fifty dollars is not much money; yet the difference between ten cents and fifty dollars is less.

Instead of explaining that Redelos Indemnity did not write policies so small, and that if it did it could not very well insure jewels made of glass, he began explaining the profit and loss of the insurance she asked.

"It's worth to you what it's worth," he said, fingering the pendant. "The price doesn't matter. But suppose we insured it for you, and suppose it were stolen. Would you receive fifty dollars from us? You would not. You would receive another pendant as good, or the ten cents to pay for another. Our policies are all worded so."

"That would be all right, Mr. Donovan."

"But don't you see? The insurance would cost you many times that much. Why not buy the replacing pendant at once and save the insurance charge?"

"It wouldn't be the same," she said.

"Why not, if they're alike?"

"But they're not alike." For a moment she seemed about to explain how they differed, but again as she approached her facts she shied like a horse from fire. "Not exactly alike. When I first looked at them I thought they were; then I saw they were different. I picked out two, out of all the stock. This pendant on me I picked because the setting was better. The other I picked for the stone. It's the one with the better stone that I wish to insure, you see."

Donovan looked again at the girl. She seemed to be saying that she wished to insure a ten-cent piece of red glass. But why had she called, really? What had put the absurd idea into her head in the first place? And what now kept it there? Her ignorance he could understand, but why her odd persistence?

"Who sent you here, Miss Struthers?" he asked abruptly, looking straight into her gray eyes.

The reply came without hesitation. "A man in a bank. I don't know his name. He told me to come to you personally."

"What bank?"

"I was in such a hurry I didn't notice. Just a small bank out in the Wentworth district."

"Exactly what did this man in this small bank say to you, Miss Struthers? Can you give me his words?"

"He looked at my pendant and then told me to jump into a taxi and come straight here and ask you to insure it. But I didn't. I took a street car."

"Do you live in the Wentworth district?"

"Oh, no! I live on the North Side."

"How did you happen to go to this bank?"

"A man in a store sent me," said the girl. "Another Chinaman," she added.

"The man in the bank was Chinese?"

"Oh, no! He was a white man. The Chinaman sent me to him."

"Then why did you say 'another Chinaman'?"

"I went to this store to see a Chinese scholar," said the girl. "He was out. But there was another Chinaman there. He sent me to the bank."

"Was this store a Chinese store, Miss Struthers?"

"That's it. A Chinese store in Chinatown. Charley Sung sent me there. He's a laundryman who sometimes does my washing for me, over on Clark Street."

Donovan smiled deprecatingly. "You see how it is, Miss Struthers. The more answers I have the more questions I ask. I'm becoming interested. Tell me about

"After He Saw the Chinese Characters He Offered to Trade Even. But I Liked Mine Better and Wouldn't"

Charley Sung. Why did he send you all that distance to this Chinese store?"

"Because he couldn't read the Chinese characters on my pendant. He said they were poetry and I would have to see a scholar. He said he was a Canton man and did not read poetry."

"But there are no Chinese characters on your pendant," said Donovan to that.

"This was the other pendant. They were just faint characters pressed into the back of the stone. I didn't notice them at first myself. They looked like ripples in the stone. The first I saw of them was when the pawnbroker rubbed them with his finger."

"You did not mention any pawnbroker," said Donovan patiently. "What pawnbroker was that?"

"A pawnbroker on my way home. That was night before last. I showed it to him because he asked to see it. I saw another pendant in his window that I didn't like as well as I did mine, and so I stopped to ask how much it was worth. He asked three dollars for it, and when I wasn't interested, he offered to allow me something on mine. After he saw the Chinese characters he offered to trade even. But I liked mine better and wouldn't."

"Let me see if I have this straight," said Donovan. "You saw some costume jewelry you liked in a ten-cent store, and bought this pendant."

"I bought the other pendant," the girl corrected him. "I bought it at Wolge's. At first I didn't know whether to pick the best-looking stone or the best-looking setting; so I picked the stone. The setting had a bad spot on it. Then the next day I went back for the other pendant and picked it for the setting. That's the one you have."

"Yes. After buying the first pendant you showed it to a pawnbroker, who offered to trade you a three-dollar pendant for it. Did you tell him where you bought it?"

"I wouldn't do that, naturally."

"You refused that offer, but the pawnbroker called your attention to a Chinese inscription on the stone. You took it to your Chinese laundryman, who couldn't read it. He sent you to a Chinese scholar in Chinatown, but you didn't see him, because he had gone out. But you showed it to another Chinaman in the same store."

"He was just a customer waiting," said the girl.

"Did he read the inscription for you?"

"He couldn't read it either. A white man in the store said it meant 'happiness.' He wanted to change the stone into a Chinese setting. Then the Chinaman sent me to the bank. He went with me himself. I don't think the white man liked it."

"This man in the bank—was he an older man with a pointed beard? Did he wear funny-looking glasses?"

"The upper half of the glasses was cut away, so he could look out over the top at you. He wore them in silver frames. He was just a small man."

"Hans Gaerdner," said Donovan, more interested than he wished to show. "You told me what he said to you. He told you to take a taxi and come straight to me. Undoubtedly he had his reasons. Instead of doing that, you took a street car."

"Route 22," said the girl.

"Did the Chinaman go with you into the bank?" Donovan asked.

"No, he did not, but I saw him outside watching me as I stopped the car."

"I think I understand everything now, Miss Struthers, except the reason you did not show me that other pendant in the first place. If you came to me direct from Hans Gaerdner, you must have it with you now. I'd like to see it, please."

"The banker frightened me so, warning me that way, I took it off," she said. "I put it in the envelope with the new one, and then I changed my mind and wore the new one. That's why I'm not wearing it, Mr. Donovan."

"The envelope, then."

"I was coming to that. It must have slipped down on the seat in that Route 22 car. The conductor will find it at the end of the line."

"You lost it?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I did," she replied humbly.

He looked across the desk into the girl's gray eyes, now bright with tears. Then he remembered Hans Gaerdner, and wondered what it was she had lost. Hans Gaerdner would not have sent her to him idly. The girl may have been ignorant of insurance values, but Gaerdner was not.

"Never mind," he said soothingly. "We'll have to find it again, in that case."

Taking out his watch, he noted the time. Then he reached for the telephone.

"Miss Ames," he began, "I want you to call up the surface-car offices at Division and Clark, and also at Dewey Place and Clark. A piece of costume jewelry was left in Route 22 car passing Madison Street about twenty minutes ago. It was in an envelope. Just a moment. . . . What seat, Miss Struthers? . . . Left-hand side, second seat from the rear. Have a man search the cars that pass, will you, and report?"

Then he turned again to the girl.

"How do you suppose your pendant happened to be sold to you for ten cents? Have you any idea?"

"It may have got in by mistake," she said.

"That doesn't sound likely. This ruby on the desk is made of glass. A genuine ruby of that size would be worth a fortune. Such stones are kept under guard. They are never lost—at least, not around glass factories."

"I don't know what to think."

"I don't myself. I ought to tell you we can't insure your pendant. One reason is, we haven't seen it. Another is, it's already lost. There are others, but never mind them. Instead I'm going to try to arrange the matter for you, just to see what will happen. Do you wish me to do that?"

"Oh, if you would!"

"Then come back about half-past four. If we recover the pendant before then you'll find it waiting for you."

The girl replaced the duplicate pendant about her neck, where it rose and fell above her heart like the pretty bauble it was. Then she pushed back her chair.

"At half-past four," she said. "I'm free today, and I can just as well as not. And if we don't find the other pendant—why, of course I shall have this to wear. But I did like the other one very much better."

*"I Went to This Store to See a Chinese Scholar," Said the Girl. "He Was Out. But There Was Another Chinaman There"*

II

LIFE does not repeat itself, although sometimes it seems to do so. The telephone bell rang sharply. On the earlier occasion it had rung with a musical tinkle. Donovan again took down the receiver. The switchboard girl announced that Detective Lieutenant John Cooke, of the city police, was on the wire. On the earlier occasion she had sent in the name of a young lady who had a pendant she wished to insure.

"Cooke talking," began the officer. "Say, Donovan, we have a woman over here who claims your acquaintance. Yes, at the bureau. She gives her name as Sarah Struthers."

"Arrested?"

"Just brought in."

"What for? Stealing a ruby?"

"You guessed it the first time—stealing a ruby. She says you know all about the ruby. She says you can prove she didn't steal it."

"Probably I can, if she didn't," Donovan replied dryly.

"Probably you'll have the chance. There are those who charge she did. She was arrested on a warrant."

"Who swore out this warrant?"

A man named Krakow. He's a kind of dealer on the South Side, out Wentworth way."

"Oh, yes! Pete Krakow."

"That's the bird."

"Why does Pete Krakow think she stole this ruby?"

"He missed it from a tray," said the officer patiently.

"You'd have to find the ruby, wouldn't you? Just missing a thing isn't proof."

"Sure. We did find it. She had it hid in her room."

"Glass," said Donovan.

"Ruby," replied the officer. "Very much so. What do you think we are? Rhinestone police?"

"She must have found it," said Donovan, thinking of the loss in the street car.

"She said she bought it. She said you knew where. She said you promised to insure it. There's something phony about the whine she puts up. She's a little thing—I don't know. Look in for a moment, can't you? The girl doesn't act like a snitch. She fell into seven fits when the wagon went for her—screamed like a crazy woman."

"I'll be over," said Donovan.

In a way he was prepared for the sight of the beautiful bauble. He had handled breath-taking jewels, plenty of

(Continued on Page 73)

# AND IT WAS

## By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"So You are the New Agricultural Expert," He Said in a Voice Like the Bass Notes of a Circus Calliope

AT THIS remark of mine, Mrs. Wellover started laughing, and kept it up until the train passed the sign, Hayne's Crossing—Three Miles.

"I am going to call you Bub," she gasped out finally. "I am going to call you Bub until you grow up, if ever. Maybe you will grow up at Eleutheris, but I doubt it."

"That seems like a good idea," I said.

This started her all over again. She was a little older than myself, but still very good-looking, and I don't think I ever met anybody with a more attractive or jollier expression.

"Bub," she remarked when she had pulled herself together, "just where did you get that line?"

"What line, Mrs. Wellover?"

"That line you keep springing. No matter what I say, you always come back at me with, 'That seems like a good idea.' Did they teach it to you at the Wisconsin Agricultural College?"

I thought for a minute and then decided to tell all.

"Mrs. Wellover," I explained, "the remark you quoted has now become such a matter of course with me that it is a part of my nature. More than once I have tried to break myself of the habit, but I am afraid I never will succeed. It is the result of observing how my father lived to a green old age."

As she did not seem to understand, I explained: "It was this way, Mrs. Wellover: When I was ten years old my father married for the second time. Thus, at the same period and in the same ten-room house, he had his second wife, two sets of children, two mothers-in-law and his own mother; and no matter what anybody said, he always answered, 'Well, that seems like a good idea.' And that saying has become, as you might put it, the guiding star of my life."

For a couple of minutes it looked as though Mrs. Wellover was going to choke to death. When she could finally speak again, she said, "Never forget that line, Bub. It will save your life at Eleutheris. Remember, you are the third agricultural expert in as many weeks. Probably the colonists won't coöperate together more than about five months longer before I have to foreclose the mortgage. But if you will just pull your line early and often, you can stick to the bitter end and save me the trouble of providing Griddlegacker with somebody else for the job."

"Who is Griddlegacker?" I asked; for I had not heard the name before.

"Griddlegacker, Bub, is a man-eating porcupine who has made himself boss of all the other free-and-equal shareholders at Eleutheris. He used to be a blacksmith and when he cracks the whip the rest of the free spirits jump through a hoop. You had better pull your line every time Griddlegacker looks in your direction, for he is big enough to make two of you and eats shingle nails for dessert without sauce or sugar."

"Well," I said, "that seems like a good idea."

"It is such a good idea, Bub, that I hope you will get it mounted and hang it on your watch chain, so you can always have it in plain sight."

The whistle tooted and the train slowed down through a section of black-soil fields. The landscape was showing better and better; it looked as though the coöperative colonists at Eleutheris might have a first-class site for their little farms.

"But"—Mrs. Wellover patted my shoulder—"you are a nice boy and I like you, and when, and if, Griddlegacker gets on your nerves, come back to my office. I buy and sell a lot of farms and I can always use an agricultural expert in my business. . . . Hello, here comes Hayne's Crossing."

Parked against the station platform, a small touring car had the name Eleutheris lettered across its left front door. Beside the car stood a girl who looked as though her right place was on a calendar under a bunch of mistletoe.

Mrs. Wellover nudged me. "Bub, take a slant at Peaches and Cream. Maybe I ought not to let you off here without a chaperon. If she is a nut, she is one of the nicest little nuts that ever rattled. You had better keep your eyes in the boat or you will tip over. Well, give all the colonists my love and tell 'em the next time I'll drop in personally. Write me your troubles, remember your line, and don't take any wooden onion seeds."

She shook me cordially by the hand and I left the train.

II

HAVING waved a last good-by to Mrs. Wellover, I turned toward the auto from Eleutheris.

If it had been up to me to speak first I would never have been able to squeeze out a single syllable. The girl's hair was corn color and just a little curly; her eyes were as blue as robins' eggs; and her cheeks made you think of cherry blossoms. Except for a slightly worried look along her forehead, she was what you might call perfect.

While inside myself I was stammering and stuttering and trying to get the first word ready to pronounce, she broke the ice.

"Is this Mr. Allers, the agricultural expert?" she asked in a voice that sounded like a spring morning. "I'm so glad to welcome you. I am Elona Brown and I've come to take you to Eleutheris."

I tried to remark something appropriate to the occasion, but it was no use. The longer I looked at this girl the more I could feel my vocabulary drying up. Fortunately, she kept right on with what she had to say.

"I'm sure you'll love it at Eleutheris, Mr. Allers. I came after teaching school for three years, so for me the change was simply heaven; but everybody is enthusiastic about Eleutheris. And the most wonderful man has taken charge of everything. We're all crazy about him. His name is Mr. Griddlegacker."

Her words were encouraging enough, and her voice somehow made you feel she was trying to convince herself.

"I think I have heard the name," I replied, speaking at last and wondering what would happen if I should step up and put my right arm around Elona Brown.

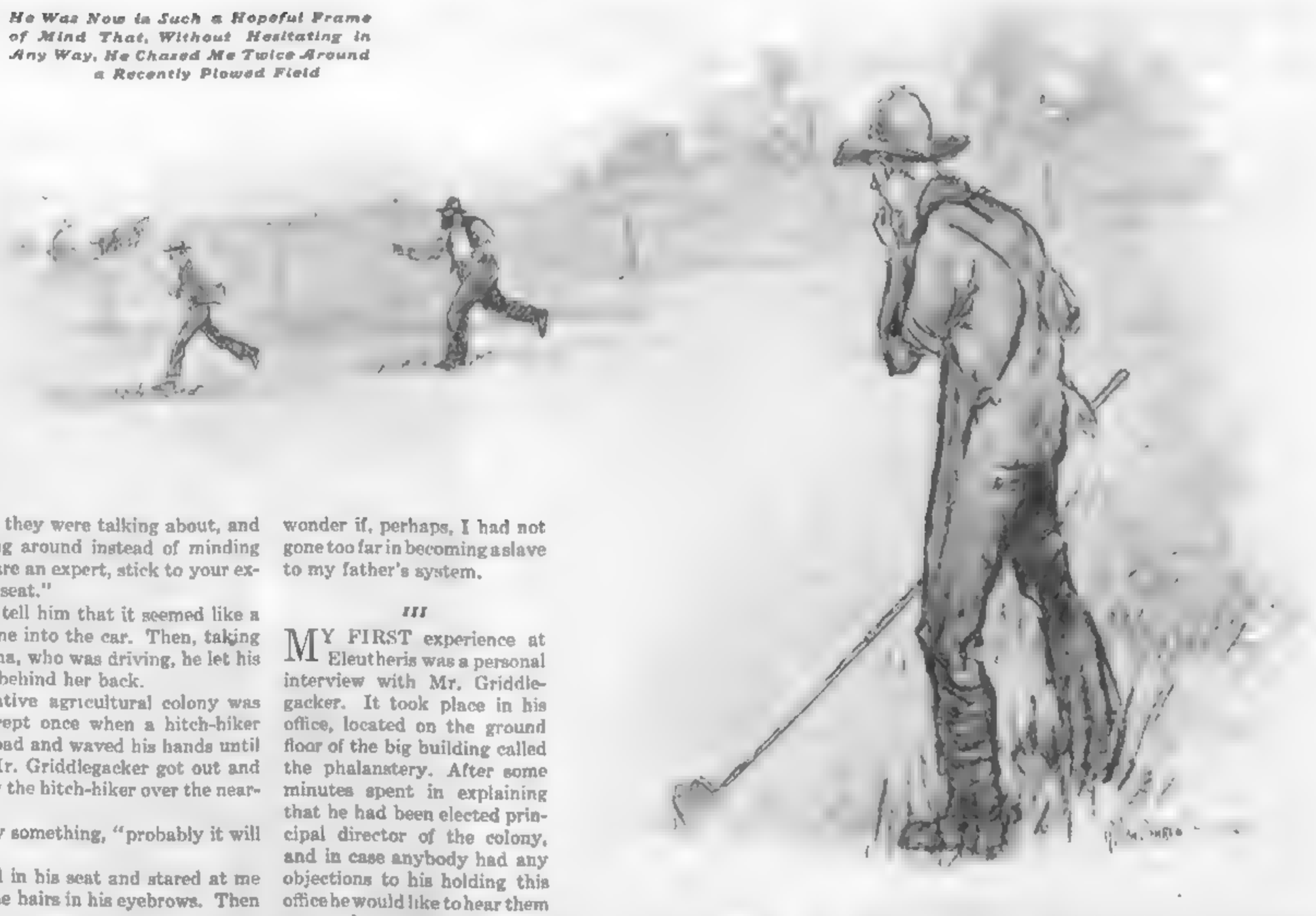
"Mr. Griddlegacker is such a masterful character, and I think we all admire a really masterful man. Isn't that your opinion, Mr. Allers?" Once more the worried look spread along her forehead.

"It seems like a good idea," I said.

"Doesn't it! Of course, I'm a woman and probably at heart every woman looks up to a masterful man, and the reason is—oh, here he comes now—that large gentleman with black whiskers, leaving the grocery store. Do you see him?"

It would have been pretty hard work to avoid seeing Mr. Griddlegacker, because he practically filled the doorway. He was well over six feet in height, with whiskers as stated, and under them a chest like a silo, and a pair of gorilla arms. His legs, however, looked like a pair of weak sisters.

He walked over to the car, his eyebrows meeting in a scowl and his flat nose seeming considerably flatter than it actually was. Jumping up on the station platform, he



*He Was Now in Such a Hopeful Frame of Mind That, Without Hesitating in Any Way, He Chased Me Twice Around a Recently Plowed Field*

stepped between Elona and myself. She remained smiling, but it looked as though the smile had become pretty mechanical.

"So you are the new agricultural expert," he said in a voice like the bass notes of a circus calliope.

"Yes," I remarked truthfully, "I am."

Reaching down, Mr. Griddlegacker picked up a ten-penny nail and carelessly bent it between his fingers. "Well, the trouble with our agricultural experts heretofore has been that they didn't know what they were talking about, and spent their time lallygagging around instead of minding their own business. If you are an expert, stick to your experting. Get into the back seat."

Before I had a chance to tell him that it seemed like a good idea, he had boosted me into the car. Then, taking his place at the right of Elona, who was driving, he let his left arm run along the seat behind her back.

The drive to the coöperative agricultural colony was made without incident, except once when a hitch-hiker got into the middle of the road and waved his hands until the car stopped. At this Mr. Griddlegacker got out and with a careless gesture threw the hitch-hiker over the nearest fence.

"Well," I said, just to say something, "probably it will be a lesson to him."

Mr. Griddlegacker turned in his seat and stared at me until I could almost count the hairs in his eyebrows. Then he snapped:

"That shows you don't know what you're talking about. The best thing you can do is to keep your opinions to yourself until you have something to say that is worth saying. Drive on, Sister Brown."

In a slow voice I remarked, "Well, that seems like a good idea"; but even before I finished I had begun to wonder if, perhaps, I had not gone too far in becoming a slave to my father's system.

*III*

MY FIRST experience at Eleutheris was a personal interview with Mr. Griddlegacker. It took place in his office, located on the ground floor of the big building called the phalanstery. After some minutes spent in explaining that he had been elected principal director of the colony, and in case anybody had any objections to his holding this office he would like to hear them say so, he turned to the subject of agricultural experts.

"The first thing wrong with them is that they never know what they are talking about."

As I was not able to think up any appropriate comment to this statement, I said nothing at all.

"The second thing wrong with them is that they are only interested in lallygagging around with the girls."

I got as far as "That seems ——" but, fortunately, stopped just in time.

"The first one we had I was obliged to take by the collar and the seat of the breeches—like this—and throw him out of the office—like this."

He did not actually throw me out, but it was a very convincing demonstration.

"And what did you do to the second one?" I asked, just to keep the conversation going.

"I showed him where he was wrong," said Mr. Griddlegacker. "I showed him where he was wrong and then I called the ambulance. The doctors fixed him up all right, or anyhow that is what I heard. Stick to your agriculture, young man, and don't meddle with what is none of your business."

"Well," I said, "that seems like a good idea." And as it looked as though the interview was over, I walked out of the office.

It was now nearly six and a bell was ringing for supper—a common meal held in the phalanstery. Though I had not eaten since noon, some way I did not feel hungry. I could not keep my mind off Elona Brown, and the more I thought of her, the less I could think of anybody or anything else—least of all eating. So, having left my satchel in the shack assigned to me, I lit out for a walk.

After thirty minutes of brisk march had not made me feel appreciably better, I broke into a jog trot. As I had been a cross-country man and also represented the U. of W. in the two-mile run, this was just light exercise for me; still, after about half an hour, I felt more like myself.

By the time I had stalked back dusk was settling down over Eleutheris and lights were showing in the various shacks and cottages. Each member or family unit of the coöperative colony had a quarter acre to be used as a homestead site and for intensive agriculture. It now occurred to me that it might be interesting to look at a few of them, always keeping my weather eye open for Elona Brown.

I had not expected to enjoy a conversation of any kind with Elona, but when I spotted her, in a white dress, standing by the side of the neatest little cottage of the collection, I could not resist saying, "Good evening, Miss Brown. How are you this evening?"

She turned as though somebody had shot off a cannon close to her ear. Then she said in a quavery voice, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Allers," and walked up to the gate.

Her front yard, inclosed in chicken-wire fence, looked very trim and tidy. The walk from the door to the gate was bordered with white stones; the little garden showed signs of careful attention; bushes were planted about the house, and vines were being trained up the sides of the porch

"It is a nice night," I said, wishing I could think of a more appropriate remark.

"Yes, it is," she replied, still not inviting me in.

"There are a good many stars out," I remarked.

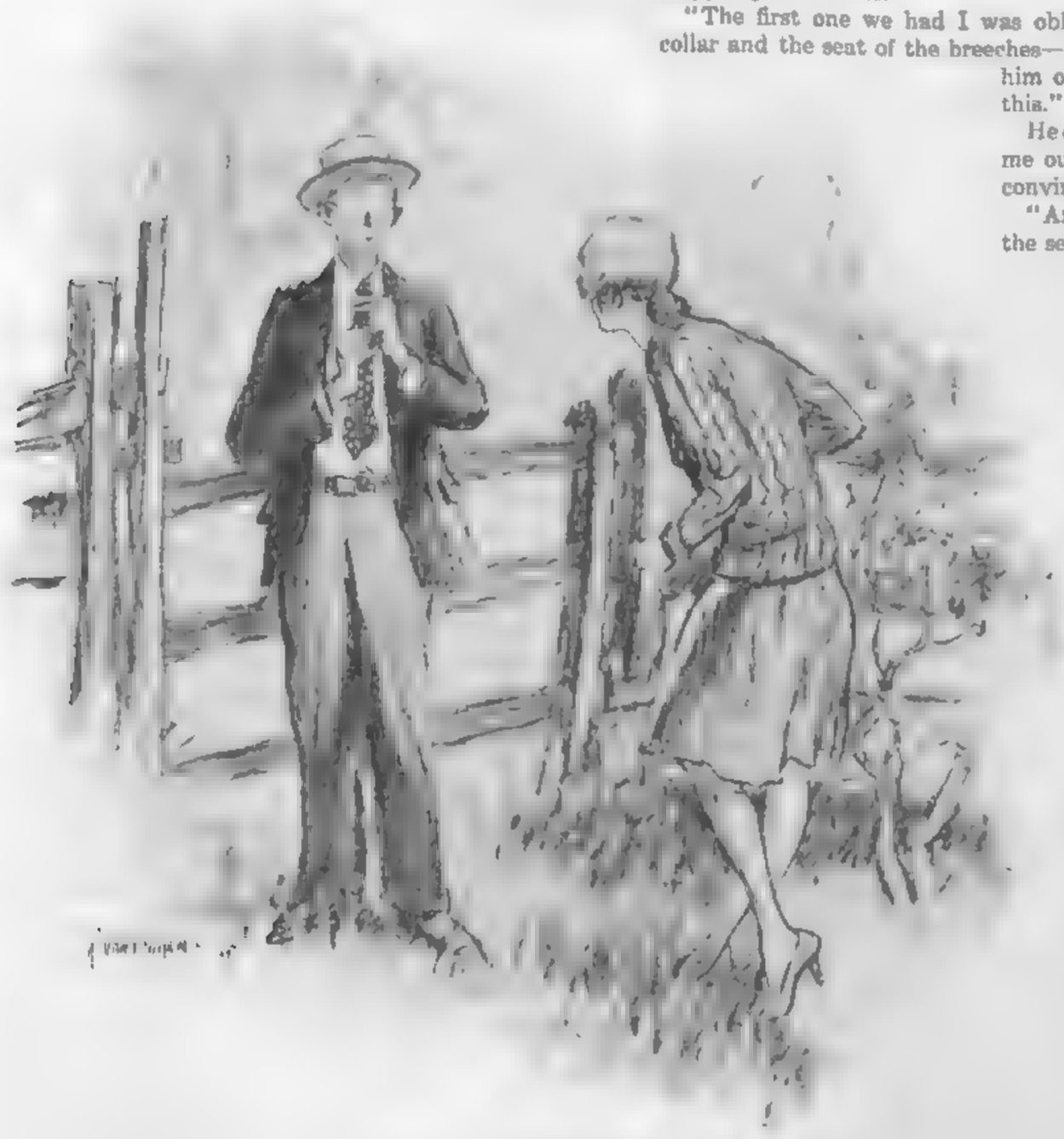
"Yes, aren't there?" There was not only the worried expression on her face but her voice was worried too.

The conversation now stopped for a minute. I clasped my hands behind my back, because I was getting nervous and wanted to reach out and catch hold of her.

"Well," I said finally, "it is very nice to see you so nicely situated."

She looked up the colony street in an anxious way before answering: "Yes, Mr. Allers, it has taken a good deal of work, but after school-teaching, work like this is play. Well, as it is your first evening at Eleutheris no doubt you are very busy, so I don't wish to detain you." Here she looked up the road again.

*(Continued on Page 138)*



*"Why Do You Persist in Springing That Ridiculous Tag, No Matter What Anyone Says?"*

# OLYMPIC DAYS

By Franklin P. Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD McKEE

MEN who tell interviewers or Sunday-newspaper symposium compilers what it is that has made them what they are—or rather what the editors want readers to think they are—today usually play safe. They honorably mention the Bible, a wife or a mother or both, a teacher or some other popularly noble person. Reporters have told me in confidence—which—crash!—I now abuse—that until the question is put to these men they have given it no thought. Many men, reporters tell me, begin their answers to "To what do you attribute your success?" with "Now, let me see," and then tell the reporters that the Bible was the strongest influence in their lives, or the little women, heaven bless same and oblige. That any or all of these things may be strong influences in a man's life I am not one to deny. The Bible influenced me, and so did the example of Abraham Lincoln, and so did so many women, little and big, that I feel like a cad, sir, for bandying their names about in a place like this.

But if what persons remember, subconsciously and without effort, may be considered a strong influence, then vaudeville the variety shows current during the last ten years of the nineteenth century—the Rainbow Decade, as I now see it—was vividly potent in the lives of most of us who were born between 1850 and 1885.

Is it because the mind retains the trivial and rejects the momentous? Is the apparently trivial the actually momentous? Is the memory of small matters and incidents more acute because impressions on it were made at a time when the mind was in its most plastic state? Why does one forget the looks and name and apparel of last evening's dinner partner, and remember accurately the appearances and names of dozens of girls and boys who in 1893 were in, say, Room 4 at Douglas School, southeast corner of Forest Avenue and 32d Street, Chicago?

### *Confession of a Vaudeville Audience*

IN THE McKinley days I saw the President many times; he wore, I suppose, the uniform shown in photographs of that day—the Prince Albert coat, the standing collar, the black string tie and the silk hat. But I do not recall having seen him wear any of these things. Yet I could describe in detail the costume that Billy Clifford wore the first time I saw him at the Olympic Theater, Chicago, when he and Maud Huth—a big, plentiful girl for even those days—ended their act with a cakewalk to A Georgia Camp Meeting. I remember the buttoned and pointed patent-leather shoes, the tan spats, the black-and-white-checked trousers, narrow at the bottom, the short, light tan, double-breasted overcoat with enormous pearl buttons, the ascot tie, the high standing collar—I myself was wearing a collar called the Waubunk, which until then seemed high to me—and the straight cane. And of course his hair was parted in the middle and shiningly plastered down.

That the mnemonic phenomenon is universal I do not know, for I am concerned chiefly with musing upon those days at the Olympic when men were cakewalkers and women were soubrettes; but I know that this ability to remember such things is common. I know hardly anybody aged thirty-five or more years who cannot remember accurately at least one entire vaudeville act and the words and music of a good many songs that were popular from forty to twenty-five years ago.

If I ever should grow confidential with one of these interviewers, I should tell him, if I thought he'd listen, of the influence that early and frequent attendance at the variety shows has had upon my writing, in both content and style.

BAD. It is a jerky style. It jumps from one thing to another without enough regard to sequence. It is impossible for me to write long pieces—pieces that it would take more than fifteen minutes to read. I prefer those that don't take more than fifteen minutes to write. And that is bad, for literary greatness seldom is to be attained in that way; and it is bad, too, when there are mouths to feed and mortgages to pay; for—justly or not—editors pay by the verbal ton instead of by the pennyweight of pure excellence. You could get more for a fair, or even a bad, short story than for the best couplet ever written. It is bad because I err on the side of telegraphic brevity. When a vaudeville act was too long, the audience would walk out on it. That—the fear of being tedious—is one of my phobiæ; and though a short piece, like a vaudeville act, is soon ended if short, it has no chance of striking the firmament; it never can soar higher than the foothills. Also, short pieces must necessarily be grooved; your one-hundred-yard-dash man never gets anywhere except a track. Also, the vaudeville act ended, or tried to end, with a wow finish; the effect of this on a literary style is fetishism for a trick or sensational ending.

GOOD. A desire for brevity tends to the jettisoning of unnecessary words. If you don't get your reader or your vaudeville audience in the first three minutes you're a flop, or, as they used to say when I was a vaudeville audience, a glass crash. Admitting that one has something to say, it is harder to say it in 100 words than in 1000. I think most newspaper stories, magazine articles and fiction stories, novels, plays and speeches are too long. Underwriting is not so great or so common a literary sin as overwriting.

But all this—and this proves the bad effect of vaudeville upon me—has nothing to do with my act. My act is a monologue, which may become an illustrated lecture or a song-and-dance act, upon my days at the Olympic Theater.

*When a Vaudeville Act Was Too Long, the Audience Would Walk Out on It*

*How Fair the Circassian Beauty! How Dreadful Zuleika!*

### *The Allied Arts of Song and Paper Tearing*

AT THE Olympic they had what now might be known as a Nonstop Show, and then was advertised as Continuous Vaudeville—12:30–10:30. The scale of prices was 10-20-30—ten cents for the gallery, twenty cents for the balcony, and thirty cents for the lower floor; first come, take your choice of seats. It might add to the glamour of this recital to say that I always sat in the gallery, but I never sat in anything but a thirty-cent seat. A thirty-cent-seat admission ticket entitled the holder to sit anywhere he liked on the main floor—in any vacant seat. And so it became the custom for us young Olympians—most of us began to worship at about the age of fourteen—to reach the theater—it was on the east side of Clark Street, between Randolph and Lake streets—at 12:25, so that we could get good seats in the third or fourth row. In those days a bill consisted of about fourteen acts, not counting the olio, or afterpiece. At 12:30, for instance, the opening act would be the Leonzo Brothers in songs and paper tearing. The performance of these arts was simultaneous; as they sang they tore folded paper. During the song—generally at its close—they unfolded the paper and it assumed wonderful patterns and intricate designs—a battleship, Robert Fitzsimmons, and—in 1898—President McKinley, the flag, Admiral Cervera—hisses!—and once, I think, not only Admiral George Dewey by one Leonzo brother but also Admiral Winfield Scott Schley by the other.

(Continued on Page 123)

# GREASED PIG

## By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS currently believed, by jobbernowls, that a lad named Tom, the son of an English piper, was the first human to chase a pig.

The belief is erroneous, and of a kidney with the notion, prevalent in some quarters, that the earth is shaped like a derby hat.

Tom, the piper's son, may have chased a pig, may have caught it, may have run with it under his arm. But long before Tom's time, long before Tom's accomplishment, pigs were chased and pigs were caught by lusty men in whom the sporting instinct roared and burbled.

The first pig chaser, it may be said with confidence, was Adam. Adam, conceivably, may not have been the first Rotarian, the first Boy Scout, the first 100 per cent American. But it is more than merely probable that Adam was the first palooka. And palookas chase pigs.

It—the first pig chase—must have taken place while Adam was naming the animals. He had, we may guess, named the goat, the weasel, the hippopotamus. With his eye on the future, and the possible simplification of crossword puzzles, he had named the gnu and the emu. And then, finishing with the elephant, he beheld the pig, as yet nameless, snouting in the lush and golden grass. Startled, he stared at the animal.

Here, he admitted, was something astounding. He doubted the existence, in the Garden, of a more interesting creature. It occurred to Adam that care would have to be exercised in giving it a name. Any old name wouldn't do. The animal was unique.

"Come here," said Adam to the pig. "Let me get a good look at you. You must have a name, you know."

### *A Chase—and No Cameraman Handy!*

THE pig, of course, did not obey. A pig never obeys. The pig ran. Its little legs scurrying beneath its swaying belly, it went quickly away from Adam. Now Adam, despite the insinuations of science, despite monkey talk, was a man. And men, especially men of Adam's type—choleric, filled with *élan*—are rarely able to resist the urge to chase that which runs from them.

Off went Adam after the pig. Eve, reclining beneath the fronds of a sheltering palm, must have laughed, must have rocked with cachinnation, as the pig ducked behind the Tree of Knowledge, snorted into the fig orchard, tore through the strawberry patch and headed for the open country beyond Eden, Adam hot behind it all the while.

We may assume, since the pig wasn't greased, that Adam caught it. It is not a difficult task to catch an ungreased pig. We may assume that Adam carried the pig back to Eve with something of triumph in his eye. We may even assume that, as Adam put the pig upon the ground, Eve, capitalizing the discovery she had made, began herself to run.

Many years have fled across the sunset since that first pig chase. Many men have lived, and chased pigs, and died. Existence has known the lash of change, destiny has scourged mankind to a bleeding efficiency. But human nature today is just what it was in the Garden, and pig chasing remains the primitively splendid sport it was when Adam went galumphing after the porker.

Adam obviously had no rules to follow. He chased the pig as he pleased. He had no opponent, and the event in which he participated would today be called a medal round. Such rules as we moderns have, however, do not alter the essentials of the pastime. In a title event, sectional or national, you have your pig to chase and to catch. You chase it, you catch it. That is all there is to it. Your opponents likewise have pigs to chase and to catch, and the chaser who catches his pig before the others succeed in catching theirs is the winner.

Though the game is not complicated by involved restrictions designed to hamper style, chains, ropes, blocks and tackles are, of course, barred. Sandpaper pants may not be worn to offset the pig's lubricity, and under no conditions may a contestant talk pretty to a pig, or cuddle it, or press it to his bosom, in seeking to hold it after he has downed it.

The unpardonable offense, for which a chaser may be sent to the penalty box, is that of catching and holding the wrong pig. If, in the heat of the fracas, a chaser gets a grip on another man's animal he must at once single out the chaser to whom the animal has been assigned—cockades or ribands on the pigs' tails correspond to the colors worn by the chasers—and with the words, "Pardon me—your pig!" he must relinquish possession.

The first pig to run in grease was a Macedonian animal. It was greased in the year 327 B.C. by a Bezonian named Sawney, an ambitious fellow who sought preferment at the hands of Alexander the Great.

### *Too Easy for Smart Alex*

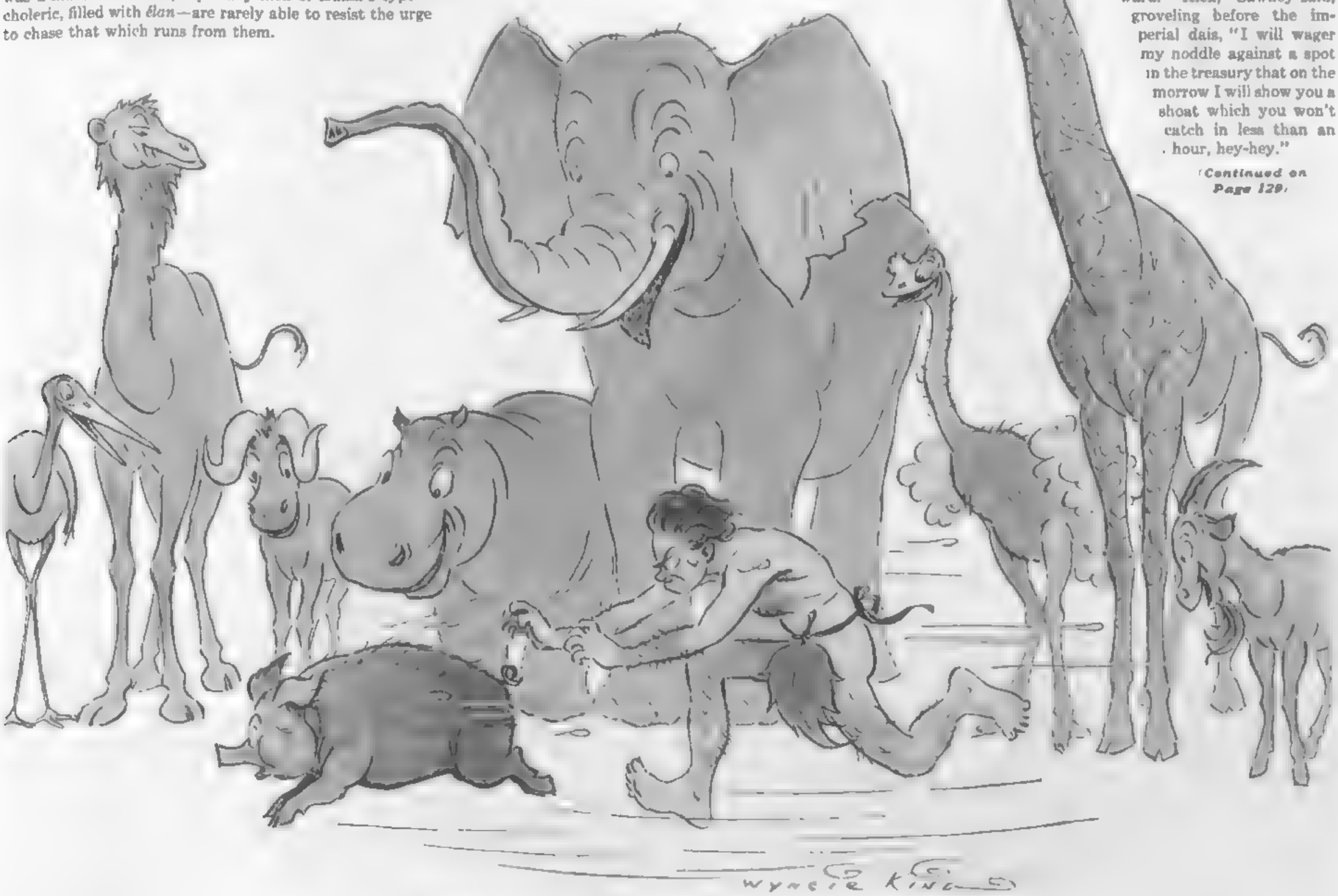
DESPITE his pretensions to divinity, Alexander was a notorious pig chaser. Never, it is said, was the boy conqueror more attractive, more engaging than when going full tilt in the wake of a squealing shoat. Alexander caught his pigs quickly too. Lithe of limb, swift of movement, he was really quite a pigger. Just before his battles, his tall and terrible banners whipping in the breeze, he worked himself into a fighting frenzy by chasing pigs in the center of the phalanx. His men loved him for it.

But as Alexander grew more and more skilled he sighed for more pigs to conquer. Petulantly, as befitted a champion, he complained that the thing was getting to be so much pie.

"Find us a pig," he bellowed at his counselors, "which can give us a little decent competition! We've never been really extended!"

Then it was that Sawney the Bezonian, his eye on a fat political appointment, stepped forward. "Alex," Sawney said, groveling before the imperial dais, "I will wager my noddle against a spot in the treasury that on the morrow I will show you a shoat which you won't catch in less than an hour, hey-hey."

(Continued on Page 129)




*It—the First Pig Chase—Must Have Taken Place While Adam Was Naming the Animals*

# CHARGED TO ADVERTISING

*"You Can't Git Through Till This Thing Is Settled. Jist Hold Your Hosses"*

## By TED DEALEY

*ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON*

YOUNG Mr. Guy Oates, attorney at law, was flustered when rumors came back to him that Col. Aaron Botts had threatened to run him out of town.

"O' course," explained Judge Baldwin, who, as a near neighbor to Guy, felt it his duty to keep him informed, "he jist means he aims to keep you from gittin' any practice. He was th' only lawyer here fer so long that he don't relish no competition. He says you're a half-baked whippersnapper fresh out o' college an' that no young squirt with nothin' but a head full o' highfalutin' book learnin' can hornswoggle him out o' any o' th' business in Cedarvale."

"Oh, he did, did he?" asked Mr. Oates, flushing.

"Wal," said Judge Baldwin judicially, "I mayn't have used his exact language. But in a polite way that's jist about what he said."

Mr. Oates grunted.

"What you aim to do?" asked Judge Baldwin solicitously, cutting off another chew of tobacco with his jackknife.

"I came to this town," declared Mr. Oates, "to practice law. And I'm going to practice it. I've got plenty of money to tide me over till things start coming my way. If Botts wants to make a war out of this let him turn his wolf loose."

Judge Baldwin rose. "If you'll take a tip from me," he said drawlingly, "you'll work on th' farmers round here. Botts is lawyer fer th' railroad, you know, an' won't handle no damage suits agin' th' company. So th' farmers've caught it pretty hot."

"Thanks," said Guy. He also rose and shook hands cordially with Judge Baldwin. The judge shuffled down the stairs from Mr. Oates' little second-floor office and across the street to his own field of operations.

Slumped in his chair, before his desk again, Guy did some heavy thinking. Judge Baldwin's suggestion was valuable. During the six weeks his office had been open for business Guy's sole task had been that of collecting damages from the railroad for the loss of six cows belonging to Charlie Webb. In this case he opposed Colonel Botts, of course, and he had won a decisive victory. Ordinarily one would have said this should have resulted in the diversion of at least a part of the town's law business to Guy. But it hadn't; Colonel Botts seemed as securely intrenched as ever. His tenure in the confidence of the Cedarvalians dated back through the years when, single-handed and alone, he had epitomized the law and all that pertained to it. To jar him from this pedestal apparently required something more sensational than the Webb case, something that would appeal to the imagination of the Cedarvalians. Guy realized that it was his problem to create such a sensation. And, unless he did, Colonel Botts' promise to run him out of town through the simple process of attrition might be fulfilled.

It was three days after Guy's conversation with Judge Baldwin when news of the big freight wreck percolated into Cedarvale. From all accounts it looked as if Joe Morgan, whose farm lay eight miles east of town, had a juicy claim for damages. The fast freight of the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern, whizzing around the curve abutting on Mr. Morgan's pastures, had torn down a couple of hundred yards of fence and, at the same time, had mangled several unsuspecting cows that were browsing near the right of way. It looked like an opportunity. Guy drove to the Morgan farm.

"What're you going to do about this?" he inquired pleasantly of Mr. Morgan.

"I was goin' to sue th' gizzards out o' th' derned railroad," replied Mr. Morgan. "But Botts come out here an' offered me a settlement that beats money. I took him up."

Mr. Oates' heart fell; the colonel had been on the ground before him. But his curiosity was aroused. He lingered.

"What are you going to get, then," he asked, "if it isn't money?"

"Lissen," said Mr. Morgan, with some enthusiasm, "them freight cars that was wrecked on my place was full o' nitrate o' soda. Well, that's it."

"That's what?" asked Mr. Oates.

"You see," went on Mr. Morgan, "my farm is plenty old an' wore out. They's a lot o' washin' goes on ever' time it rains. Then I been plantin' cotton right reg'lar fer years. It's gone down pretty thin. An' th' county agent ——"

"Look here, Joe," said Guy impatiently. "Don't ramble all over the place. What has the county agent got to do with this? What I want to know is what settlement you got."

"Don't you see?" explained Mr. Morgan eagerly. "Th' county agent said I orter fertilize my land an' bring it back. But I never had no money to do it. An' this nitrate o' soda is jist th' thing. It's th' best fertilizer there is. So I'm takin' it off th' railroad's hands 'stead o' cash."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed Guy. "Why, Joe, you couldn't use that much fertilizer in a lifetime. It's enough to fertilize half the county!"

"That's jist th' point," said Mr. Morgan. "I can use what I want an' sell th' rest. I'll git my own farm fertilized an' what I sell off will be fer spot cash. That'll pay me fer my cows."

Guy looked at Mr. Morgan fixedly for a moment. Gradually his face lighted until finally it fairly shone.

"Hot darn!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "This is where my knowledge of law steps in and asks everybody in meeting to stand up and salute. This is where I have Botts lashed to the mast. Why, Joe, you can't sell any of that stuff."

"Can't!" blurted Mr. Morgan. "How come I can't!"

"Simply," said Guy, "because it's against the law."

"Since when?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Listen, Joe," said Mr. Oates, "there's enough laws about the handling and sale of commercial fertilizer to choke a cow. This sodium nitrate on your farm is spilled all over, isn't it? The sacks are all broken?"

"I'll say they are," said Mr. Morgan. "Th' stuff is piled all up like a flock o' frozen sheep."

"Sure," said Mr. Oates. "Just what I thought. And you can't sell any commercial fertilizer unless it's in sacks, labeled and approved by the state chemist. That's the law."

"Wal," said Mr. Morgan, relieved, "I'll sack it then. I got plenty o' sacks."

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Oates, paying absolutely no attention to Mr. Morgan's rejoinder, "you couldn't possibly do the resacking without getting a lot of leaves, grass and dirt mixed up in the fertilizer. And the law is that no commercial fertilizer can be sold, even in sacks, if it has any foreign substances in it."

"Gosh!" said Mr. Morgan fervently.

"That isn't all," said Mr. Oates, coming to his climax. "When Colonel Botts traded you that stuff he didn't do a thing but violate the law, and violate it plenty. He knew you were going to sell part of it, didn't he?"

"Shore," said Mr. Morgan. "He said I could do that when I told him I didn't need so much."

"There you are!" said Mr. Oates triumphantly. "He couldn't legally sell it in bulk except to an individual for his own use. When he sells it to you for resale he's broken the law. And it's a cinch we can prove he did just that,

Guy Oates

because no court in the land would believe you could use that much fertilizer yourself."

Mr. Morgan pulled a bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and wiped a wet forehead.

"Now, I'll tell you what we are going to do," continued Mr. Oates. "We're going to make things so hot for Botts around here that he'll lay off me forever. Run me out of town, will he? I'll show him! The first thing I'm going to do is to get hold of the state chemist and tell him about Botts' selling you this stuff in bulk. Meantime don't sell any of that fertilizer or you're liable to land in the hoosegow."

"Yessir," said Mr. Morgan, impressed.

"Now do you think you need a lawyer?" asked Guy, grinning.

"You tell 'em," responded Mr. Morgan.

"And I'm it?" asked Guy.

"Tag!" said Mr. Morgan.

II

MR. OATES hurried back to town and explained the circumstances over long-distance telephone to the state chemist. He also volunteered his services as agent. The offer was thankfully accepted.

Guy went to work.

Walking across the street to Judge Baldwin's justice-of-the-peace office, he filed complaint, in the name of the state chemist, against Colonel Botts and the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad for having illegally sold four carloads of commercial fertilizer in bulk to one Joe Morgan, farmer of Falls County.

Judge Baldwin received the complaint dubiously and took another chew of tobacco.

"I ain't exactly up," he said, "on these here new-fangled laws, son. What do I do now?"

"Simple enough," explained Guy. "You get Bud Connor, your constable, to go out to Joe Morgan's farm and seize all that fertilizer in the name of the state."

"Seize it?" asked Judge Baldwin aghast. "How's Bud gonna carry off four carloads o' fertilizer? He's kind o' puny."

"He doesn't really need to carry it off," said Mr. Oates. "All he has to do is to file legal claim to it. We'll get it hauled into town later. The law provides that it shall be sold at auction; the proceeds go to the state."

"Oh, all right," said Judge Baldwin. "Wonder where Bud is."

"I'll find him for you," volunteered Guy.

"I wisht you would," sighed Judge Baldwin. "My lumbago's kind o' got me down an' I can't be traipsin' all over town this kind o' weather."

Guy stepped out of the judge's office and looked up and down the streets of Cedarvale. Lowering clouds hung over the village and a few scattered drops warned him that he had better find the constable in a hurry if he didn't want to get wet. After a half hour's search, he located Mr. Connor at the station, engaged in comfortable conversation with the agent. By this time rain was pouring down in sheets.

Guy explained the situation.

"Wait till tomorrer," said Mr. Connor complacently.

"Tomorrow won't do," said Mr. Oates sternly. "Do you realize, Bud, that this is the state's business? You'd better light out or you'll lose your job."

"In all this rain?" exclaimed Mr. Connor. "He'll's fire!"

Guy gazed at him steadily. Under the gaze Mr. Connor rose and turned up his coat collar.

"All right," he said. "I'll go. But it ain't right. You know it ain't."

"It's the law," said Mr. Oates. "I can't help it."

"I said I was goin'," said Mr. Connor with hauteur. "Don't keep on a-arguin' 'bout it."

"And listen," said Guy. "Before you leave town go by Botts' office and put him on notice. Then, when you get back from Joe's place, come in and see me right away."

Mr. Connor gave Guy one last reproachful glance and went out into the storm. Guy watched him go and grinned. Then he pulled his hat over his eyes and splashed up the road from the station toward his little second-floor office.

Mr. Oates expected Mr. Connor to report to him by dusk at the latest. But it was completely dark when the constable finally appeared in the doorway. Mr. Connor stamped inside, shook himself like a wet dog and shivered malevolently.

"It was a plumb dirty trick," he said angrily.

"Did you seize the stuff?" asked Guy.

"Cut the comedy," growled the constable.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Oates, surprised.

"You may think it's funny," said Mr. Connor, "but I don't care fer hosaplay a dern bit. If I don't ketch pneumonia it won't be none o' your fault."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Oates impatiently.

Mr. Connor glowered. "Lissen," he said, "a joke's a joke, but don't rub it in. A guy can't stand only so much"

"I don't get you," said Mr. Oates.

"You knowed all th' time," said Mr. Connor, his voice rising, "that there wasn't no fertilizer in Joe's pasture. How can I seize something that somebody has done hauled off?"

"You're crazy," said Mr. Oates shortly.

"Crazy, am I?" shot back Mr. Connor belligerently "Crazy! I'll crazy some babies in this town if they try to make a simp out of me again! That's what I come here to tell you." He glowered at Guy.

"You went to the wrong pasture," said Guy confidently.

"I never. Joe went out there with me an' he was as surprised as I was," parried Mr. Connor

"You really mean to say that there isn't any fertilizer in Joe's field?" asked Mr. Oates. His surprise was so genuine that Mr. Connor looked at him wonderingly for a moment before replying.

Colonel Botts

"Honest to gosh, didn't you know that stuff was hauled off?"

"It wasn't!" declared Mr. Oates.

"It was!" said Mr. Connor.

There was a long silence. Guy stared through the darkened windowpane in thought. The rain still came down in sheets. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a groan.

"Good Lord!" he said, addressing not only Mr. Connor but the world in general. He dropped back into his chair and ran his hands through his hair. "All my evidence gone!"

"What you say?" asked Mr. Connor, puzzled.

"Don't you understand, Bud?" exclaimed Mr. Oates in an agonized voice. "It's this gully-washing rain. You know what happens to nitrate of soda when it's mixed with water, don't you?"

Light dawned on Mr. Connor's rugged countenance. He also sat down. "Gone!" he said, almost with incredulity. "Washed all over Joe's farm!"

"In solution!" exclaimed Guy. "There goes my case against Botts and the railroad. Joe is a blowed-up sucker! Botts has a quit claim from Joe and Joe hasn't a thing!"

"Garden seed!" ejaculated Mr. Connor fervently. "What d'you know?"

But Mr. Oates apparently knew nothing. His face was buried in his arms on his desk. Luck was against him. Mr. Connor coughed apologetically twice and then silently left the room.

III

COLONEL BOTTS was probably the most pleased man south of the Mason and Dixon Line when the news got abroad that the rain had washed away the commercial fertilizer from Mr. Morgan's farm. Financially the railroad was not any better or worse off than before, because the stuff had been traded to Mr. Morgan, anyhow. But Colonel Botts had had a good scare thrown into his portly frame when he learned that the state chemist had interested himself in the case. Now that the evidence was all gone, Colonel Botts felt free to

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"Who? Me?" He Asked, Grinning. "Not a Chance! I'm a Union Man an' I Never Was Hired to Do No Farm Work"

# HEARTS AND FLOWERS

*The Pianist Should be Shot. Dum. Dum. A Cornet. H. Smith Scrooged Down Into the Corner of His Sofa, Seeking to Efface Himself Utterly, to Hide, to Escape From Sound, From Life*

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

FOG lay thick beyond the long, chintz-hung windows. With the coming of night it had folded down over the ocean, over the shore. Thumping old gentlemen, promenading the porch after dinner, coughed and choked and pretended to like it. Stout old ladies in rocking-chairs huddled into silk shawls near the fire. H. Smith, his dark hair awry, on end, his long figure slumped into a corner of a chintz sofa, looked out hopelessly, helplessly, at the fog through the long windows, looked at the thumping old gentlemen coming in, looked at the huddling, stout old ladies. The three-piece orchestra was tuning up for the evening concert. H. Smith closed his eyes and surreptitiously covered his ears, but he could not help hearing. A C major note on the piano. Dum. Dum. A violin. Not a good violin. Indifferent, but bearable. Dum. Dum. The piano again. It should not be allowed anywhere to strike a note like that. There should be a law. The Government should be notified. The pianist should be shot. Dum. Dum. Gods! A cornet. H. Smith scrooged down into the corner of his sofa, seeking to efface himself utterly, to hide, to escape from sound, from life. A terrible cornet. Blah! Blah! A brute of a piano. A rather bad violin. H. Smith clenched his hands in the pockets of his jacket, and their palms were wet.

He had arrived before dinner on the last train. His room was all right and his dinner had been good. The sauce on the fish, good. He had noticed the sauce on the fish and enjoyed it. The rest of his dinner he had not noticed. The rest of his dinner he had merely eaten. A girl across the dining room had looked at him—the usual blond girl with a waved head and a stare. H. Smith had scrooged down behind the bouquet on his table to get away from the usual blond girl, but he was too long to scrooge very far. Every time he came up above the bouquet, there was the blond girl looking at him.

The three-piece orchestra was about to begin. H. Smith could see the old ladies sitting up, smiling, anticipating. He guessed with himself as to the opening number. It would be something sprightly, gay, designed to make its audience forget the fog, forget age and indigestion, forget themselves. It might be a Viennese waltz. It might be a noisy American march. Either would be terrible. It was a noisy American march, and to H. Smith it was terrible. To listen to it was sheer suffering. To listen to it was a test of endurance. But everyone else liked the march very much. There was applause. The orchestra bowed. The old gentlemen curled up their mustaches and seemed to purr. The old ladies bridled and looked younger. Across the lobby the blond girl was seeming to read a magazine, but she was looking at him over the top. H. Smith found a railway folder in his pocket and consulted it as to trains, but there were no trains. He would have to stay until the morning.

There was a pause between the first number and the second. Dum. Dum. H. Smith guessed with himself as to the second number. It might be a Tschaikowsky Romance. Or a ballade. It would be something sentimental. The violin might do a solo. The old ladies might cry. It would be excruciating. But H. Smith, in all his guessing, could not bring his sophisticated, musical mind down to the banality, the enormity that it really proved to be; for the orchestra played Hearts and Flowers. The violin did a solo. It was sentimental. The old ladies smiled and looked misty. The old gentlemen looked thoughtful and regretted their past lives. H. Smith suffered. He longed for oblivion. He regretted his past life, his present life, his future life. He regretted that he had ever been born. At the end of Hearts and Flowers there was smashing applause. Over his shoulder H. Smith could see the violinist taking a bow. Another. The violinist seemed to be a girl. H. Smith rose to his feet and walked over to the orchestra. He was very long and thin and distinctive. Reaching the orchestra, he said nothing at all. He just held out his hand for the violin. The girl, looking up, saw his long, thin, peremptory hand held out, saw his frown, saw his displeasure, and handed him up her violin. He only kept it for a moment, and when he handed it back he bowed. He smiled charmingly.

"Only an eighth," he said, as if an eighth did not matter, "but now it will be in tune."

During the rest of the concert H. Smith tramped through the fog on the veranda and the violinist's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were very bright.

In the morning the fog, like a bad dream, was gone. The ocean was a floor of blue tile. One could see Catalina. One could almost see China. The world, on a morning like that, was in one's grasp. The old gentlemen got out their field glasses and looked at Catalina. The old ladies ate a great many hot cakes. H. Smith forgot that he was leaving by the first train and went for a walk. Along the cliffs there was silence. There were fields of poppies—those drowsy ones—opening to the sun. There was the dip and curve of sea gulls against the blue. H. Smith came back from his walk revived, refreshed, renewed, more able to cope with things.

The lounge, at eleven in the morning, seemed to be deserted, but in the corner by the piano a girl was crying. She was crying very silently, very miserably. No one could have heard her but H. Smith. The piano was set against the curve of the staircase. H. Smith, halfway up

the staircase, heard a suppressed sob below him and looked down over the railing at the top of the girl's head. Brown hair she had, parted in the middle—red-brown hair. She was trying to sort out music at the cabinet, and not succeeding. She had an absurd little pink handkerchief rolled into a ball. She and her sobbing, her sniffing, her sorting, suddenly darkened H. Smith's day.

"I say," he hissed at her irritably, tentatively, over the railing. "I say. Don't."

The girl looked up. She mopped vaguely at her face with her ball of pink handkerchief. Her mouth quivered. She swallowed a sob.

"Be a good girl," H. Smith begged her over the railing. "Lay off. Stop it. Think of something pleasant and far away. Think of Eskimos eating blubber."

"I'll—stop it—as soon as I can," said the girl. "I don't—want to—do it."

"Of course, you don't—a sensible girl like you," said H. Smith sympathetically, soothingly. "Think of something historical and big. Think of Nero fiddling while Rome burned."

But at this the girl's face crumpled up again. H. Smith, for the first time in years, had hit the wrong note. The girl sat down on the piano bench and dissolved into the pink handkerchief. H. Smith looked longingly up the staircase and then hesitatingly down at the top of the girl's head. Red-brown hair, parted, neat. Nice hands. Nice unpolished finger nails. Perhaps a broken heart. At any rate, trouble.

H. Smith usually balanced things carefully and then went headlong, often in the wrong direction. He went headlong now. In three quick strides he was down the staircase. He was sitting on the piano bench. All he could see was a bit of white forehead, an ear, a little brown knitted dress, shoes. Not at all new shoes. Not very shiny shoes. Shoes that had endured, that had served.

H. Smith got out a large, folded handkerchief. "Here," he said matter-of-factly. He removed the pink ball and substituted his own. He spread the pink ball out to dry. He waited. He sat.

"It's Mr. Bayne," managed the girl at last.

H. Smith puckered up his forehead, for he had not been prepared for a Mr. Bayne. But he waited. He sat.

"And—and Larry can't come," continued the girl. "That is"—she hesitated—"Larry could come, but he won't. He said over the telephone that a concert here isn't important."

"A concert anywhere is important," said H. Smith.

"Oh," breathed the girl. "Then you agree with me?"

"Absolutely," said H. Smith headlong.

They were looking at each other now. "Mr. Bayne is the pianist here," explained the girl. "Mrs. Bayne is the cornetist. I am the violinist."

"I'm sorry about last night," said H. Smith.

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl quickly.

There was a pause. "And who is Larry?" asked H. Smith.

"I am engaged to Larry," explained the girl. "Larry is wonderful. He directs. As a musician I am nothing at all, but Larry is wonderful. His jazz is the best in the state."

"Oh, jazz! In what state?"

"In this state. Don't you know what state you are in?"

"I don't know now, but I may afterward," said H. Smith. "What's Larry's other name?"

"Fleming," said the girl; "and he's simply ——"

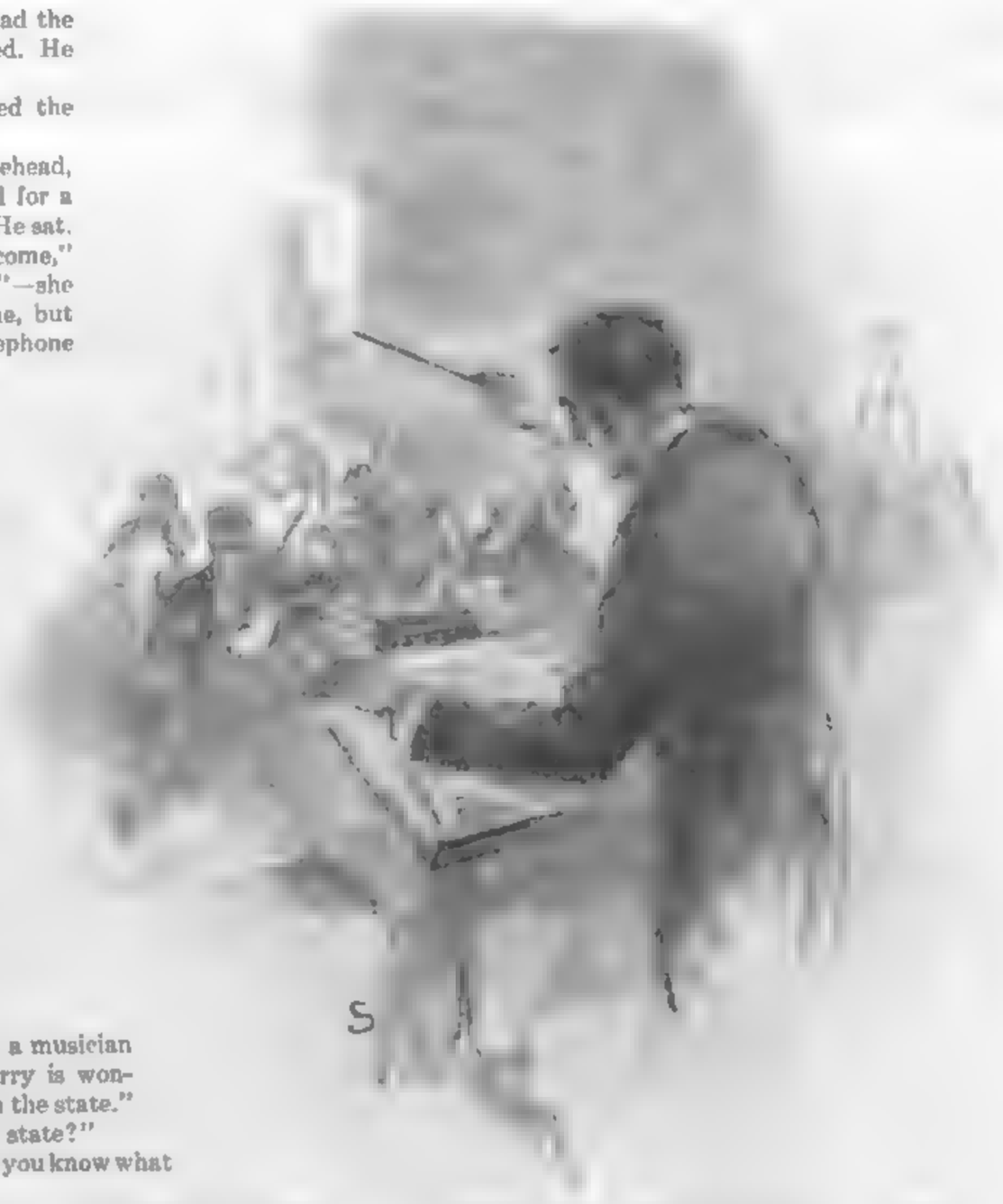
"Wonderful," supplied H. Smith promptly.

"You have heard of him?" the girl asked H. Smith a little anxiously.

"I haven't been much in America lately," apologized H. Smith.

"Oh. Where have you been?"

He waved his hands, shrugged.



*He Swung Them Into a New World—Up—Up—Across Oceans. Across Blue Space*

"About," he said. "China, Cambodia. But we are far afield. Why does Mr. Bayne make you cry?"

"Because he is ill," said the girl despairingly. "In the hospital. He can't play again for weeks. Mrs. Bayne can't play again for weeks."

"Good," said H. Smith.

"Good?" said the girl. "Surely you must mean 'bad.'"

"I don't know yet what I mean," said H. Smith.

"And I may lose my job," said the girl, her face beginning to crumple up again. "And there's the big concert we were giving in the Town Hall on the twenty-first. And the Baynes need the money so much. Two hundred and three tickets have been sold."

"Wait," said H. Smith, lifting his hand. "Refrain from piling Pelion upon Ossa. And don't scurry me along. I am already breathless with your pace."

He was really a little breathless. He hadn't sat on a piano bench with a girl for years. He hadn't for years seen at close range so charmingly irregular a little face; met at close range such earnestness, such loyalty, such frankness, such despair. More for something mechanical and practical to do than because he was particularly neat, he began to sort out the music—all kinds of music, but all of it shabby, unbound, crumpled, shoved into the cabinet anyhow—The Unfinished inclosing a copy of Too Much Mustard; half a Chopin prelude torn off; a score of Madame Butterfly partly burned through. At intervals, to relieve his feelings, H. Smith pounded out with his forefinger a C Major note or two on the piano. Dum. Dum.

"Are you a pianist?" asked the girl suddenly, her eyes widening

"I can play Hearts and Flowers," admitted H. Smith.

"But my violin," said the girl, thinking back, beginning to realize him a little. "Are you a violinist too?"

"Jack of all trades," he said, shrugging, sorting.

"Oh," said the girl, beginning to realize him more—"oh, if you could—just for today, I'd be quite willing to—to pay ——"

H. Smith looked at her quickly. He was rather ugly. He was extraordinarily different, individual, but so formalized, so patterned by life that he could merge into any background. His odd, deeply set eyes were gray green. His forehead was usually puckered up.

"Give me your hand," said H. Smith.

She gave him her hand and he looked at it for a moment. Then he bent it back and looked at her wrist. Then he

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*"Nice," He Said, "But Not for the Violin"*

# THE PAGLIACCI BLUES

*"Hear That, Mae? Did You Hear That? Did You Hear What Harry Said?" "I Heard," She Said Wearily*

## By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

JUST let me finish this one and we'll drop the subject. We'll never mention it again. I know how you feel about it, and I don't blame you. Myself, I feel just about the same. But Al Rose was a clown, too, and I feel that it wouldn't hurt to have his story go in the records also. Let me spill this one and then we'll ankle on to the next place and call it a night.

You've heard of him, haven't you? Oh, sure, a dingy little egg that hung around Forty-seventh and Seventh about forty weeks out of the year. Got to wearing a trench coat not long ago. Kingsley pointed him out to me first.

"You're always looking for gags," he said; "you ought to know Al Rose."

"Yes?" I said. "What kind of gags he got?"

"They haven't told a one up to 1902 that he doesn't know," he said. "But listen to him, really. He's a real vaudeville comic and no mistake. Wait here a minute."

He went over to this little rat, who was explaining to a victim what he'd done to an audience in Montgomery, Alabama, and arm-in-armed him over.

"Al," he said, "this is Harry Knox of the Globe. . . . Harry," he said to me, "this is the famous Al Rose."

"How are you, kid?" he said. "I been wanting to get in touch with you. Started to write you once or twice. I got some gags—you really ought to keep in touch with me, because I can give you a lot of stuff for that column of yours."

"Say, that's great," I said. "I'm not kidding you; I can use all you've got."

"I know," he said. "I've been watching your stuff and you get awful ham some days. But I reckon all you newspaper boys do, if you can't do any of your own gagging. That's why I say I been intending to give you a buzz or something."

Kingsley winked at me over the guy's shoulder. Then he said to him:

"I was telling him, Al, that you probably had a couple up your sleeve now you could give him."

"Well," Al said, and looked thoughtfully up at the Paramount clock, "probably if you was to wake me up in the middle of the night I could manage to squeeze one or two out." Then he added: "And not bad ones either. But let's see." He rubbed his chin and kept looking up in the air. Then he snapped his fingers.

"Get this one," he said, and looked around as though to see that no one was near enough to overhear. "I worked this one out the other day. Get it now: Two Scotchmen walking down the street. One says to the other, 'D'ye drink much, Sandy?' Other Scotchman says, 'Aye, I can that!' First Scotchman says, 'Hae mooch, Sandy?' Other Scotchman says, 'Any given amount!' Get it?"

"That's great," I said.

"Other Scotchman said, 'Any given amount,' see? Any given amount! Scotch jokes always good these days. I worked that one out myself, the other day. Not bad, eh?"

Kingsley winked again and I took out an envelope and put down some notes.

"That's great," I said. "Got any more?"

We got away about a half hour later. Kingsley was still laughing. He thought it was great.

"What a guy!" he kept saying.

"Sure," I said, "he's a wonder in his own way, but I got to get jokes that somebody beside a child would get a smile out of."

"Vaudeville audiences laugh at his stuff," he said. "He works pretty steadily."

As a matter of fact, he did. Probably still does. Now and then he plays the Castle. I catch his name every so often on the Castle bill, though I can assure you I never broke any dates with a frail to get up to catch his act. You can figure out just about as well as I can what he was like.

But he never forgot me. No, sir, not him! He must have buttonholed me seven times a week when he was playing around New York. Always had a string of gags I wouldn't print in a house organ. I'm a little soft, as you know, so I couldn't give him the chill. There wasn't anything I could do but listen and call it a part of the overhead. You know you have to listen to about seven yards of language to get one paragraph in this racket.

I even got to know a little about his private life. That is, I heard about his wife. And there was a girl! That woman must have taken more punishment than Heeney. I saw her every now and then. You know, just a vaudevillian's wife. Blond hair, kinked and cut short. Looked as though she might have been a show girl once, long, long ago. But I rather liked her looks, and I'll tell you why.

It was something in her eyes, or maybe I imagined it. But it seemed to me, from the way she looked, here was a baby that was just about on the ropes. She was groggy. She'd taken all that a bum comic had to give, and that's plenty.

She'd had good money through him, and lived at good hotels and been present at all the N.V.A. balls. She'd eaten in expensive chophouses and gone to the theater in a dozen cities to see her man in a good spot on the bill. She was Mrs. Al Rose, and in vaudeville circles that meant something. She had three evening dresses trimmed in rhinestones, and a blamed good imitation-ermine wrap. By ordinary standards she was well off—very well off.

Only she didn't look happy, even when she smiled, and it wasn't hard to understand. She'd been living for six years with a guy that had an unconscious notion that he was something of a cross between Charlie Chaplin, George Bernard Shaw and Ralph Spence, if he'd ever heard of Shaw and Spence. It wasn't that he'd been hard on her. Far—very far—from it.

"Harry," he said when I met her first, "I want you to meet the headache." Then he laughed. "That's just a gag," he said. "I want you to meet the sweetest little kid in the world. Married six years, Harry, and not a cross word—eh, kid?" he said to her. He hugged her close.

"You got a great husband, Mrs. Rose," I said. "He's a great guy—and a great artist."

She smiled at me.

All right, let's let that pass. You know how those vaudevillians are. Soft and sentimental and moral. There never was a sob ballad written that they couldn't cry over, and they'll marry forty partners in success, or in order to keep the records clean. Al was just another vaudevillian

Well, that's Al and his wife, and this is the story I want to tell you: One day just about sundown, right after I'd eaten breakfast, I was headed into the Castle Building to see Kingsley, when Al buttonholed me.

"I'm sorry, old man," I said, "but I'm late now for an engagement. Can it wait?"

"You can give me a half hour, Harry," he said. "Come in Lindy's with me, because this is serious. I need advice, kid, and no kid at all."

He looked so different, so upset, I walked up the street with him and we went into Lindy's. Ordinarily I wouldn't have given him a tumble, but he looked so shaken. I'm soft, you know, even if I have been on this main stem for ten years, and I couldn't refuse him.

"Harry," he said when we'd sat down, "you know I love my wife, don't you?"

"Don't be silly," I said.

"She's a great kid, Harry; one of the sweetest in the whole world. We been married six years, Harry, and not a cross word. She'd tell you the same herself."

"Don't I know!" I said.

"When we was married, Harry, I was a single, like I am now, but playing every tank town you ever heard of, or anybody else. She was with another act. I got her to come in my act and then we got married and then I took her out, because I'm a natural single, Harry, and I knew it. I got her out and we been together ever since. Not a cross word in six years, Harry—not one."

"She told me herself," I said.

"Some day, I said to her then, I'm going into a production—Shuberts, George White, Earl Carroll—somebody, you know. There ain't any question about it in my own mind. I got the stuff, Harry, just what they want—but I don't have to tell you."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"You had enough of my gags that I made up myself to know I got the stuff for a production if ever they come to their senses. You ain't printed many of them, but you know what I got. You know I got what the public wants."

"What's happened?" I asked again.

"It always seemed to me you might have mentioned me to George or Earl, Harry. You got a lot of drag around this street, being a colum'ist and all that, and they'd listen to you and give me a hearing, and a hearing is all I ask. Once they got a load of what I got—I mean, the stuff I been wowing 'em with for years, all over the big time—that's all I want. You take there's Jack Donahue and Bert Lahr and George White his self ——"

"I tell you, Al," I interrupted him, "I've been so busy lately that ——"

"No! No, Harry! I wouldn't for the world have you bother with a thing like that! Can't you take a little kidding? That's all I was doing—just a little kidding back and forth. Why, Harry, you acted like you was ——"

"What about the wife?" I asked.

"Say," he said, ignoring the question again, "if I really wanted to get in a production, you know all I'd have to do? All I'd have to do would be to just let it get out I was ready—that's all I'd have to do. So it's just ridiculous—it's laughable, I mean, if you thought I wasn't kidding then. Any time I want to get in a production—any old time, I say ——" He snapped his fingers to show how easy it would be, and smiled.

"Look, Al," I said, "I don't mean to hurry you, old man, but I got to shake it up —— "

The smile disappeared and he became suddenly very sober. "You know, Harry," he said, "Mae's a great kid. She's a sweetheart, Mae is. But I don't have to tell you. We been the happiest couple on Broadway for years. Everybody said so. You'd hear a fellow say, 'Why can't some of these unhappy married couples take a look at Al and Mae Rose and get wise to theirselves?' Everybody said it—everybody."

"I said it myself," I said.

"Sure! Everybody said it. . . . Harry, when I get a gag, who do I tell it to first? If I find I'm getting a laugh out of something, who's the very first person I take it to? Mae, Harry—that's who I take it to. Everything I do, Harry, every laugh I get in my act, I tried out on her first. I just say, 'Mae, get this one,' and I try it out on her, and if she says oke, it goes. If not, it don't go."

"She don't gag any, does she?"

"No," he said, "she ain't got the gift. She knows a good gag when she hears it, but she can't gag herself. But she don't care. 'One gagger in the family is enough,' she always says. That's the way we was, Harry, all our married life. Just a couple of turtle doves, you might say."

"Sure," I said. "But you're not telling me this to get a line in the paper that you're having it abrogated, are you?"

"Oh, no! You can't print this, Harry! Please, old man, you mustn't let this get out."

"Don't be an apsay," I interrupted. "I'm not printing it. But what is it I can do?"

"Harry," he said very earnestly, "would you do a fellow a favor? Would you help out a guy that's in trouble?"

"Do you have to ask, Al?"

"Would you really go to a little trouble for a pal—a pal that'd do anything in the world for you?" The liar!

"Tell me what you want, kid," I said, "and if it's humanly possible you can count on me."

His eyes dampened, as they would have at a mammy song, and he gave me his hand across the table. "Harry," he said, "you're regular!" He was so tense and serious, I was a little embarrassed. "But it won't be much," he added. "All I want is you should go with me Sunday night to the Frivolity Theater and get a load of a guy's act that's going on there in a benefit. I just want you to go with me and look him over and see what you think of him, that's all. Now, that won't be much trouble, will it?"

I promised to go.

Well, that was that. You can see for yourself about how I figured it out. Not that I lost any sleep over it. After all, I never rated this guy as any close friend of mine. As far as I was concerned, he was just another one that rolled off my knife.

But as I doped it, and as I told Kingsley, here was probably a baby who'd been waiting to see if it were possible, truly, for a man to gag steadily for six years and not get a single honest laugh. She couldn't believe it without seeing it with her own eyes. The point now being cleared up in her mind, she'd probably decided to abandon further scientific experiment and find herself a man she could love without spending half the time alibi-ing him to herself. And furthermore, just to show the world how much punishment she could take, once she put her mind to it, she was laying a tentative glance on another vaudevillian—this pooch that I was to see Sunday night.

"Good-By, Al," She Said. "I'm Sorry, Kid—I'm Awfully Sorry—But I Can't Help It!"

"But you know," Kingsley said, "I think Al loves her—and no fooling. He's a barmy little mug and all that, but he certainly seems to think the world and all of her."

"Maybe," I said. "But I don't lay bets one way or the other on Broadway heart affairs."

"I'm only going by what I see," he said.

As a matter of fact, none of this struck me at the time as worth bothering with, and I might even have forgotten to meet him Sunday night if he hadn't kept buzzing me on the phone every evening. But I met him on the dot at the Frivolity, where they put on every Sunday night a vaudeville show that they call a "benefit," to dodge the New York law against theatrical performances on the Sabbath.

"Wait a minute before we go in," he said, and hauled me into a corner of the lobby. "Just to show you I'm grateful, I got a gag for you. I made it up the other day and I said to myself, 'I'll save this one for Harry.' I said, 'I'll save this one for Harry, because he'll get it and can use it in his column.'"

"All right," I said, "shoot."

"Get it now," he said, looking around to see that no one overheard. "Scotchman goes out to buy a house. Real-estate man says, 'Would you like a stucco house?' Scotchman says, 'You may stucco some, but you can't stuck-o me!' Get it? 'You may stucco some, but you can't stuck-o me!' Play on the word 'stucco,' you know. What do you think of it?"

"That's great," I said. "Let's go in."

At first I didn't get what all this was about. The act he wanted me to see came on in the deuce spot. His name was Leslie Coburn and he did a single. He played the piano, sang a couple of torch songs, and had a little patter that wasn't either good or bad. But the minute his name went up on the card Al gave me the elbow.

"This is him," he whispered. "Now I just want you to watch him and kind of think it over to yourself."

So I watched him. The funny part of it is that I rather liked the guy's looks, and his delivery too. Not that he was getting anywhere with his stuff. What I mean, it was pleasant stuff—just pleasant, that's all. If you like that kind of stuff—smooth, smiling jokes, no try at belly laughs—he was oke. But of course it was laying an egg here. The crowd of hyenas you get at one of these Sunday-night shows, you got to use a Seltzer bottle at the least.

When the act ended there was a smattering of perfunctory applause and that was all.

"You don't want to stay for any more, do you?" Al asked.

"I had just as soon think of going to Chicago to live," I said, and reached for my hat.

We went out, but that wasn't all. Before I knew it he was shoving me into a taxi. We were going to his home, he said—that was part of the favor. Now I didn't like that. It looked to me as though I was going to be roped into a family skirmish, and that's something I no like.

"Come on, be yourself, kid," I said. "I'm not going into any brawl with you and Mae."

"Harry," he said excitedly, "I give you my word there won't be anything like that. I give you my word, Harry. You'll be doing me a big favor, and I give you my word there won't be anything like that."

Oh, well!

They lived in a miniature apartment on one of the cross streets west of Eighth Avenue. It was small, but it was horrible. Apparently they'd bought the furniture from a chop-suey restaurant. It was all Chinese, or thought it was anyway. I saw four floor lamps, innumerable draperies that were thick enough to keep out both light and air, and a hundred or more autographed photographs from brother and sister artists. Nor had they skimped on furnishing the place; in that one room I saw there

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 22, 1929


## The High Cost of Credit

THIS publication has at no time shared the unrestrained enthusiasm of the international bankers and of a substantial proportion of the investing public for putting our national savings into the bonds of foreign governments, political subdivisions and many over-sea industrial enterprises. On the other hand, it has refrained from indulging in blanket condemnations of foreign securities and it has been willing to give all due credit to many of these flotations, not only as sound investments but as constructive undertakings beneficial alike to borrower and to lender, and as contributory factors in the restoration of European prosperity.

Some fourteen or fifteen billion dollars of American savings have been put to work through the medium of good, bad and indifferent foreign investments, furthering the public and private enterprises of foreign nations. Other billions will presently follow them overseas unless we can visualize our own domestic needs much more sharply than we now seem able to do.

Everyone knows that money is dear. Millions of us follow the fluctuations of the rate for call money as eagerly as we scan the baseball scores. The financial page is fast gaining upon the sporting page in point of popularity. The tight-money policy of the Federal Reserve System is everywhere discussed.

The first half of 1929 is drawing to a close. Enormous, perhaps unprecedented, payments will fall due July first—bond and mortgage interest, dividends and the principal of maturing obligations of every description. Every debtor corporation and most financial institutions are marshaling their resources in order to meet the payments that will become due at the turn of the half year. The credit demands of industry and of merchandising still press; and those who are in Wall Street on borrowed money, whether for speculation or for sound investment, expect to be taken care of.

Over and above these normal and seasonal credit requirements American investors are invited, or rather are permitted, to pay over a round billion dollars in the exercise of their rights to subscribe for new security issues which are being issued at less than their going market value. In many instances these payments will have to be met with borrowed money, and borrowers will be required to pay the stiff rates for money for which several factors, including our overenthusiasm in buying European securities, are responsible.

Hundreds of thousands of thrifty American families have a nest egg of stock in the corporations that are so well and soundly managed that they can finance contemplated expansions by the issue of new stock to old stockholders at prices substantially above par. It is wise and right that the owners of these rights should exercise them; and we can think of no better use for borrowed money than to make the ten or twenty per cent permitted additions to old holdings of time-tested securities. If it is a good thing for the investor, it is a good thing for the corporation, for the communities in which it operates and for the country as a whole. It is unquestionably in line with sound public policy.

Every discussion of credit for Stock Exchange purposes teems with two oft-repeated phrases, each of which is set over against the other: The needs of legitimate business and Wall Street speculation. Responsible and well-informed bankers often employ both terms in a loose and misleading manner which implies that those who are directly engaged in production and in moving the output of farm, mine and factory and putting it into the hands of consumers should be specially favored, and that those who are indirect participants in the same activities through stock ownership should be content with the leavings. Without any desire to batter down the old conceptions of the primary functions of banking or to belittle the claims of trade, one may fairly stand up for the right of that fundamental business in which more of us are engaged than in any other.

Whatever our trade or calling, whatever our field of manufacture or merchandising, our essential business in life is to support ourselves and our families from day to day and to make proper provision for our and their future needs.

The strain on credit felt throughout the business world is, in the main, one of the growing pains of a lusty young nation. We are growing so fast that we are often terrified by the figures which express that growth. We are staggered to read that brokers' loans increased from four and a half billions, in May, 1928, to more than five and a half billions last month.

The increase of one billion, sixty-three millions in a single year seems appalling until we stop to compare the new total with the market value of the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The figure is one which dwarfs that of brokers' loans into comparative insignificance.

America never stands still. New capital values are coming into existence at a rate hitherto unheard of. In the year 1928 the average price of a share of stock listed upon the New York Stock Exchange increased eighteen per cent. From 1925 to 1928 the increase was about sixty-six per cent. During this latter period New York Stock Exchange securities were marked up some fifty-four billion dollars, of which twenty-one billions was the increase in value of stocks.

When the late Tom Reed was attacked because it cost a billion dollars a year to run the Government, he replied that this was a billion-dollar country. This was our first lesson in thinking ten places to the left of the decimal point, but it is a lesson that we now have learned by heart.

In view of the extent of our national resources, the tight-money policy of the Federal Reserve System is one which deserves the most careful scrutiny. It should not be blindly accepted as a heaven-inspired measure merely because of the prestige which the System enjoys; neither should it be condemned without the fullest examination simply because it has cramped the style of market plungers. It was dictated, no doubt, by a sincere belief that it would stabilize the credit situation and prevent the obstreperous from rocking the boat.

There has been no severer responsible critic of Federal Reserve policy and no stouter defender of the brokers' loan account than Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, president of the New York Stock Exchange. The address he made in Chicago last month attracted the wide attention it deserved. It was frankly an *ex parte* effort, but facts are facts and logic is logic, whatever their source.

Mr. Simmons declared that the reason why the Reserve policy of tight money had failed to reduce stock-market loans is that the funds employed in these loans are today so largely capital and not mere bank credit. He went on to say:

"The more fear propaganda, warnings and vague threats the Federal Reserve System has issued, naturally the more it has impelled owners of capital to place their funds in the safest form of loan which they could obtain. Stock-market call loans are without question the safest form of investment known in this country. . . . It is not the Stock Exchange or the stock market or even 'stock-market speculators' who are opposing the Federal Reserve System policy—it is the continual generation of fresh American capital upon an absolutely unprecedented scale, and the inevitable tendency under present Federal Reserve policies for this capital to seek investment in the very call stock-market loans which the Reserve is apparently desirous of deflating."

## The Mexican Conquest

READERS in the Southwest continue to bombard us with requests that we redouble our efforts to make Congress see the imperative necessity for putting Mexican immigration upon a quota basis or for restricting it sharply by other means.

These letters come from men and women of substance and intelligence. They write about local conditions which they can see from their own doorsteps. They know what they are talking about. They appeal to a publication of national circulation, published thousands of miles away from home, for the very good reason that, in many instances, their local press and their local chamber of commerce are arrayed against them because they are controlled by selfish interests which will not surrender the immediate benefits of low-grade labor as long as they can get the benefit of them at the expense of the community as a whole.

This state of affairs continues because the small farmers and the jobless Americans are not organized and are unable to make their voices heard when local vested interests shout them down. A rancher in Southern California gives an admirable summary of the situation in his locality; and we are inclined to accept it at face value because it merely confirms the statements of many other correspondents.

"How much longer," he asks, "are the large contractors and employers of peon labor going to be permitted to keep the doors open to the endless stream of Mexican immigrants swarming into the Southwest? This Mexican conquest has proceeded far enough, and immigration restriction should be applied immediately. . . . The white taxpayer taxed heavily to provide school facilities for thousands of Mexican children and aid for destitute Mexican families, finds it harder to support children of his own. The very high Mexican birth rate tends to depress still further the low white birth rate. Thus a race problem of the greatest magnitude is being allowed to develop for future generations to regret, and in spite of the fact that the Mexican Indian is considered a most undesirable ethnic stock for the melting pot."

Our correspondent goes on to say that if not another Mexican enters California, there are enough there now to meet the reasonable needs of agriculture. The readjustments following Mexican exclusion would not be serious. Agriculture and the industries which demand an unlimited supply of peon labor are organized on an unhealthful social basis.

Much of the overproduction in California fruit and truck crops is the result of overabundant Mexican labor available to the large landowners and promoters. It is these same developers who, pretending to speak for agriculture, are clamoring for more Mexicans.

The small rancher, on the other hand, suffers from the Mexican because his own labor is correspondingly decreased in value, along with the price of his products. Mexican exclusion is his only salvation.

# TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

## By Samuel Crowther

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE are those who say we are living in a new era which has cut loose from the past—that the business and prosperity of today are as ancestorless as Adam. There are others who greet an economic Adam with a derisive heehaw and allow that the nation will very shortly start to act its age again—that we are only at the top of a glorified seesaw and this is the same hard old world that our forefathers battled.

Possibly it is important to decide whether or not this is a new world. The arguments are resounding. And since no decision can be given for a century, it is a safe game to add to our already long and interesting list of national indoor pastimes. We can be certain only of this: Every dawn brings a new day and that day has in it something quite new and also something quite old. Whether we dwell in the new or in the old depends a good deal on our frame of mind.

Going about this country examining into the fabric of its admitted prosperity and well-being, I have been chiefly struck by the utter and irreconcilable conflict between what men are doing and what they are saying. They think in terms of the past and act in terms of today—they use candles but fit them with electric bulbs. For instance, the head of a very large enterprise told me gravely that he thought we had just about reached the peak of our prosperity. He talked from the background of tradition—prosperity must have a peak. A few minutes later he had forgotten his prediction and told me all about a big, new, nationally known company that he had just added to balance his program and of others he thought it logical to buy. He went on to say that he was gradually putting out a thousand additional salesmen, for, although he had been directing his concern for more than thirty years, it had never really touched more than a small fraction of the business that the country had to offer. He was operating on the facts as he saw them; he was talking on the theories that had been handed to him and which he did not feel able to contradict.

A great number of other intelligent men in business are in precisely his condition. They can find nothing in their own affairs to warrant even a suggestion of a turn for the worse, and so they are going ahead at a pace which they have come to regard as usual. But they have been told so often that there is something abnormal in our well-being that they think there may be some fire behind the smoke. They are afraid to say there is no fire or that the smoke is not smoke but a haze rising from a miasma of statistics. A man of wide acquaintance, coming on from Chicago to New York, had in one day three long-distance telephone calls from heads of prominent businesses asking him to keep his eyes open for any signs of slackening trade. On the one day six market letters going out from as many brokerage firms contained these predictions:

"We are on the eve of another bull market and many stocks will make new highs."

"We are on the eve of a protracted decline with many stocks making new lows."

"Money will continue firm for a long time to come."

"Money will soon be lending at 6 per cent or below, with plenty of it for stock-market purposes."

"General business will continue to make progress."

"Looks as though general business had reached its peak."

I have seen tables conservatively worked out by competent statisticians which show that the average wage-earner's income is just above the sustenance line. That, of course, is something, for in most countries the average wage works out to below the sustenance line. Yet if our people are just over the narrow edge they can hardly be called prosperous. On the other hand, sales to consumers are everywhere high, and goods are moving out in a steady volume. If more than half the people were only scraping through, then these sales could not possibly happen. There must be something very much the matter with either the income figures or the cost-of-living figures and probably with both—although both are derived from the best available sources. An increasing demand is arising among newspaper readers for more business and economic news, and the country newspapers are finding it necessary to carry syndicated columns of financial comment. These newspapers do not take on additional expenses without forethought, and even though a great many people are milling about in the stock market there are not enough of them to the square mile to influence the newspapers outside of the metropolitan centers. The demand arises out of a very widespread desire to learn something about what is going on. The annual reports of United States Steel and General Motors have now become front-page news everywhere. Economic news is in the first ranking. A people wholly concerned with getting three meals a day would not have even a curiosity interest in the earnings of a corporation. They would not know that those earnings had anything to do except with the welfare of the rich. The temper of the people has in it no strain of helpless poverty. And poverty is not cured by charity; it can be cured only by money earned.

Nowhere except in the stock market are any signs whatsoever of a boom. Both high and low priced articles are being bought freely but with a keen eye to values. It is not very difficult to sell a good thing, but it is almost impossible to sell a bad thing. And although complaints come from the smaller companies saying that they are not making any money, running the facts to earth

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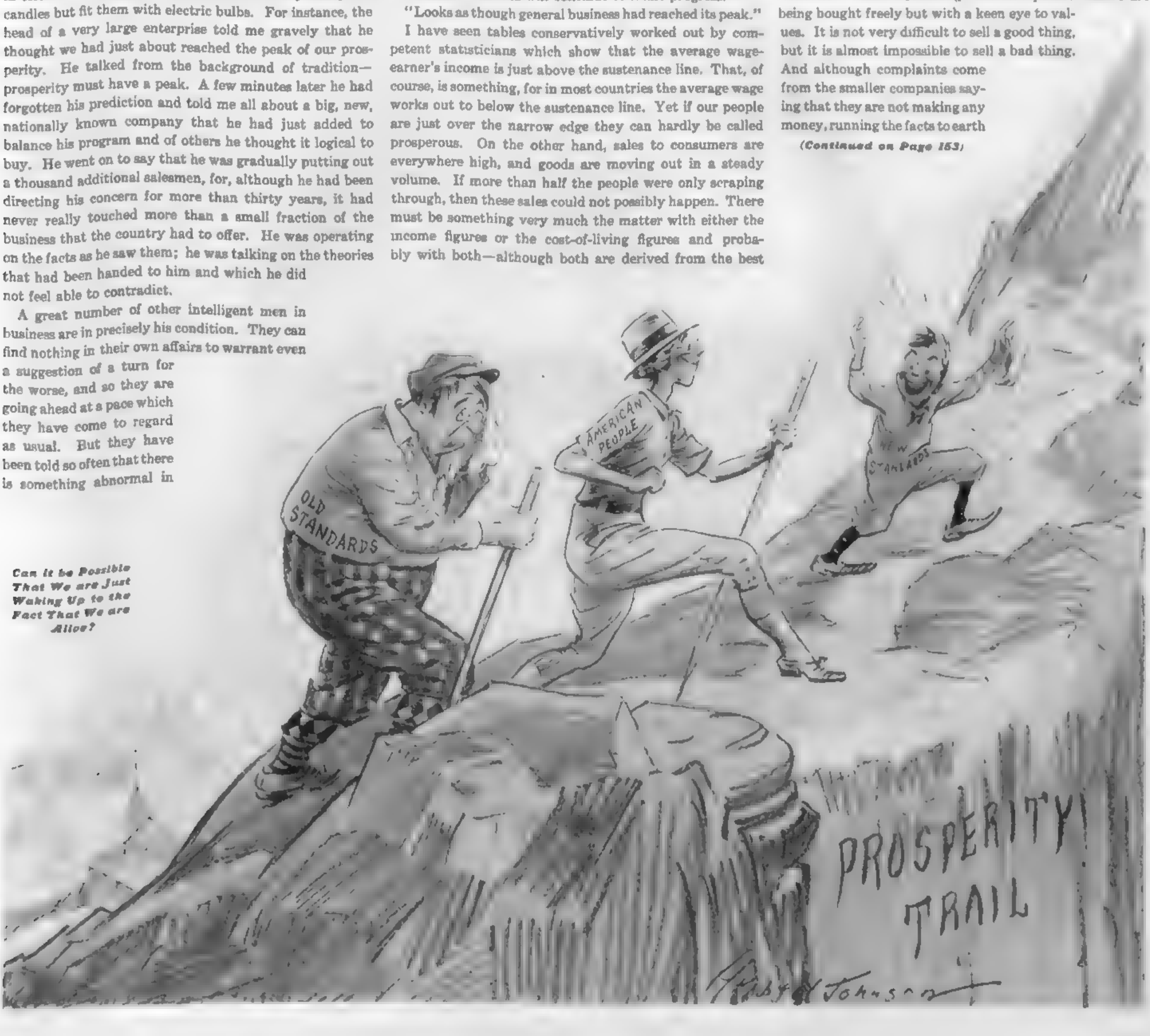
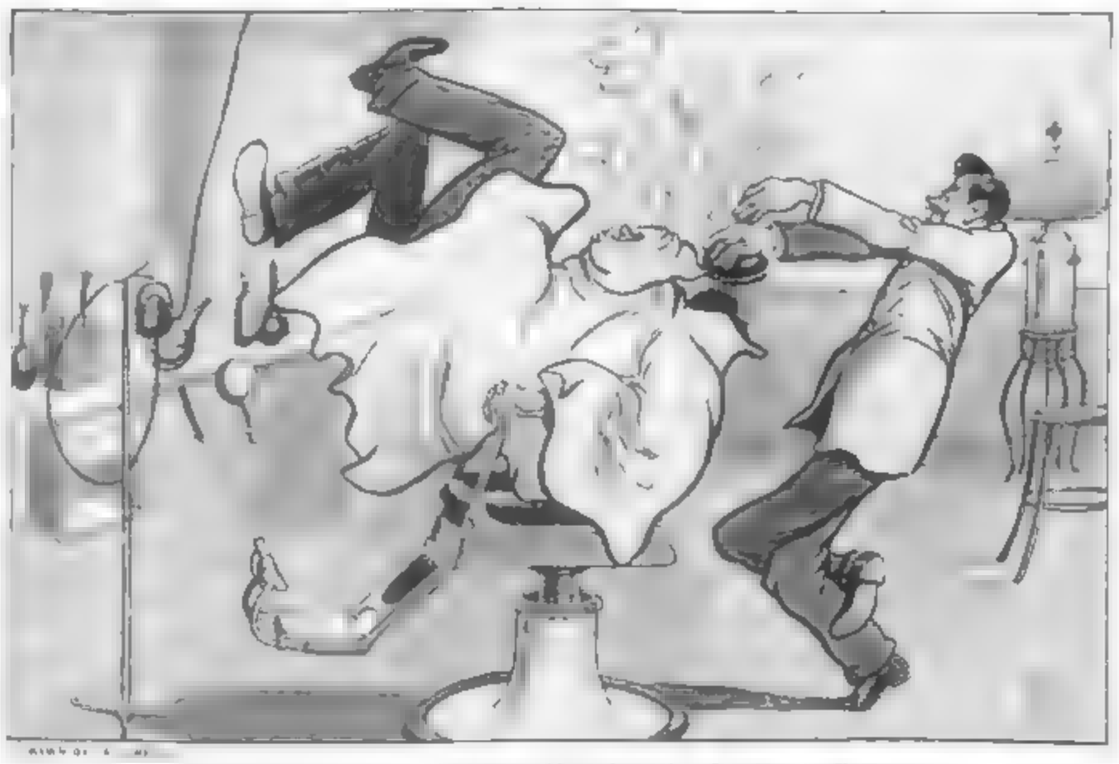



*Can It be Possible That We are Just Waking Up to the Fact That We are Alive?*

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

*If They Build Airports Any Farther From the City Limits*



*The Towel That Was Too Hot for the Barber's Fingers*

### The Best Season

*IN SPRING I think gay-colored fall*
*The bravest season of them all,*
*But when it's fall I want to sing*
*Of birds and buds of early spring.*

*When icy weather is my lot,*
*I vow I've never been too hot,*
*But when the heat waves start to roll,*
*I long to homestead at the Pole.*

*Alas! The season of the year*
*I like the best is never here.*

*—Adelaide W. Neall.*

### Chain Letters to Decorate Your Wastebasket

*DEAR FRIEND:* This letter was sent to me, and I am sending it to you so as not to break the chain; which goes to show what a great thing friendship is. Copy this letter twenty-four times each day for the next seven years and mail the copies, early and often, to friends, business associates and Eskimos. Then watch and see what happens. If you do not have good luck, call Meriden 1212 and you will receive the correct time. But remember this: The one who breaks the chain will have all kinds of bad luck and may even be so unfortunate as to get snarls in his mustache. So, wishing you the luck you deserve, I am,

*An Anonymous Friend.*

*DEAR COMRADE:* I am sending this letter to you to continue a chain started by a veteran of the Hundred Years' War who had a ninety-nine-year furlough on his hands and

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*Another Leaning Tower of Italy. Chorus: "Now Why Doesn't He Fall?"*

*"That's the Girl Who Left Me Because She Said I Was a Tightwad!"*

*Poker Enthusiast (Who Has Been Asked to Pass the Bread): "How Many?"*

# The beans you *know* are good because they're Campbell's!

Reputation is multiplied experience. After millions and millions of people have tried a maker's products and found them good, their reputation becomes the buyer's safest guide. Picture to yourself the hosts of women who, day after day, are purchasing Campbell's Beans wherever food is sold. Why have they made Campbell's the most popular of all beans? It's because they enjoy in these beans the delicious Quality, the skillful blending, the tempting flavor for which Campbell's are so famous. Enjoy the nation's favorites—Campbell's Beans in all their latest perfection!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

# THE BLACK CAMEL

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*"Ah, Yes, the Name." Smith Hesitated. "Denny, I Think She Called Him. Yes, That Was It—Denny Mayo"*

XXII

THEY sat in silence and the minutes dragged by. Smith's pale gray eyes stared hopelessly into the future—a future where he walked forever, broke and forlorn, along a curving beach. Lighting a big cigar, the chief picked up the evening paper. Charlie Chan took the diamond bar pin from his pocket and studied it, deep in thought.

Ten minutes passed, and then Robert Fyfe entered the room. He came in as though he were stepping onto a stage—suave, smiling, sure of himself. But as his gaze fell upon Smith the smile faded suddenly and a frown replaced it.

"Good evening," the actor said. "I can give you about twenty minutes, Mr. Chan, and then I must run. It wouldn't do to be late at the theater again tonight."

"Twenty minutes will be ample plenty," nodded Charlie. "Mr. Smith and yourself have met before. Over here sits my chief."

Fyfe bowed. "Ah, yes. I take it you have called me here for some important reason, inspector?"

"Seems important to us," Chan answered. "I will squander no words. Last night you hold famous conversation with ex-wife in beach pavilion. The true contents of that talk have not yet been revealed. First, when matter is being discussed, you confess to crime you did not do, in order to change subject. Then, this morning, you discover yourself sudden lover of art, and buy picture from Smith, hoping to keep him quiet." He looked fixedly at the actor. "I rejoice you got nice painting, Mr. Fyfe. Because that will be all you get. Smith can no longer keep quiet. Smith is about to speak."

A look of distress crossed the actor's face, and was succeeded by one of anger. He wheeled about and faced the beach comber. "You contemptible ——"

Smith raised a protesting hand.

"I know—I know. What a broken reed I've turned out to be. I'm as sorry about this as you are, old man. But these keen lads here have got something on me—something rather serious. It means prison unless I ditch you. And I've slept in the pure open air so much, somehow a prison cot doesn't appeal to me. Frightfully sorry, as I said, but I'm going to throw you over. By the way, have you got a cigarette?"

Fyfe glared at him for a moment, and then, shrugging his shoulders, opened a silver case and held it out. Smith helped himself.

"Thanks. It's a wretched affair, Mr. Fyfe, and—no, that's all right; I've got a match—the sooner we get it over with, the better." He lighted the cigarette and took a long pull at it. "To return to our favorite subject. Last night on the beach I went up to that pavilion window and they were in there together—this man and Shelah Fane. She was doing most of the talking. I got a look at her—lovely, even more so than in the films. I'd rather like to have painted her, wearing that cream-colored gown."

"Come, come," cried the chief. "Get on with it."

"That's what I'm trying to do. I just wanted to point out how beautiful she was. A woman like that ought to be allowed at least one—shot."

Chan stood up. "What is your meaning now?"

"I mean she'd taken it, anyhow. She was telling Mr. Fyfe all about it—how three years ago, in Hollywood, she killed a man."

With a groan, Fyfe sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Killed what man?" the chief demanded.

"Ah, yes, the name." Smith hesitated. "Denny, I think she called him. Yes, that was it—Denny Mayo."

There was a moment's tense silence, and then Fyfe leaped to his feet. "Let me tell this!" he cried. "It will sound dreadful if he tells it! Let me explain about Shelah she was emotional, impetuous. I'll try and make you understand ——"

"I don't care who tells it," said the chief. "But I want it told, and quick."

Fyfe turned to Chan. "You heard, inspector, how she called me at the theater—a distracted, pitiful call—and said she must see me at once. I answered that I'd come after the show, but she said no, that might be too late. If I'd ever loved her, I must come at once. She had something to tell me, she wanted my advice, she was desperate. So I went.

"I met her on the lawn; she seemed overwhelmed with anxiety and fear. We went to the pavilion and she burst at once into her story. Some years after our divorce, she told me, she met this Denny Mayo; she fell madly in love with him—I could picture it. I knew how Shelah loved wildly, unreasonably. Mayo seemed to care for her; he had a wife in London—a dancer in musical comedies—but he promised to divorce her and marry Shelah. For a time Shelah was happy, and then one night Mayo asked her to come to his house.

"That was three years ago—a night in June. She went to his place at the hour he had suggested. He told her that he was through; that his wife had had an accident and was unable to work any longer; that he believed he owed a duty to this woman. At any rate, he was going to write her to join him in Hollywood. Poor Shelah went a little mad then. Quite out of her senses. There was a revolver in the drawer of Mayo's desk, she got it, pointed it at him, threatened to kill him and herself. I have seen her in such

(Continued on Page 32)

# Now—a HAM long famous for fine flavor *ready cooked* in the new *Savor-tite container*

## *Swift's Premium Ham is now also packed ready to serve*

For a generation it has been famous for its mildness and fine flavor—this savory ham of Swift's. For important guests, for the quiet family dinner—time and again Premium is the choice of women wise in the art of good living.

And now you can have this popular delicacy always ready on your pantry shelf! Today Swift's Premium Ham can be bought either uncooked, or cooked for you in a sealed container which preserves every bit of its distinctive mildness, all its natural juice and savor.

The new Savor-tite Premium is solid meat from end to end. Boned. Rindless. Trimmed of excess fat. It may be served cold just as it comes—it may be broiled or fried in four minutes—it may be baked in just one hour.

Savory, delicate meat waiting on your pantry shelf! The same juicy tenderness, the same mellow, inimitable flavor that have long made Premium so famous. Order a Swift's Premium Savor-tite Ham from your dealer today—and don't forget an extra for emergencies.

Swift & Company

Be sure it is Premium! *The new Premium Savor-tite Ham in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label The uncooked hams and bacon carry other well-known brands as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

# Swift's Premium Savor-tite Ham

(Continued from Page 30)

moments; she was not responsible, I know. They struggled over the weapon, it went off in her hand. She stood looking down at Mayo, dead at her feet. She came to her senses then, I fancy At any rate, she took her handkerchief and removed her fingerprints from the gun. She stole out of the house and went home unobserved. She was safe. Not once did the investigation point to her. Safe, but never happy again. From that day she lived in torment.

"A few weeks ago, in Tahiti, she met Alan Jaynes. She wanted to marry him, but she was haunted by that memory of the past. She'd fallen into the habit of consulting this fellow Tarneverro about everything; he had impressed her deeply with his cleverness. She sent for him to meet her here, and yesterday morning she went to his apartment. When she went there, she had no intention of telling him anything about Denny Mayo. She merely wanted him to read her future, to advise her as to whether a marriage with Jaynes would turn out happily. But he he seemed to exert some mysterious power over her. Perhaps he hypnotized her. In any case, the first thing she knew, she found herself confessing the whole terrible story to the fortune teller."

"Stop!" cried Chan, with unaccustomed brusqueness. "Ah, pardon me. One moment, please. You mean to say she told Tarneverro that she herself killed Denny Mayo?"

"Of course she did. I ——"

"But Tarneverro relates different story."

"Then he lies. Shelah confessed to him that she had killed Denny—don't you understand—that's why she was so frightened, why she sent for me. I was the only one she could turn to, she said. She hadn't liked the light she saw in Tarneverro's eyes when she made her confession. She was deathly afraid of the man. She was sure he planned to use that confession in some way that would do her infinite harm. She clung to me, pleaded for my help. But what could I do? What was there to be done?"

Fyfe sat down as though exhausted by his story. "I tried to reassure her, promised to help her all I could, but I pointed out to her that I must get back to the theater at once. She begged me to stand by, stay with her but you know, gentlemen, the show must go on. I had never disappointed an audience in my life; I refused to do it then I left her and returned to town."

Again Fyfe buried his face in his hands. "If I had only stayed with her, but I didn't. The next thing I heard, poor Shelah was murdered. I intended to tell the police the whole story at once, but somehow, when it came right down to it, I couldn't. Shelah, who had always been so straight and fine, such a good pal, so generous and kind. I pictured that blot on her past, that wild thing she had done in one irresponsible moment, cabled to the ends of the earth. She was gone. To find her murderer would never bring her back. 'No,' I thought, 'keep Shelah's name unsullied. That's your job now.'

"Then this accursed beach comber came in and started his story. I went a little mad myself. I'd always loved Shelah; I loved her still—more than ever when I saw her last night. So I made my melodramatic confession to shut off the investigation. I don't know whether I'd have gone through with it or not. This morning when I woke up it seemed that I had carried chivalry a bit too far. Fortunately for me, I didn't have to go through with it; Mr. Chan disproved my confession on the spot. But I had succeeded in my purpose—I had given Smith here a tip, and when he came to me today I was ready and willing to pay all I had to keep him quiet. I couldn't bear the thought of Shelah disgraced before the world that had so greatly admired her."

Charlie got up and laid his hand on the actor's shoulder. "You have caused me much trouble, but I forgive freely, for you are gallant gentleman. Pardon me if I grow tiresome with much pounding on one point, but it is of vast importance. You are quite sure that Miss Fane told her story to Tarneverro exactly as she told it to you?"

"Absolutely," Fyfe replied. "And if you can find any connection between Tarneverro and Denny Mayo, then the fortune teller killed her. That's certain "

Charlie exchanged a long look with his chief. The latter turned to Smith. "You can go along," he said. "And don't let me see you here again."

The beach comber rose quickly. "You won't—not if it's left to me," he remarked. "Of course, if you keep dragging me in ——" He walked over to Fyfe. "I really am sorry, old man. I want you to know; in one respect at least I kept my word—I haven't had a drink all day. I sat in my room, money in my pocket—sat there and painted a lot of wicked-looking flowers, with my throat dry as the Sahara. It was a tough assignment, but I came through it. Who knows? Maybe I've got a chance yet. Here"—he took a roll of bills from his pocket—"this is yours."

"Why, what is it?" Fyfe asked.

"Thirty-two bucks—all I've got left of the fifty. Sorry it isn't more, but I bought a bit of canvas and some brushes. A chap can't just sit in a room, you know."

Fyfe stood up and pushed the money away. "Oh, that's all right. It was a rather good painting -that's how I felt about it. Keep the money and get yourself some decent clothes."

Smith's pale gray eyes shone with gratitude. "By heaven, you're a gentleman. It does a fellow good to meet you. I feel something stirring within me—can it be a great resolve? They tell me there's a scarcity of stewards on the boats. Tomorrow morning I'll buy myself some new things and sign on for the trip to the coast. San Francisco—it's only a short walk from there to Cleveland. Yes, by the Lord, I'll do it!"

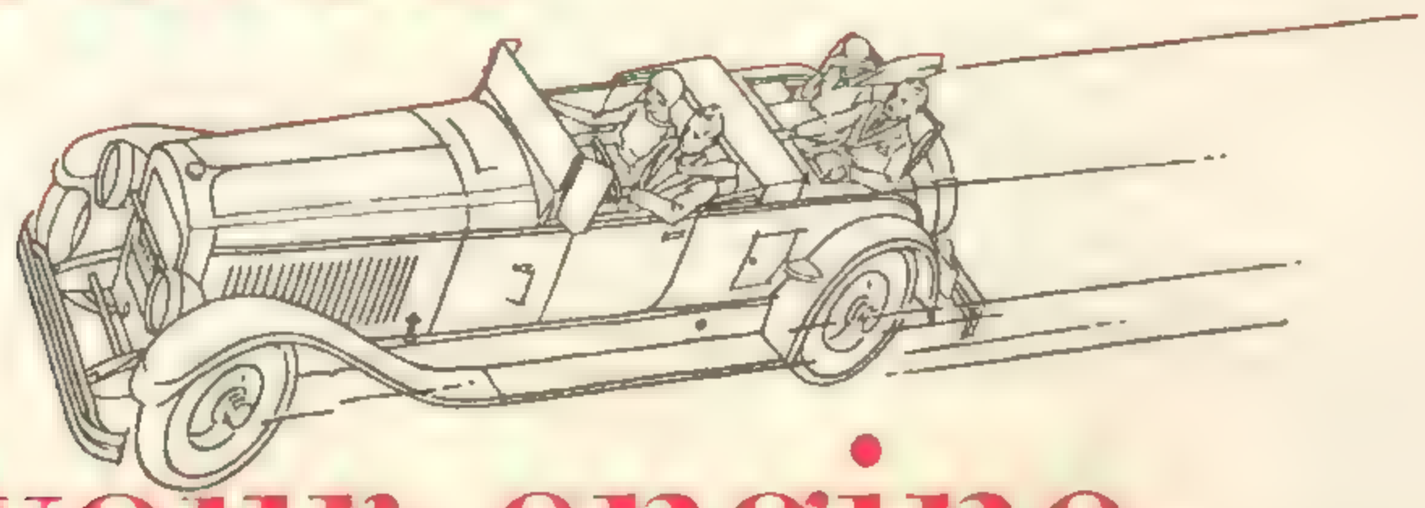
"Good luck to you," Fyfe answered.

"Thanks. May I trouble you—one more cigarette? You're very kind." He moved to the door, stopped, and came back. "Somehow, chief, I don't like to leave you. Will you do me a favor?"

(Continued on Page 112)

"Well, Charlie," He Remarked, "What are We Going to Do With Our Friend Here?"

# What 60 miles, 60 minutes and the New Mobiloil proved— for your engine—



Recently on the board speedway at Atlantic City we tested the endurance qualities of the New Mobiloil.

We used well-known makes of cars bought in the open market, and averaging in crankcase capacity 6 quarts of oil.

Running these cars at high speed—much of the time at sixty or more miles an hour—we discovered this: The New Mobiloil gave approximately 20% more oil mileage than we obtained with oils generally sold for the same motors.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

We have checked up this fact by making long-distance driving tests with the New Mobiloil on dirt roads and paved highways. After driving for thousands of miles under the same conditions that you encounter we confidently say this:

With reasonable care, the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "confidently" because Mobiloil has actually kept the first-year feel in many test engines for more than *twice* 30,000 miles!

When you need oil, look for the Mobiloil sign.

**VACUUM OIL COMPANY**

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

## the New Mobiloil

# The whole country has awakened to the fact that the difference between FISHER BODY cars and others is so marked you cannot possibly escape it

One quick glance reveals the vast difference in favor of the Fisher Body car. That difference is present in the better quality of Fisher Body upholstery cloth, carpets, plate glass; in the painstaking perfection of details, both inside and outside; in the artistry of the appointments and in the lustrous, lasting finish which adorns the finely made, smooth steel panels of the exterior. ¶ It is as clear as sunlight that body value comparable with that built into any car in the Fisher Body group is found *outside* that group only in cars which are far higher in price. ¶ The sum of all these Fisher Body superiorities creates in the mind all the delight with which one views a genuinely comfortable, perfectly appointed living room—and which, compared with any ordinary room, leaves one disappointed. ¶ This plain-to-be-seen value and luxury of Fisher Body leads tens of thousands of men and women to accept it as the final, determining factor in their selection of a car—to purchase their automobiles, in other words, from the Fisher Body group of cars which are listed below.

*CADILLAC · LA SALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND*
*MARQUETTE · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET*

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

# CAPTAIN DOLLAR—By Ernest Poole

CAPTAIN DOLLAR was now eighty years old, but as he told me later on, "The biggest job in my whole life was still ahead—the building up of our passenger lines." For more than a year he stayed in this country and was busy with Stanley, his son, strengthening their organization. In 1924, in addition to the seven President liners running around the world, and the five other President ships and seven or eight big freighters which Stanley Dollar at Seattle operated for the Shipping Board on the transpacific route, the Dollars had freighters of their own running to the Orient, while others ran in the coastwise trade and around through Panama to New York. In this country they had offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Vancouver, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, and they opened another in Pittsburgh now. They had many agencies, besides, all over the United States

*A Classroom in the Robert Dollar School, Pootung, Shanghai*

"For the passenger business," he told me, "we used in the beginning the big established agencies like Cook's and the American Express. We got good results from the start and we continue to work with them still. But we soon learned that the great thing is personal solicitation. It was far from simple at first to find the would-be travelers all over the United States. But those who traveled on our boats went back home and talked to their friends, and inquiries began to come in at our offices east and west; so we built up mailing lists and followed up each inquiry by sending one of our men to the spot. Most of our business at the start came from the Atlantic Coast, but as time went on we did more and more in the lower Mississippi Valley, in the smaller cities and towns. A traveler, pleased with one of our ships, might go home to New York and talk, but no one would listen; they hadn't time. Life is pretty noisy there. But when he or she—especially she—after a trip around the world, went back home to a small town, her neighbors wanted to hear all about it. So she would tell them and pretty soon we would get an inquiry or two."

### *Fewer Tons, More Dollars*

"AT OUR Chicago office we'd get a letter from Texas, say, and then others from down that way. With quite a list of such inquiries, one of our men would then go down and see the writer of each one. From some woman who had enjoyed our world tour he would get a list of her neighbors who were thinking of traveling. Mrs. Jones had just made money in oil and was planning to go around the world. Our man would go and call on her, with a bag full of our circulars, and he would sit down and plan it all out, including the shore trips, even if she did not mean to go for another year or two. We have a big advantage there, for our schedule is planned two years ahead. That's the way we have built up the business. We soon learned the advantage, too, of getting groups of friends to combine into small tourist parties to go around the world together. Such groups make most of our passengers now.

"But while building up our passenger business, still more of our energies went into freight. For our transpacific freighters we were pretty well supplied with return cargoes from the Far East, and they carried plenty, too, from this Coast. But for our President liners we had to get freights both from this country and from the Orient on to New York. And here again the secret lay in personal solicitation.

"'Go out and get it,' I'd tell our boys. 'Go after it hard. And don't take it away from the other fellow; go after new business all the time. Keep out of bulk cargo as much as you can. Don't talk tons to me, talk dollars! What we want is high-class freight.' Two ships of ours once sailed from this port, the first one full of cargo, the second a good 500 tons short. But the second took more money in freights than the first. She had only high-class cargo. That is where the profit lies, so I've preached it to them all the time."

*Viscount Shibusawa, the Grand Old Man of Japan, and Captain Dollar*

"It was mighty hard to get at first," his general traffic manager said. "The first cargoes for our President liners were mainly bulk and low-class freights—manufactured goods from New York, and machines and general merchandise from Chicago and the Middle West, while out here on the Coast we took lumber and flour and cotton still. But from the beginning we began to carry from here canned fruits and vegetables and sardines, and from Chicago and New York more manufactured articles, a few automobiles from the Middle West, and later dyestuffs from New York."

### *Time Saving*

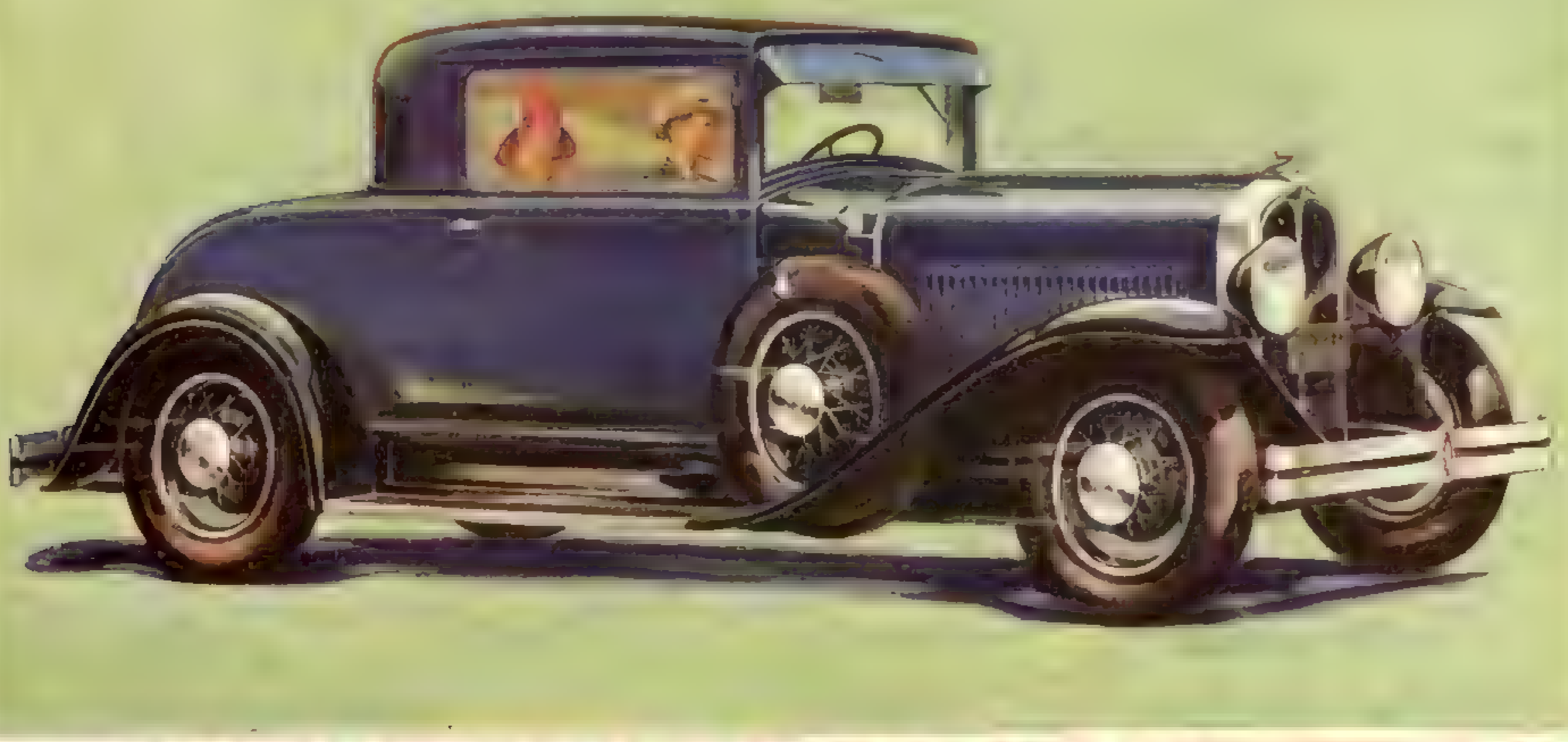
"THIS was our first big haul at the time, our most valuable American freight. A big New York company, which had 350 agencies in China and others in Japan, had been shipping their dyestuffs over foreign lines till then, on ships that took ninety days for the voyage and a week or more in port. Moreover, they could never be sure when the next ship would come along. So the company had to store great quantities in warehouses. But when they decided to give us a try, we cut the time at sea nearly in half, ran on a regular schedule and took only forty-eight hours in port. So they could shorten their letters of credit, save interest on the money involved, save marine insurance, too, and warehouse their stuff afloat instead of piling it up ashore. The warehouse charges dropped way down, and in less than two years we had saved them about $12,000,000. That's how we got our dyestuff trade. I tell you, punctuality pays!

"Meanwhile, in the Orient we were getting into higher-class freights in China, Japan and the Philippines, and were soon taking large amounts of rubber and tin out of Singapore and Penang. We were helped by the fact that trade was improving, but even so it meant the hardest kind of hustling to break in. For not only in this country but in ports all over the globe we found that shippers, shipowners and brokers all had their ways of doing things—some of 'em pretty hard-boiled at that—and they were none too ready to change. Men are human, after all. We had trouble with one big foreign concern; for after we'd carried their goods for some time and saved them a pile of money, in spite of that we were aced out by a gang in their traffic department who turned the trade back to their old broker friends, who split commissions with them as before. But after many appeals for fair play, we went over their heads to the board of directors, with the result that they gave us what we were entitled to. So speed and efficiency count in the end.

"They were handing nothing out to us on a silver platter, those days. We had to show them every time. So we made the service get the business. If we could prove that our service was as fast and regular as the tick of the clock, we knew we would soon get the freights. For small profits and savings on mass production make the keynote of industry today, and when we showed a merchant that he could depend on our ships to cut nearly in half his warehouse and insurance charges and the interest on the money

(Continued on Page 39

# It reflects



The Coupe, $745 • Body by Fisher
Sport Equipment Extra

# the influence of progressive people on automobile design

The past decade has seen many important changes come into our manner of living. Most of them have been caused by the desire of progressive people for greater beauty and luxury in their homes, their furniture and their automobiles. And now there is a low-priced car which reflects the influence of these progressive people. It is the New Pontiac Big Six.

Oakland created this new Pontiac to appeal especially to those people who have long wished to enjoy the advantages of a big car without paying a big car price. It was designed to enable them to *stepup* the quality of their motor cars without stepping out of the low-priced field.

This meant that it had to possess big car beauty and style. And you can see how admirably it fulfills this demand by the big car proportions of its Fisher bodies with their exclusive concave belt mouldings, by its flaring full-crown fenders, by its sweeping hood and cowl lines and by its simple and distinctive rear view.

To serve its purpose it had to offer big car luxury and riding ease. If you have ever driven or ridden in the New Pontiac Big Six you know that the depth and pitch of its seats make it as inviting as a favorite armchair. That neatly covered springs and Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers iron out the roughest places in the road. That the driver's seat is adjustable to whatever position gives you the greatest driving ease. And that its upholstery and interior appointments are charming and luxurious to a surprising degree.

In performance, too, it had to offer big car advantages. Impressive speed, power and pick-up of course. And also such smoothness as results from the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts crankshaft vibration. Such silence as follows the use of a heavy crankshaft, perfectly balanced and counter-weighted, precision type bronze-backed main bearings and a valve mechanism notable for simplicity. Such deceleration as is provided by its noiseless, internal four-wheel brakes which are protected and therefore efficient in weather of all kinds.

Because it lives up so thoroughly to what progressive people think a car should be, it represents an entirely new conception of a low-priced automobile. Be sure that you are acquainted with all the advantages that it offers before you purchase any car in its field.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

*The New Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.*

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

THE NEW PONTIAC BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation

Eveready experience totals 33 years of building always better and better dry batteries. Light for flashlights—Eveready! Power for bells, buzzers, ignition—insist on Eveready. Look for this name and be sure it's on every dry battery you buy. Eveready Flashlight Batteries are 10 cents everywhere and last for many months.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York
San Francisco

(Continued from Page 35)

tied up in a cargo while at sea, he soon shipped over the Dollar lines."

This has been the secret of their success.

"We allowed for storms," the captain said, "and so in fair weather our ships as a rule got into port ahead of time. Moreover, to save time at dock, we had worked out a system of cargo plans, with printed forms for every ship, that were filled in and colored so you could see at a glance how the vessel was trimmed on each voyage she made. In the case of our slower cargo boats, these plans were hurried ahead by fast mail, so that in each port of call our office or agent knew in advance just what cargo she had and what cargo space. In the case of our fast liners, the captain would often wireless to our office in the next port: 'We are going to work four hatchways'—or five—so they'd have the dock all ready for that. And when one of our liners left San Francisco, we'd cable to our office in Kobe: 'We've got 1000 tons for you.' And Kobe knew then that they were expected not only to unload it fast but to get another 1000 tons to go into the hold in its place."

Such methods brought a quick success. In those first three years of service the seven President liners made sixty-six trips around the world promptly on time, the captain said, sailing every fourteen days and calling at twenty-one ports in twelve different countries. On an average each vessel loaded and discharged three cargoes on the way around, beside carrying full passenger lists for the greater part of the year.

Early in 1925 his son Stanley bought from the Shipping Board five more President liners of about 15,000 tons each and 535 feet long. They had been run for the Shipping Board out of San Francisco to the Orient by the Pacific Mail Company. They put in the only rival bid.

### *Strike-Proof*

IN ORDER to find cargoes to fill these ships, Captain Dollar started out on another trip around the world, again taking Mrs. Dollar along and sailing in May from San Francisco on the President Lincoln, the first of the new vessels to be turned over to his line. Her personnel had not been changed and some of the officers at first were inclined to be reticent. "But finally it dawned on them that the 'new boss' was just as human as the rest of them," he wrote; "that he was just as much a worker as anyone aboard, and all coldness and diffidence disappeared. My education as to the operating of the 535's and conditions in the various ports of call was rapid. Before we had reached Honolulu I knew where to go and whom to see."

In a speech at Honolulu he said:

"The sugar and pineapple industries have been developed here, but there is still another important factor to be considered. That is the tourist. Tourists are usually people of capital. Bringing them here does not concern the question of how much they will spend—it may be very little. But when they have come here and made the acquaintance of the islands and the climate, some will remain and establish new industries and widen the scope of business. It has been said that the Dollar Lines were seizing control of shipping on the Pacific and that disaster and desolation would follow. But with the new line just established . . . it is to my interest to do everything humanly possible to develop commerce here."

One of the Honolulu papers paid him this tribute:

> At the age of eighty-one, he is more active than men of half his years. He has forgotten more about ships and their crews than will be learned by 90 per cent of the young men who aspire to follow in his steps. White-haired, white-bearded, gnarled, but keen-eyed, he is the James J. Hill of the ocean-steamship lanes.

From the Hawaiians he went to Japan, and in Tokio he called on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the great competing Japanese line. For there had been some rate cutting between them and our Shipping Board, and the latter had got the best of it, but at heavy cost to our Government. Captain Dollar wanted none of that.

"We had quite a conference," he told me. "Most of their leading officials were there, including their traffic manager. 'I have bought these ships,' I said, 'and I want no more rate war here. I'm coming in on a basis of fair and equal competition. I propose to treat you right and I expect the same from you.' They were friendly and reasonable in their replies. We agreed to stop all rate cutting and get together and stagger our sailings, so as not to interfere with each other. By this means we also improved our mutual service to the public both in Japan and America."

From there he went to Yokohama and thence by train at night to Kobe, where he made twenty-four calls the next day on competitors and customers. "Elevators at Kobe are few and far between," he wrote, "so I had to climb a good many stairs; with the result that when night came I needed no lullaby."

Then he paid his twenty-sixth visit to China, and found Shanghai in the grip of a strike.

"As we steamed up the river," I was told by the captain of his ship, "on all the ten miles of docks on each side you could have heard a pin drop. They had that water front sewed up tight. But when we came to our own wharves we found them working just the same, and the coolie dockers said: 'We belong Dollar. No have strike!'"

*Captain and Mrs. Dollar With Li Yuan-hung, Former President of the Chinese Republic, and Mrs. Li*

Captain Dollar went down on the pier and met his American manager and Foo, the old Chinese headman there who had worked for him thirty years.

"This situation looks serious and is likely to get worse," he said. "Do you think you can keep open?"

"I don't think we can; I know," the manager answered.

"Why?" he asked. Then the manager smiled at old Foo.

"Because of what Foo has been telling me. Only a few years ago this place was just a mud bank, he says, but you've built wharves and warehouses and lumberyards that give jobs to his people. You've built a village for them to live in. If anyone's hungry, you give him chow, and if he's sick, you send a doctor. No child of their class in this part of China was educated till you came along, but you built a free school. That's how Foo feels and that's why I say I don't think, I know we'll have no strike!"

For nearly two months in Shanghai the other docks were paralyzed, but every week there came in and out three big ships of the Dollar Lines. From there he went down to Hong-Kong and thence over to the Philippines. In Manila he was entertained by the Rotary Club and the Y. M. C. A. He made eighty-eight more business calls and talked with the Director of Posts about the mails his ships were to carry.

"Till then they'd been having a mail ship only every two or three weeks," he told me. "But I promised to send a ship in on Tuesday every week and out every Saturday. And we've done it ever since. During my stay I had a good talk with the Filipino President of the Senate, and he and I got on so well that when we sailed he came down to see us off."

He left the Philippines, feeling sure that he would get more cargoes there soon, both for his transpacific boats and for those around the globe.

"As far as passengers are concerned, we will get the great bulk of them," he wrote "This is especially true of the Filipino steerage passengers going to the Hawaiian Islands, under contract to the sugar companies. This is certainly a big and permanent business that we want to look closely after by making it entirely satisfactory to the passengers, the general public and sugar companies as well."

Next he crossed to Singapore, and in three days he called on more than fifty leading merchants there. Since his last visit conditions had changed. Then they had liked the determined old man and had given him a little freight, mainly out of courtesy. But he had opened their eyes to the fact that when they shipped rubber on his boats they could depend on its reaching New York on or before the day that he promised. So he was getting more rubber now, thousands of tons of it in fact, and thousands of tons of tin in Penang. Punctuality was bringing results. And in order to cut down the time of passage a little more, he concocted a plan at Suez that year.

"I found that in getting through the canal, there were long delays for all vessels," he told me, "except those carrying government mails. And we had none. The mail that we brought from Manila we were dropping at Singapore to be picked up by the P. and O.; and when I asked for the reason, our postal officials explained to me that the British lines, having mail of their own and heavy mail subventions, could afford to carry our mail from Singapore on for next to nothing, while they presumed that we could not. 'Oh, yes, we can,' I answered. 'We'll carry that mail without charging a cent.' So they gave it to us and it saved our ships many hours' delay in the Suez Canal. Later I went to Egypt and, through our American Minister, got some Egyptian Government mail to carry to the United States, thus avoiding delay in Egyptian ports."

In Genoa, on that same trip, he arranged with the harbor officials for faster handling of his ships. And he called upon the president of a rival foreign line which, to freeze out the Americans, had contracted a year in advance for practically all the freight out of Genoa, at ruinous rates.

"When I learned of it," he told me, "I asked the head of our office there: 'Have you seen those people?' He had not. 'Then I will,' I said, and I went that day. 'Now, look here,' I told them, 'you've cut your rates away down because you thought we'd cut to take away your trade. But now you see we didn't. And where you could have had fair rates, now you'll get the whole of the business, but at only half the rates you might have had if you'd played fair.' They saw the point, and we have had no such trouble with them since."

### *Going After More Business*

HE PAID scores of other visits to competitors and customers in London and in Glasgow, where in a single morning he called at nineteen offices. He decided upon new quarters in London for his company. They had other offices now in Paris, Marseilles, Genoa and Naples, and agents all over the Continent. From Marseilles he sailed for Boston, and later he landed in New York. And there for the first two days, he said, so many people wanted to see him that he could not get out of the office, but later he made all the calls he could and gave a large luncheon to his old friends.

"Our business is steadily increasing here," he wrote at the time. "And while we have some distance to go, it looks as if by energy and hard work we will get there."

Soon afterward they had to obtain much larger offices in New York.

Meanwhile he had gone to Washington to arrange with the postal authorities about the carrying of more mail, and also to consult with the members of the Shipping Board. For his son Stanley, all this time, had been negotiating still for those five other President liners which he had run for the Government from Seattle to the Orient. He bought them toward the end of that year, but there were competing bids and to get them he had to pay $900,000 for each

(Continued on Page 131)

# AT BAT: By "BULLET JOE" BUSH

*As Told to Carroll S. Slick*

HITTING completely changed the game of baseball in the sixteen years I pitched in the majors. In the old days the choke batters and the hit-and-run plays were all to the mustard. Not today! The free-swinging hitters who lam the ball out of the parks are the favorites of the crowds. The fans cry for the crack of the double, the looping triple, the home run! And it's greatly the fault of Ruth. He changed the style of batting from poking singles to smashing drives.

When I first started serving them up to the plate a pitcher thought he had the game on ice when his team mates presented him with a two or three run lead. Now the boy on the mound doesn't feel safe with a half dozen markers to the good. He never knows when murderers' row will get to him for a flock of runs.

This doesn't mean that the twirlers of this generation lack the stuff that made Cy Young, Christy Mathewson, Eddie Plank and others great. Present-day baseball legislation is all in favor of the batter. The ball is livelier and the rules forbid pitchers to discolor it, nick it or use any foreign substance on it. Any hurler will tell you it is harder to pitch a new ball than one which has been knocked around a bit. It is harder to grip. Twice the number of balls are used in games today. Just as soon as the ball becomes the slightest bit dirty or is hit hard the batter at the plate examines it and asks the umps to toss it to the dickey birds.

I don't mean to imply that the pitchers of yesterday took unfair advantage of the hitters. They didn't. It's just that much has been done to loosen up the game, to make it easier for the batters. Besides, a majority of the fans today would rather watch a free-hitting, nip-and-tuck slugfest than a pitchers' duel.

Swinging at a baseball can be compared to swinging at a golf ball. The timing and the snap in the wrists get the distance in the drives. Ruth and Gehrig get long hits oftener than many other players because they have keen eyes, strong wrists and a natural whip at the end of their swings. A good hitter is a man who has a good eye plus the ability so to time his swing that his bat will meet the ball squarely.

Why, then, are some hitters greater than others? The man who is a great batter is a brilliant student of the game. He has learned to coördinate mind and muscle. He has corrected his position at bat to the nth degree. Every second of the time he is thinking how he can outguess the pitcher. His every action is combined with keener thought than the average major-league ball player can imagine.

### A Battle of Wits

EXCITEMENT, the extreme desire to win, and fear of what may happen should they flunk, are the greatest destructive forces in athletes of all kinds.

A young ball player with any stuff at all can be molded into a good hitter if he is taught to think. He must be made to understand that winning is only secondary and that using his head is far more important.

The big leaguer who tops the hitting percentages is the chap who is always trying to correct his faults. He makes a thorough study of the game. He carefully determines what weight bat is the easiest for him to swing, he concentrates on his stance at bat, he studies the deliveries of the various pitchers he faces during the season and shifts his position at the plate accordingly. He aims to outsmart the man on the mound. He concerns himself primarily with playing baseball rather than with winning or losing.

A hitter well trained along these lines—and there are comparatively few in the game—has himself so well controlled that he can bring about almost perfect coördination between mind and body. A player might be a natural-born hitter and still not be a great hitter. Not only must he have the ability to swing easily and naturally and hit straight balls but he must also master the toughest of all pitches—the curve ball.

A boy starting to bat may whale the fast ones and miss curves a mile. To become a real star he must keep repeating to himself, "I have the nerve to stand up to the plate without falling away—or, as some put it, without putting my foot in the bucket—and I will keep looking for curve balls until I learn to hit them." In time he will. How well he does it will depend on how hard he works to overcome this weakness.

*Babe Ruth*

The hitter, in order to be smart enough to outguess the opposing twirler, must be a good judge of pace. His eye must be focused on the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand. His mind must click with split-second precision. It is a battle of wits between the man in the box and the man at the plate.

Jim Scott pitched for the Chicago White Sox in 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914. He was one of the best curve-ball pitchers in the league. Batters had a tough time outguessing Scotty. He mixed up his curves with fast ones. How many curves he would throw in succession, what kind of pitch was coming next—an outside ball or one zipping in to the handle of the bat—were questions hitters had to decide, and decide quickly.

Hitting against such a pitcher, a batter needs to think to himself, "How smart is this pitcher? Will he throw three out of four curves or will he mix them up? Does he think he has such a wonderful break on the ball that no one can hit it? Does he think that I am looking for a curve and that he is going to cross me up with a straight ball?"

If the pitcher is smart he will realize that the man at bat is too. He will be saying to himself, "That fellow is a good hitter. He will be looking for my curve because he knows it is my best ball, so I will throw him a fast one inside." So the battle of wits continues between the pitcher and the batter.

One instance of smart thinking on the part of both—a pitcher and a batter—occurred in the World Series of 1912 between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Giants. Steve Yerkes, star second baseman for the Red Sox, read an article in the newspapers a few days before the first series game stating he was weak hitting curve balls. He knew that Christy Mathewson was the only good curve-ball pitcher on the New York club, and wondered if he had read the article and consequently would pitch curves to him.

Christy pitched in the opening game in Boston. Yerkes decided he would look for nothing but curve balls until he had two strikes called against him, letting the fast ones go by, whether good or not. Of course after he was in the hole he had to look for any kind of pitch.

The first ball Mathewson pitched to Steve was a fast one inside. The second was a curve over the plate and Yerkes plastered it for a single. On his second trip to the plate Yerkes figured that Mathewson would remember he had hit his curve ball the time before and would throw him a straight ball. But Christy also was thinking and he crossed Steve with a beautiful curve for a strike. Then Yerkes decided Christy would shoot a fast one instead of another curve, and he was right. On the next pitch he tripled to right field. Mathewson walked Steve the next time he was up, and on his fourth and last visit to the plate that game Yerkes was out when he hit a curve ball for a short fly to the second baseman.

The next time Yerkes faced Matty in the series he reasoned the great hurler would be thinking he could hit all kinds of pitching fairly well, but was a little weak on curves. Steve came to the conclusion that he would follow the same system he had used in the first game—looking for curve balls until two strikes had been called. But Matty fooled him and struck him out on the high fast one after forcing him to foul twice.

### Mr. Cobb Outsmarted Them

YERKES was up next in the fourth. Hooper, who had just tripled, was on third. Steve stuck to his system. He was looking for curves, but couldn't imagine Matty serving him one on his first pitch. Christy didn't, and a fast one went for the first strike. The second ball was a curve and Yerkes tripled, scoring Hooper, and scored later on an error. Boston won the game 2 to 1, and the series.

*Honus Wagner*

Ty Cobb, I think, was the greatest thinking hitter of them all. His skill at bat was uncanny. He could pry into the pitcher's mind and eight out of ten times tell what he was going to throw next. He gave the opposing pitchers all the credit in the world; he would take into consideration their ability and smartness—and then would outfigure and outguess them.

For instance, pitchers, after throwing the bean ball, which drives the batter away from the plate, usually will come back on the next pitch with a curve ball on the outside. But not against Cobb. They knew he had plenty of nerve and that he thought fast. So they would try to cross him with a fast ball inside. However, it seldom made much difference. Ty would outsmart them. Without a doubt he could judge human nature on the pitching mound better than any hitter who ever lived.

There are different types of hitters. There is the punch, or the hit-and-run, hitter. A batter of this type doesn't take a long swing, nor does he pick out any particular spot to hit the ball. He tries to meet it squarely, taking a chance on where it will drop for a safe hit.

Eddie Foster, infielder for the Washington Senators, was a great example of the hit-and-run batter. With a man

(Continued on Page 42)

# THE PROMISE OF BUICK'S FUTURE VIES WITH THE RICHNESS OF BUICK'S PAST

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 40)

on first base he would try to place his hits. Eddie would attempt to figure out which man—the shortstop or the second baseman—was going to cover second in the event he hit the ball and the man on first would run for the keystone bag. Many times he would outguess the infielders and so place his hit that he would catch either the shortstop or the second baseman flat-footed, laying down a beautiful single, advancing the man on first to second and putting himself on the first bag of the circuit. He was the best of this type I have ever seen. Eddie was noted for his ability to do this; in fact, he was considered the best hit-and-run man in the game.

Another type of batter is the free-swinging hitter or the slugger, such as Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. The free swinger lams at the ball and gets plenty of distance. He takes a good healthy cut at it. His object is hitting the ball and letting it go where it will. Some might be termed dead right-field hitters, others dead left-field hitters. As a rule a free-swinging hitter is likely to hit to any field; it depends on whether he is a left or a right hand hitter and on whether the ball is pitched inside the plate or outside or in the groove.

If a right-hand hitter connects with the ball on the outside of the plate he's more apt to hit it to right field or right center field. But if the ball is on the inside he's more likely to hit to left field. A groove ball can be hit in most any direction, depending upon the swing of the hitter.

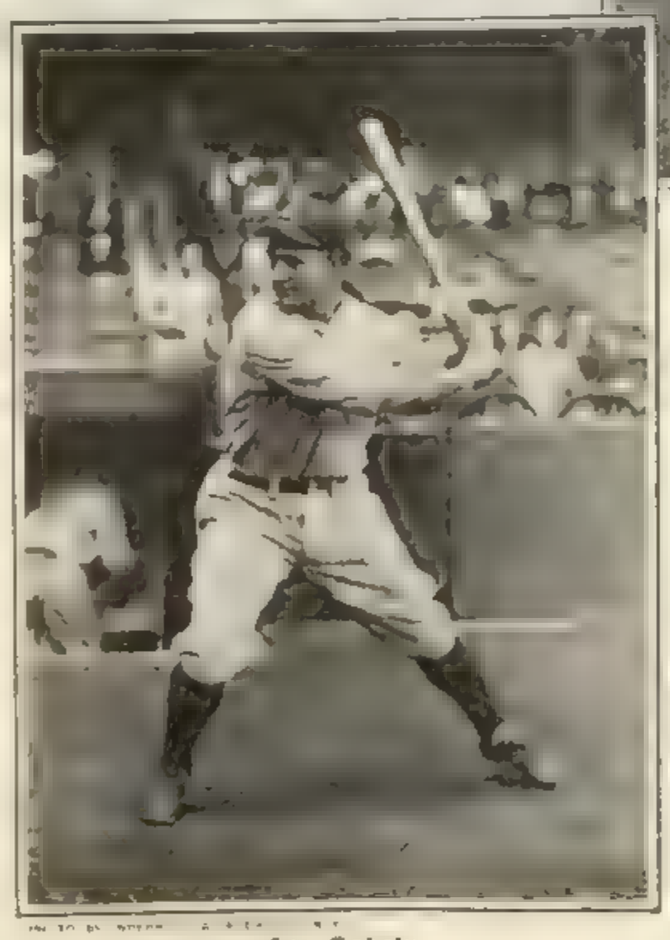
### *Pleasing the Cash Customers*

I WOULD term Ruth, a left-hander at bat, a right-field hitter because it is natural for him to meet the ball in front of the plate. He has a knack of getting his bat around fast so that when he meets the ball his bat is in a position facing right field.

A dead, or pull, hitter is the type who can hit to a certain field only. A great example of this type is Stuffy McInnis, a right-hander. For many years Stuffy couldn't even toss the ball up to himself and hit it to right or center field. He was a dead left-field hitter. When he came to bat the left fielder used to play on the left-field foul line, the center fielder would take the left fielder's regular position and the right fielder would play to the left of second base. Stuffy just couldn't hit anywhere but to left field.

A dead right-field hitter who is the same type of hitter to right as Stuffy is to left is lanky Cy Williams, the homerun king of the Phillies. Cy is a left-hander and the outfielders move over toward the right-field foul line when he comes up. It is a rare occurrence and something to write home about when Stuffy hits to right field and Cy sneaks one into the left garden.

Then there are the dead low-ball hitters and the dead high-ball hitters. Joe Harris, who played with Cleveland, Washington, Boston and Pittsburgh, was death on low balls, and especially effective against a breaking or curve ball. Mickey Cochrane, star catcher for the 1929 Athletics, who was awarded the $1000 in 1928 as the most valuable player to his team in the American League, is another low-ball hitter. Mickey is poison to any pitcher who feeds 'em to him just above the shin bones. Cy Williams likes them low, and when he gets hold of one around the knees it generally sails over the fence. Tris Speaker likes them down there too.



Lou Gehrig

Everett Scott was one of the exceptions to the rule on high pitches. Usually this ball is effective against most batters, but Scotty loved 'em around his Adam's apple, and for that reason the opposing pitchers starved him.

Ty Cobb, the Babe and Gehrig seem to like 'em anywhere. That is, Ty did, the other two still do. What a player Ty was! And what sluggers!

Hitters of all types are valuable to ball clubs: The long-distance clouters, the punchers, the crafty hitters who lay down beautiful little bunts advancing men on bases to scoring positions, and the batters who are adept at lifting long sacrifice flies when a needed run can be brought in from third.

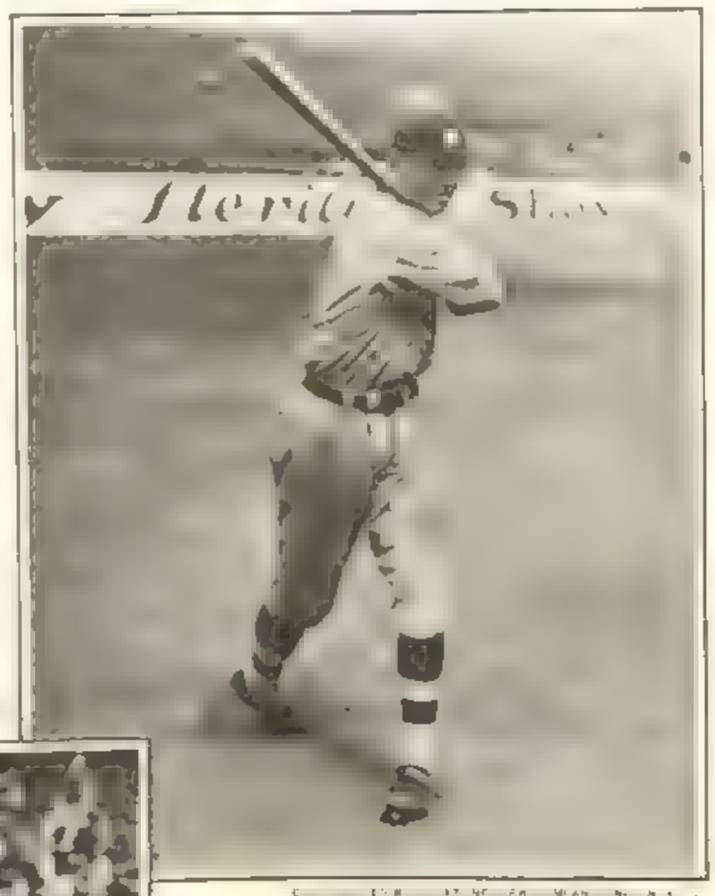
The fans get their biggest kick out of the game when a slugger whams the ball out of the park for a homer with the bags loaded. Many times these bambinos take a game out of the fire with their long hits.

One time when I was with the Yanks, Babe Ruth knocked two men out of the American League on one pitched ball. We were playing the Indians in Cleveland. It was the ninth inning and we were three runs to the bad. Two out. The bases choked with Yankees and the Babe at bat.

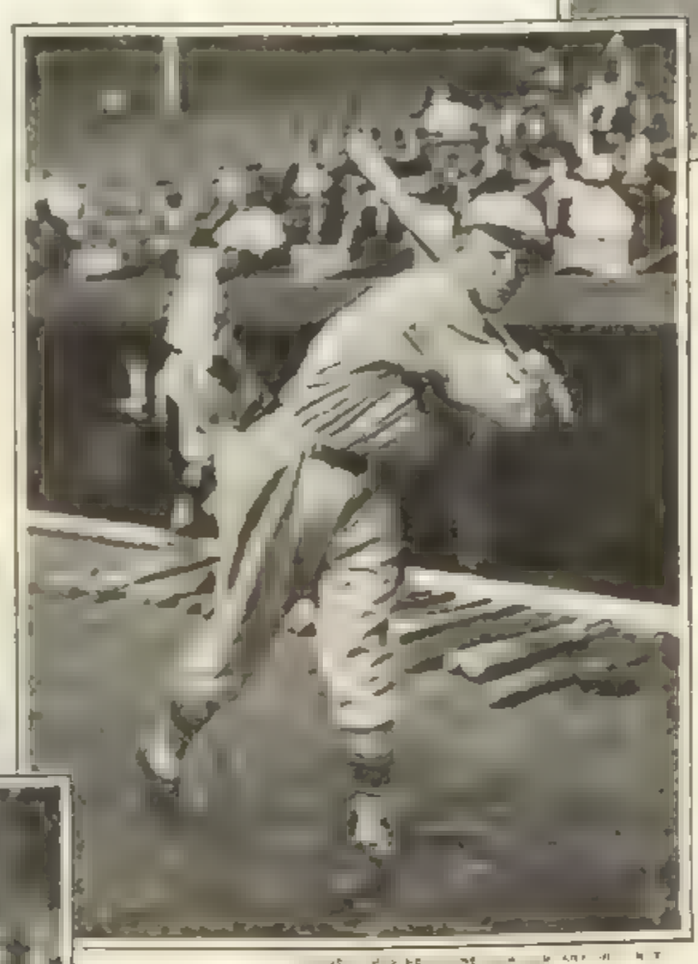
Cleveland had made it a rule never to pitch to Ruth when the situation was such that he could win the game with a long hit. But this time Lee Fohl, the Indian manager, ordered Coumbe to go ahead and pitch to him. The result you probably have guessed. Babe knocked the ball over the top of a house across the street from the park. The next day both Fohl and the pitcher were given their releases.

The Hot Stove League has plenty to talk over when a round-tripper cleans the bags in a World Series game. Elver Smith performed this feat for Cleveland in 1920, when the Indians took the Brooklyn Dodgers into camp for the title. Ruth has a total of thirteen homers in the five World Series he has played with the Yanks. In 1923 he rapped out two in one game in successive innings against the Giants. Lou Gehrig socked the stitches for four home runs against the St. Louis Cardinals in 1928.

It isn't always the free-swinging hitters who do the most damage. Frequently the sluggers go into a bad hitting slump and strike out in the pinches. Batters who go along slapping out singles and doubles and only strike out four or five times a year are great assets to any club. These men usually are dependable in pinches. Jack Barry, of the old Athletics, always was at his best when a hit meant something. Joe Sewell, of the Indians, is tough for any pitcher when a hit means a run.



Harry Heilmann



Rogers Hornsby

But, as I have pointed out, the clouters keep the fans jumping to their feet today. The old army game is a thing of the past.

The army game was playing safe. If the first hitter reached first base the next man up would bunt, advancing the runner to second and in scoring position. The manager would depend on the next two hitters to bring the runner home. Also, if a good base runner was on first with one or two out he was given an opportunity to steal second, with the hope that the man at bat could furnish the necessary hit for the run.

Today some managers instruct their base runners to glue to the bags and not to attempt to steal, because of the lively ball and the long-distance hitting. Present-day clubs frequently score five and six runs after two men are out, and managers are loath to chance the steal in fear it will spoil a possible rally. In the old days it was quite a feature for a team to make four hits in succession, but now clubs go on hitting sprees and hammer out as many as eight or nine hits in a row.

Good hitters not only study opposing pitchers but are quick to pick up traits of catchers. I've known some catchers who invariably would sign for a fast ball with a man on first base. Of course they were protecting themselves, for a fast ball is much easier to handle when a runner is stealing. When a hitter gets wise to this he lays for a fast one and gives it a ride. Some catchers try to get the goat of the man at bat by talking to him. This may work against hitters who do not think. I've known batters to outsmart conversational catchers by studying their systems.

Supposing that when a catcher says to a hitter, "Guess you're looking for a curve now," and the pitcher immediately sends over a fast ball instead, the next time the catcher pulls this same line the batter knows what to expect. Then if the batter hits he figures, "I crossed him up on that pitch. The next time he tells me I'm looking for a curve I will be set for it sure enough." In the long run, I think it will pay a catcher to save his conversation until after the game.

A smart batter, instead of depending on brute strength alone, is always looking for an advantage and ferrets out the weaknesses of both the man behind the plate and the boy pitching to him.

Eddie Collins is an example of the dangerous type of hitter. He was a wow on curves, one of the best in the business. He realized most of the pitchers knew he liked 'em curving over the plate and, of course, he reasoned they would toss him some other ball in the pinches—and he would be set for it.

Eddie could bunt the third-base line, drag down the first-base stripe and bounce 'em out of the infield to the despair of most pitchers.

### *Hitting it Where it is Pitched*

MANY batters have the percentage against them because they try to pull a ball pitched on the outside instead of hitting it straight out ahead. Paul Waner, with the Pittsburgh Pirates, is a great example of the hitter who hits the ball where it is pitched. He is a left-hander at bat. If the ball cuts the outside corner he hits to left field, if inside to right, and if the pitch zooms over the middle of the plate he invariably follows through and more than likely sends it to center field.

At one time it was against all pitching rules for a pitcher to throw a curve, a slow or change-of-pace ball inside to a left-handed hitter with a man on first base. The reason for this strategy was that the first baseman, of course, was hugging his bag to hold the runner there, leaving a big hole in the right side of the infield. It is natural for left-handers to hit to right, especially balls pitched to the inside of the plate.

Therefore managers instructed their hurlers to pitch outside to left-handed hitters and inside to right-handers. Today most pitchers throw any kind of a ball in similar spots. However, I don't believe a smart twirler will give a hitter an opportunity to poke the ball through a hole in the infield.

(Continued on Page 44)

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4

**QUALITY AT LOW COST**

(Continued from Page 42)

Cagy base runners take advantage of pitchers who are careless and give little thought to their work. I have actually seen a runner stick to first base instead of trying to make second on a long fly to the outfield if the next man up was left-handed and the pitcher was slow-witted.

This is smart baseball. A runner would be foolish to chance getting caught in a run-up if he thinks the pitcher will throw a ball to the liking of the man at bat. If the hitter should slap one through the hole and out of reach of the first baseman the runner is sure to make third base on the hit.

Hitters have their own system of batting, and pitchers who think, soon catalogue these characteristics. Jack Craney, who was with the Cleveland Indians, never swung at the first pitched ball his first three times at bat. Pitchers who watched him got wise to his system and laid the first one over for a strike. On his fourth time at the plate Craney would whale away at the first pitch. Some pitchers knew this, too, and they usually crossed him up with a bad ball.

Eddie Murphy, lead-off man for the old Athletics, invariably would take two strikes and try to work the pitcher for a walk. He did most of his hitting with the count two strikes and three balls.

Whitey Witt, who topped the Yankee batting list a few years ago, usually jumped on the first ball pitched and he was very successful too. Larry Gardner, third baseman for the old Boston Red Sox, also was a first-ball addict. Pitchers who knew him seldom pitched their first ball close enough to the plate for him to hit. If they did, it was just too bad, for Larry would sock it.

One time when I was pitching for the Yanks, Harry Heilmann, the Detroit first baseman, unconsciously tipped me off to his system of hitting. Babe Ruth gave a dinner party in his apartment and Harry was among those present. As the evening progressed the conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of hitting. Of course the Babe and Heilmann, both great hitters, had the floor.

Babe was asked the secret of his success at bat. He shrugged his big shoulders, laughed and said:

"Blamed if I know. I just swing at anything that looks good. Most of the time I don't know what kind of a ball I've hit."

This is the truth. Many times after Ruth had sent one out of the park I have asked him what kind of a ball he had socked, and he has always answered, "Darned if I know, Joe."

Heilmann explained his success in hitting was that he looked for a breaking ball all of the time, and that if a pitcher did throw him a fast one he would have to hit it to right field or miss it altogether.

### Dusting Off a Plate Crowder

I WAS due to pitch against Detroit the next day. I figured that if Harry was waiting for curves I would pitch him fast balls to the inside of the plate. I followed this plan and Harry popped a couple off the handle of his bat for easy outs to the infield and struck out twice. I didn't give him a breaking ball good enough for him to hit. Harry's little conversation was a great help to me and I had no trouble with him from then on.

The old A's beat Walter Johnson quite regularly. The hitters would wait for his curve ball, which was much easier to hit than his blinding speed ball. I've seen Eddie Collins as well as Murphy and others take two fast ones for strikes and finally get the curve ball and slap it out for a hit. If Walter had known the A's were using this system against him he would not have lost so many games to Connie.

The slow ball, or change-of-pace ball, is the greatest pitch to use in a close game against the very best hitters. It throws them off their stride, making the fast ball much more effective.

A thinking batter will take two strikes if he believes the pitcher will throw him the kind of ball he wants to hit. Usually the pitcher will throw him the kind of ball he wants before he gets two strikes. Of course after he has had two strikes called on him he must look for any delivery.

Some hitters are known as guess hitters. That is, they try to guess what the pitcher is going to throw next. This is a poor way to fatten batting percentages. A batter may have a streak of guessing right, but in time he will lose confidence in his guesses and his hitting average will suffer.

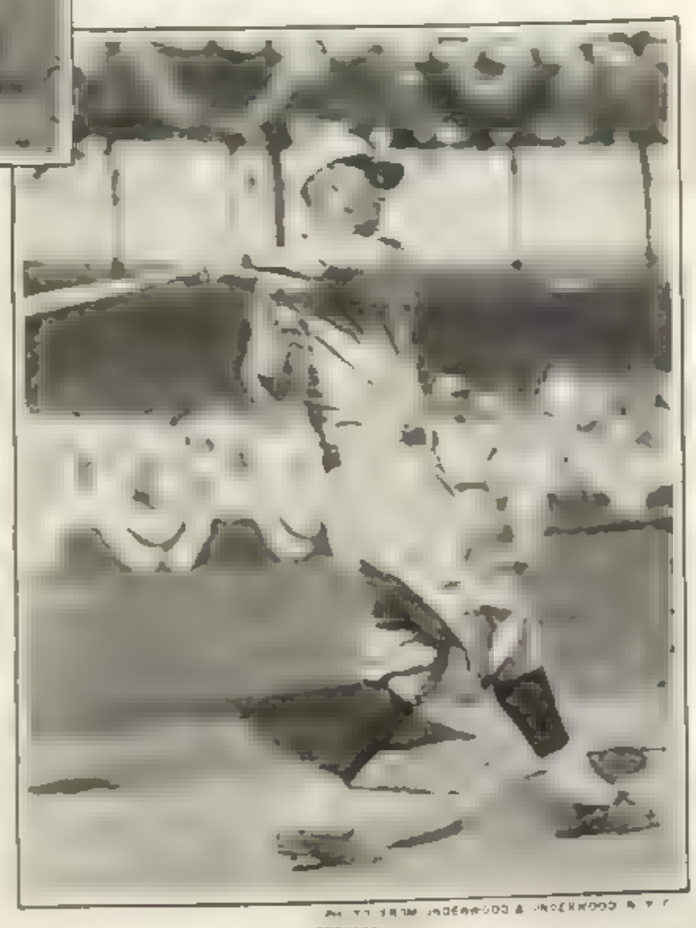
The guess system is both foolish and dangerous. For instance, a hitter may guess the pitcher is going to throw him a curve and step into the plate, body bent forward to cut at the ball. Should the pitch be a fast one and high inside, the batter might be hit on the head and his baseball days ruined forever. At any rate, it will make him shy at the plate for a time unless he exerts a tremendous amount of will power.

This doesn't necessarily mean that if a batter is struck in the head with a pitched ball he is a guess hitter. A pitcher may unintentionally throw a bad ball which will knock the batter down. I do not believe any big-league pitcher deliberately throws at a player's head with the intention of hitting him. I know if I had to resort to such tactics to win a ball game I would have quit the game years ago.

However, I do think that a pitcher has a perfect right to use the dust-off ball. This pitch, which also is known as the beaner and the duster, is a fast ball thrown high inside under the batter's chin. It is used to drive the hitter away from the plate if he is crowding it and to make him overcautious at bat.

Ty Cobb

It isn't thrown at the batter's head, as some fans believe. Many times the crowds razz a pitcher when a hitter falls to the ground. They shouldn't, because some players flop to Mother Earth when the ball is two feet away from them. A duster affects some hitters, but not the majority. It tends to antagonize them and make them all the more dangerous at bat.



Cy Williams

It is an unwritten law among pitchers in baseball that the man at bat cannot run up on a pitcher when he is in the act of delivering a pitch. The batter's box is plenty large and a hitter can step or hop toward the pitcher as he is winding up without going out of his zone. This distracts the pitcher and causes him to get off his stride. A batter using this trick to worry a pitcher is taking an unfair advantage of the man on the mound. And he deserves what he usually gets—the beaner.

You know, the batter can't have all the advantage. The ball will get up to the plate soon enough. Let him play the game fairly, remain stationary, as do all good hitters, and bat at the ball when it arrives over the plate.

In many instances a player's career has been cut short when he has been accidentally hit on the head. I know of a very promising rookie whose baseball days were ended when he was struck in the head by a pitched ball. This recruit was Frank Thrasher, who was breaking in with Connie Mack in 1916. He was a good natural batter. One day in Philly, Carl Mays, who then was pitching for Boston, accidentally hit the boy on the head with a fast ball. Carl's speed ball is what we call a heavy-sinking fast ball that bores in when it hits you. Thrasher became plate shy and was unable to hit any kind of pitching. He was sent back to the Southern League and soon dropped out of baseball altogether.

Some hitters try to outthink the pitcher on the first ball. I know this comes close to guessing, but these batters do not guess on every pitch.

During my big-league days I used the first-ball system and had my share of success with it. If, when I came to bat, there was a man in scoring position and a hit meant a run, I would guess the first pitch. If my guess was correct I would have a good swing at it and hit it squarely. If my judgment proved wrong I would let the ball go by. Even if it was a strike I still had two more chances to hit. After the first ball I never guessed but tried to outwit the pitcher and hit straight away.

### Goliath Comes to Bat!

I HAVE made many hits with this system. In 1924 I was with the Yanks and we were neck and neck with Washington in one of the toughest pennant races in years. The St. Louis Browns were our opponents on this particular day and in the ninth they had us licked 1 to 0. Lefty Wingard was pitching for them. I was sent in to pinch-hit for Whitey Witt, also a left-hander. I bat right-handed. Right-handers are better against left-handed pitchers because the ball is never breaking away from them. A left-handed pitcher can only curve a ball to the outside of the plate, but to a right-handed batter it is an inside curve. Of course the same is true when a left-handed batter faces a right-handed pitcher.

I used my system of guessing the first ball. Lefty shot over what I expected and I hoisted it over the fence for a homer, tying the score. We won the game in the tenth, 2 to 1, and kept up with the Senators, who were leading us by one game.

Players have different hitting systems for each pitcher. I used to feed Donie Bush, who then was playing shortstop for Detroit, a lot of slow balls. He would beat them down in the dirt or pop up dinky fly balls to the infield. When Donie decided to wait and hit nothing but my slow ball, I crossed him and breezed over my fast ones. I've known him to take three good ones over the plate and not offer at them when he was looking for my slow ball. When he gave up waiting for my slow ball and started hitting my fast ones, I fed him slow ones again and he would cuss and fume after popping out.

The hardest hit ever made from one of my offerings was a home run walloped out of sight by a country bumpkin in a village near the old home town, Brainerd, Minnesota. I was pitching at the time for the Brainerd team against a typical yap nine of hay tossers and kids round-shouldered from carrying fifth-grade readers. And Goliath comes to bat!

He looked like all the giants of the woozy past rolled into one. His bat resembled the butt end of a pine tree. I wound up and he wound up! Wow! The last time we saw the ball it was going over the tops of the trees way behind center field like a rabbit.

I've seen some hard-hit balls in my time, but that smash was the wickedest I ever saw, and I'm not forgetting the Babe and his clouts.

Now here's a peculiar thing about baseball that's as true in the sticks as it is in the big cities. Even though we had easily whipped Goliath's team, everybody forgot about the score and talked about his amazing four-bagger. And no matter if the Yanks do lose, if the Babe and Lou come through with a couple of homers all is well and the goose hangeth high!

The only time I ever struck out three times in a row was in a semipro game in 1911—the summer before I joined the Athletics.

Levant, manager of the Moose Lake team, wired he would pay me twenty-five dollars to play for him. He had remembered I had hit three homers and a triple against his team earlier in the season when I pitched for Brainerd. Twenty-five dollars was a lot of money then.

(Continued on Page 47)

# CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

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| Cadillac | All | x | x | | x | x |
| Chrysler | De Soto | x | x | x | | x |
| | Plymouth | x | x | x | | x |
| | 65 & 75 | x | x | x | | x |
| | Imperial | x | | | | x |
| Cunningham | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Dodge | All | x | x | | | x |
| Durant | 40 60 66 | x | x | x | | |
| | 70 | x | x | x | | x |
| Elcar | 75 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 95 96 120 | x | x | | | |
| Ford | All | x | | x | | |
| Franklin | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Gardner | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Graham Paige | 612 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | 615 | x | x | | | x |
| | 621 827 837 | x | x | | | x |
| Hudson and Essex | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Hupmobile | Century 6 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | Century 8 | x | x | x | x | x |
| Jordan | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Kissel | 75 & 95 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 126 | x | x | x | x | x |
| Kleiber | | x | x | x | | x |
| LaSalle | All | | | | | x |
| Lincoln | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Lincoln-Hill | 80 & 88 | x | x | | | x |
| Marmon | 68 | x | | | | x |
| | 8 | | x | | | x |
| | Roosevelt | x | x | x | | x |
| McFarlan | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Moon | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Nash | 861 6 | x | x | x | | x |
| | All | x | | | | x |
| Peerless | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Pierce-Arrow | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Reo Flying Cloud | The Master | x | x | | x | x |
| | Flying Cloud | x | x | | | x |
| Reonet | | x | x | x | | x |
| Stearns-Knight | 6-80 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | 8-90 | x | x | x | x | x |
| Studebaker and Erskine | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Stutz | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Willys-Knight and Whippet | All | x | x | x | x | x |

AWAY on motor-wings, going places, doing things... years of miles go by... what of it? Youth perennial *abides* in cars Timken-equipped. The threat of thrust, speed, shock and torque is safely entrusted to this age-defying combination—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

The list on this page tells the story of your car's life and *youth*. Study it well before you buy. Note the points where Timken Bearings are applied and decide for "Cars That Stay Young".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

**TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

# This Electric Maid frees the Modern Mother from her KITCHEN

*Now are the glorious days when all nature is calling you outdoors*

IT'S a pity to have to spend sultry hours in a kitchen when gentle breezes and golden, health-giving sunshine await you out-of-doors.

There's no need to! Now electricity brings you its greatest gift of all —a better, simpler way to cook! Three times each day, twenty-one times a week, you'll appreciate its *modern* convenience, and automatic perfection. This great gift for the Modern Mother is the marvelous Hotpoint automatic electric range.

With this modern range in your kitchen, meals cook themselves perfectly without watching. For instance, dinner. You can put the entire meal in the oven, *including dessert,* set the simple automatic controls (the Electric Maid)—and you and the children may be gone all day. While you are away the oven will turn itself on at the desired time, maintain the correct temperature and turn off when the meal is scientifically cooked to perfection. Cooking stops, but the insulated oven keeps the food hot until you come home to serve it. Hundreds of thousands of women are now cooking this easier way.

Hotpoint electric cookery is cool in summer and it is a revelation in cleanliness. You save all the time now spent in scouring discolored cooking utensils, for there is no soot. Walls, ceiling, and curtains keep clean, too. It is nature's purest, cleanest form of heat—the ideal heat to be associated with food. It is amazingly fast! The oven heats faster than flame-heated ovens. Only Hotpoint ranges have the indestructible Hotpoint Calrod heating element, the Thrift Cooker which cooks all vegetables, cereals, pot roasts, stews, soups, etc., on less than half the electricity ordinarily used; the Smokeless Broiler pan, etc. In speed, economy and automatic convenience it stands supreme. And this range lasts a lifetime.

There's a Hotpoint automatic electric range for every purse and purpose. You should have one in your home. Write for complete literature, or see your electric company.

TUNE IN on the General Electric radio hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, eastern standard time.

*"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"*
*(The Hotpoint automatic electric range illustrated is model RA77)*

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.
5646 West Taylor St. Chicago, Illinois
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 44)

The game was scheduled for Sunday. On Saturday I pitched for Brainerd and it was a night's hop to Moose Lake. Unable to get a sleeper, I had to sit up all night. I arrived in Moose Lake Sunday, dopey and woozy, and I had no opportunity to sleep before the game.

On my first trip to the plate with two men on I struck out.

"You didn't do that against my team," Levant reminded me.

The next time up, with no one on, I fanned again.

"My, what a striker-out," Levant cried.

The third time up I fanned the air again. That was the first and last time I have ever struck out three times in a row.

Levant was crazy. "I pay you twenty-five dollars—more than anybody else on the team—and all you do is to strike out."

"I told you I couldn't get a sleeper," I retorted.

### *Each to His Own Style*

The fourth time I went to bat was in the ninth inning. We had two men on. This time I connected for a round-tripper, scoring three runs. But the next man fanned and the game ended 4 to 3 in favor of our opponents.

In hitting, players naturally have different stances at bat. Heinie Groh probably had the most peculiar stance of them all, and Heinie was no slouch hitting the pill. He faced the pitcher with his bat held high. As the hurler would pitch, Heinie would sway around toward the plate. He used a bat shaped like a ginger-ale bottle. We called it the potato masher.

Al Simmons, the A's outfielder, also has an odd way of hitting. He steps back with his left foot away from the plate, then reaches out and swings at the ball. Al uses a very long bat. If he used a short one he would be out of luck, because this stance puts him away from the plate.

Some players are crouch hitters who lean over the scoring base with their feet apart. Joe Harris is one of this type. Others stand with their feet together and body bent over the plate, as Cobb did. Others stand erect as do Sam Rice and Bob Meusel. Players take the stance that is most natural and comfortable to them. When a hitter is not free and easy at bat he isn't in his right stride and usually is in a batting slump.

Confidence is a great factor in hitting. Some players feel that certain pitchers can't get them out and other moundsmen have them licked before they get up to the plate. Good hitters are alert, have their heads up and always are looking for advantages.

Cobb, Rice and most left-handed hitters who are smart try to draw the first or third baseman in toward the plate by bluffing a bunt and then driving the ball past them. Then, when they catch the infielders playing back, they drop a bunt down the line and beat it out for a hit.

Many batters are robbed of hits because they are not a step or two faster. A hitter quick to get away and fast on his feet can beat out many a hit, while the slow man must bat good, solid, clean hits to get on base.

The old saying that fast men bat 250 and run 100 is true. If Lajoie and Honus Wagner had had the speed of Cobb and Rice it is just possible that they might have had a batting percentage of 450.

Hitters try all sorts of stunts to trick the pitcher, and pitchers try tricks on the batters. I recall one time when I was pitching for the A's against Detroit. Before the game some of us were fooling and I picked up a little tin star that had fallen off a plug of tobacco and stuck it on my cap above the peak. I thought no more about it until Cobb came to bat. He took a healthy swing at the first pitch and missed. He turned around to Umpire Connelly and started an awful fuss. I didn't know what it was all about.

Connelly walked out to me and said, "Well, Joe, Mr. Cobb says you have a looking-glass on your cap and the sun is reflecting and blinding him, so I guess you had better take it off."

I had forgotten about the little star. I took it off, but I had plenty of fun kidding Tyrus about it afterward.

I have asked many great hitters what causes slumps in hitting. None can account for these slumps or explain how they get over them. Some hitters in slumps try heavier bats or lighter bats, change their stance at the plate, and resort to all sorts of stunts to break their streak of bad luck.

Rogers Hornsby, the great National League slugger, has the best plan of all to break a slump. Rogers' remedy is to keep on using the same bat, the same stance at the plate, and to keep swinging naturally. This is good dope, because if you change your style it will be just that much harder for you to get back in your right stride.

When Babe Ruth was in a slump a few years ago he said, "Well, I'm still swinging, ain't I?"

"Yes, Babe," I replied, "you're still swinging, but you're not swinging naturally. You have changed your stance. Stop running up on the pitcher and hit naturally, and see how it works out."

### *When Pitchers Were to Blame*

The Babe did. It wasn't long before he was socking the ball out of the orchards.

Some hitters worry themselves sick over a batting slump. Others laugh it off. Bob Meusel never lets a bad streak bother him. One time when he was hitting the rough spots I asked him what was causing his slump.

He answered, "I guess it's the pitchers just now."

Stuffy McInnis worried a lot when he was going bad. He used to ask every man on the team what was wrong with him. He walked around in a daze.

During the 1922 season Walter Pipp, then the Yankee first baseman, was in a terrible slump. He couldn't beg, borrow or steal a base hit. Of course when a fellow is riding the bumps he will listen to anyone's advice. One day I called out to him:

"Hey, Walter, the next time you're up why not try the hit-and-run if there is a man on first base? You might catch the first baseman out of position and sneak a hit through."

As luck would have it, that very opportunity came to him his next turn at bat and, sure enough, Walter blazed at one for a hit. It may sound funny, but he got two more hits this same game.

Unnatural backgrounds cause batters a lot of trouble. It is very hard to see certain pitched balls when there are signs painted in different colors in back of the pitcher. It is also bewildering for a batter to face a pitcher when there is a crowd in white shirts in the center-field stands.

Today most of the big parks afford a solid green background, which, of course, is the really natural background.

# The Slowest Town on Earth

## LET'S MAKE A HOME—By Wallace Irwin

SCENE I

['Tis *April, month of fools, when pigeons roost upon their stools, and suckers float around in schools. Behold a new apartment building, exactly like ten thousand more, with here and there a spot of gilding, a* CARRIAGE STARTER *at the door, proud rugs upon the foyer floor, a canopy with scalloped edges, geraniums on the window ledges and other touches wives adore.*

MR. *and* MRS. JASPER BROWN, *who recently have come to town to better their condition, approach this splendid dwelling place; there comes a look on* JASPER'S *face akin to superstition.*

THE CARRIAGE STARTER:

Approach. Fear not my figure tall
And golden epaulets and all.
I'm democratic to the core.
Step in, step in. Behold the door.

MRS. BROWN *(looks rather sickly, recovers quickly):*

You splendid military gent,
What is the rent, what is the rent?

THE CARRIAGE STARTER:

Hup! Hup! Up and up and up.
For what you get it isn't dear—
Fifteen thousand for the year—
And up.

MRS. BROWN:

Gup! Gup! Am I a poisoned pup?
If fifteen thousand is the low,
What in the name of Mexico
Is Up?

[*She turns to flee, but* MR. BROWN *withholds her with his manly frown.*

MR. BROWN:

Since March the first we've roamed the street,
Seeking some spot our head to lay on;
Callused and bunioned are our feet ——
Where is there room to set a bed on?
If time is money, then 'twill pay
To settle down while set we may.

THE CARRIAGE STARTER:

Ah, settle on the eighteenth floor;
The rooms are small but sunny.

MRS. BROWN:

I tell you, as I've told before,
We haven't got the money.

[*A flock of* ELEVATOR BOYS *come skipping out with merry noise.*

ELEVATOR BOYS:

Welcome, welcome, millionaire!
Don't you worry, don't you care.
This is where the money's at;
Come along and see the flat.

[THE SUPERINTENDENT, *proudly dressed, with diamond buttons in his vest, comes forward with the manner great of one who wafts affairs of state. He shows the elevator door, the* BROWNS *get in and upward soar, debarking at the eighteenth floor.*

THE SUPERINTENDENT *(gesture wide, denoting pride):*

No plaster on the walls,
No finish on the floors,
No lighting in the halls,
No knobs upon the doors.
But when you're settled in your flat
You'll rapidly attend to that.

# Watch This Column

## Universal's Weekly Chat

*Laura La Plante as "Magnolia" in "Show Boat"*

### *Laura La Plante Writes An Ad*

**AT my suggestion Miss La Plante takes charge of this column today. She picks her own subjects, writes what she pleases and no one is permitted to edit her "copy." —C. L.**

"The subject nearest my heart just now is the opportunity to 'talk' in moving-pictures. Being a woman, I naturally want to talk, but in this instance there is a distinct and sensible purpose. The character of 'Magnolia' in '*Show Boat*' gave me my first chance and you don't know how I welcomed it. I have heard many screen favorites say that they would give anything to prove that they can do something besides pantomime.

"The introduction of *sound* in pictures seems like magic. Take '*Show Boat*' for example. To hear the sounds of the show boat, the deep-toned whistle, the shrill music of the calliope, the swish of the rain in the great storm scene, the singing of the deck-hands as though they were in the flesh before you, speaks tremendously for the ingenuity of man. It is revolutionary to a high degree and has developed so rapidly that there is no limit to future possibilities.

*Carl Laemmle, Jr. Supervisor of "College Love"*

"I recently saw a preview of '*Broadway*' and I cannot resist the temptation to tell you that this original stage play as made into a picture by Carl Laemmle, Jr. is another wonderful demonstration of the thrill you get from dialog on the screen. I think you get just as big a thrill out of '*College Love*' too. It is the first feature length college talking picture. In addition to bringing out all the sounds of the campus, the gridiron, and the students' quarters, it has the original 'Collegians' Cast. It is really wonderful.

*George Lewis in "College Love"*

"Naturally I am delighted to see Universal taking such a lead in talking pictures. Don't you think I have a right to be?"

*—Laura La Plante*

*"Magnolia in Show Boat"*

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

AL ST. JOHN
FEATURED IN "SHE GOES TO WAR"

Well known members of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

The fellow who invented the big cigar must have been an optimist. Thinking we'd have all the time we wanted to sit back and puff to the last sweet inch.

But he didn't figure on the high-speed hustle of modern life. That's why BETWEEN-THE-ACTS stepped in. They're sized to fit your shortest smoking moment. They save the waste of half-smoked cigars. And they're packed from tip to light with Havana charm . . . *the 15¢ cigar in 10 installments.*

. . .

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

EST. LORILLARD COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1760

MRS. BROWN *(through window peering, something fearing):*
I see across the way
A tannery—kee-chew!
Excuse me if I say
I do not like the view.
THE SUPERINTENDENT:
Next week upon that plot you spy
They plan to start a building high,
So very wide, so very tall
You won't have any view at all.
MR. BROWN:
Let worries cease. I'll sign the lease.
[*He takes his fountain pen to sign upon the fatal dotted line. By every law of every state, by bell and book and magistrate, he's tied as tight as Murphy's cow. Alas! For that's his weakness now.*
THE SUPERINTENDENT:
No hesitation, sir. You are a corker.
All in a flash, like a perfect New Yorker.
MRS. BROWN:
Perfect New Yorkers are up to the minute.
The flat's very sweet,
But it isn't complete.
How long, do you think, it will take to get in it?
[*Through window panes and radiators and holes designed for ventilators a flock of* HUSTLERS *for the trades concerning rugs and window shades come flowing in with pleasant looks and catalogues and order books.*
CHORUS OF HUSTLERS:
We represent this, we represent that—
Painters and wall-paper gummers,
Dainty house furnishings, elegant burnishings,
Fruits of the gas men and plumbers.
Put in your order, for promptness is what
We love with an earnestness shivery:
Sign on the dot and we'll bring what we've got. . . .
WHEN? By the morning delivery.
FIRST HUSTLER:
My specialty's mixtures of fine lighting fixtures,
Chandeliers, desk lamps and all;
Just pick what you fancy, and quicker than Nancy
Your lights will be up on the wall.
SECOND HUSTLER:
I'm here for the Krackett Department Store racket,
The Exercised Customer's Store.
From pins to piannas, from brooms to bananas
We furnish your home, and do more.
Our Bank Balance Credit's a wonder—you've said it.
Our System's a brilliant diskivvery.
Speed sales we play for—get what you pay for—WHEN?
By the morning delivery.
[*Now* MRS. BROWN *cries, "A in't that grand!" and takes a pencil in her hand. She orders this, she orders that, from curtains to a bathroom mat. The* PAPER HANGERS *look alive and name the instant they'll arrive. The* PAINTERS *are not far behind, the* LIGHTING FIXTURE MAN'S *so kind he swears she'll have her table lamps before tomorrow's dews and damps. Now hand in hand the* BROWNS *caper without a care of any sort.*
DUET:
We're glad we've come to old New York
Where things are done like magic.
The poky ways of other days
Seem dull and dumb and tragic.
We're glad that we left Kankakee
Where things are not so squiffy.
O joy! O glee! Our flat will be
All settled in a jiffy.
[*Now let the* CURTAIN *down a bit and we shall see what comes of it.*

SCENE II

[*Eight months have worn away. The skies have turned to wintry gray. The* BROWNS' *unfinished dining room is full of ladders, paint cans, gloom. A* PAPER HANGER *with a chisel rips from the wall a flowery fizzle. Now enter* MRS. BROWN *in wrath. She's somewhat thinner than a lath, and by her look you might infer that time has not been kind to her.*
MRS. BROWN:
What in Helvetia,
You son of Venetia,
What are you doing now?
THE PAPER HANGER:
Using a scraper
To tear down the paper.
Ladyship, what's the row?
MRS. BROWN:
You've taken six months to decide to begin
To paper the dwelling of Brown.
And now that you're started, I ask, empty-hearted,
Why are you tearing it down?
THE PAPER HANGER:
It makes me sick, it makes me faint
To paper while the others paint.
Hence this peculiar capering.
William, the Painter, as you see,
Is also handicapped, for he
Can't paint while I am papering.
Therefore I tear the paper down
To save his feelings, Mrs. Brown.
MRS. BROWN:
You very bad actor, I'll tell the contractor,
I'll tell the contractor on you.
MALE DUET:
If that's the big factor, go tell the contractor.
First find him—that's harder to do.
He hasn't been seen since June,
Seventeen ——
He's lost in New York, if you know what I mean.
TRIO:
Lost in New York—Ah, well! Ah, gee!
Hi-hum!
Ho-hi!
Lost in New York, if you know what I mean.
[*The lady isn't feeling better. Just then the* HALL BOY *brings a letter. As one who picks at Dead Sea seeds, she shudders, tears the flap and reads.*
THE ELECTRICIAN'S LAMENT:
*Dear Madam:* Yours of even date received
In re Light Fixtures. If you have believed
That what you ordered on the Third of May
And still await this chill November day
Is side-tracked, shelved through our neglect—come now!
How can suspicion cloud that lovely brow?
You ordered some Venetian chandeliers,
Some Georgian candelabra, perfect dears,
Some Russian lamps, some Chinese table lights ——
Ah! How can they so soon illume your nights
When Venice, Georgia, China lie so far
That one must travel all the seas there are
To suit the perfect taste of Mrs. Brown?

Fair Cynthia, brush away that beetling frown.
Look on historic precedent and know
That Art to us and Michelangelo
Heeds neither years nor ages. Art is long
And time is you-know-what. Be calm and strong
And, ah! Some radiant, elfin-crowded eve
Your flat will flash with gems like Dido's sleeve.
Meanwhile your valued order has, of course,
All the attention of our entire force.
[*She tears the letter to a shred and barks her shin upon a bed which someone—no one knows what for—has strewn across the parlor floor. Now* MRS. BROWN *goes raving down a dim, unlighted corridor and in a bedroom finds her hubby reposing on a nail-keg grubby. The room is lacking bed and chairs and everything for which one cares when resting from the world's affairs.*
MRS. BROWN:
Jasper, hist! The bed is back.
Do not get a heart attack.
MR. BROWN:
Again? You mean the same mistake?
MRS. BROWN:
Another bed, a different make,
Another shape, another size.
This time it takes the booby prize.
Its posts resemble curtain rings,
It has no mattress and no springs.
[*An outside doorbell loudly jings.* BROWN *rushes out—to hope he clings. Four* HUSKY GUYS *bear in the prize—the wished-for mattress and the springs!*
MR. AND MRS. BROWN:
Oh, fond delight! We'll sleep tonight
Upon a mattress and some springs.
[*The* HUSKY GUYS *set up the bed and twirl the cap and scratch the head.*
HUSKY GUYS' QUARTET:
We really can't believe our eyes,
Our wits are all a-jingle.
The mattress is three-quarters size,
The bed, alas! is single.
As to those springs, the horrid things,
We knew they'd give us trouble.
They're twice too wide to get inside
The bed—for they are double.
There must be some,
There must be some,
There must be some mistake.
MR. AND MRS. BROWN:
Oh, no! Oh, no!
H. G. QUARTET:
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
There must be some mistake.
[*They seize the mattress and the bed, leaving the springs just where they are, while* BROWN *sits down to hold his head and light a seven-cent cigar.*
[*Now downward let the* CURTAIN *come and give us time to shift our gum.*

SCENE III

[*Nine months later. Our hero you'll find in Krackett's Department Store losing his mind.*

*"At Last, Mary, We're on Easy Street! Poe Lost All Our Money and Can't Speculate Any More"*

(Continued on Page 80)

# NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

## NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

### *in Automobile Rear Axles*

Because wear is so negligible in New Departure Ball Bearings, they operate with utmost silence and efficiency in the rear axles of motor cars.

The pinion, the ring gear, the differential and the axle shafts are permanently maintained in rigid, wear-free alignment by New Departures and *must* operate smoothly, noiselessly whatever the speed or loads imposed.

*Nothing rolls like a ball*—that is why New Departures are ideal for this severe service—why so many makers of motor cars pay the higher cost of ball bearings in rear axles.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONN.

*World's Largest Ball Bearing Manufacturer*

RUGS

*Bright surfaced—felt base*
*Up-to-date patterns*
*Easily cleaned · Moderately priced*
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores

BIRD

*Asphalt-slate surfaced*
*Varied colors*
*Fire-retarding · Minimum expense*
Sold by leading Lumber and Building Supply Dealers

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO NEW YORK
In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS, LTD
Montreal


(Continued from Page 48)

*He's called every day since the time we've last seen him, and suffering so 'twould be mercy to beam him. From cellar to roof he has been on the hoof in search of the fellow they call the* HEAD GOOF. *He's leaped over sugar sacks, socks, soap and suitcases, flowers, fenders, feather fans, fish forks and fruit cases; now he's arrived at that mystic location capped by an arch and the sign* INFORMATION.

MR. BROWN:
I've come to ask about a bed ——
INFORMATION:
Beds in the Annex, straight ahead.
MR. BROWN:
A bed I bought a year ago ——
INFORMATION:
No purchases returned, and so ——
MR. BROWN:
Listen, before I strike and swat.
This is a bed I haven't got.
I paid for it by check.
INFORMATION:
Banking Department seventh floor,
Deposit please at Window 4
And ask for Mr. Speck ——
MR. BROWN:
You haven't heard a word I've said.
I'm looking for a bed. My bed ——
INFORMATION:
What is the number of your card?
MR. BROWN:
My card?
INFORMATION:
Your card.
MR. BROWN:
Say, what's this for? To make it hard?
INFORMATION:
Arouse yourself, awake from slumber.
You can't trade here without a number.
Our Number System is the key
Which simplifies from A to Z.
BROWN:
But I've just said
About my bed ——
INFORMATION:
Not interested. Move ahead.

[*Calling on many a saint and devil,* BROWN *wanders to another level and sees a sign of golden luster distinctly reading* THE ADJUSTER. *Behind a row of window glasses sit twenty dainty* BOOKKEEP LASSES.

CHORUS:
Twenty little bookkeep girls
Sitting in a row.
Twenty pairs of silken knees
Cuddled up to show.
All day long our pencils fly,
Merrily we strive
To unite the figures right—
Two and two are five.
MR. BROWN *(decides to tilt an Irish lilt):*
Two months ago I saw Manager Monnigan.
Say, has he gone ag'in? Where's
Mr. Monnigan?
CHORUS:
Our Mr. Monnigan's on ag'in, gone ag'in,
Monnigan's very near dead.
Our Mr. Monnigan's weary and wan ag'in,
Monnigan's sick in his bed.
MR. BROWN:
A bed! A bed!
List to my wail ag'in, hark to my tale ag'in—
Here is the song of the bed:

[*All the fair cuties abandon their duties, strike up a tune upon sithers and fluties.*

DEEP-DISH CHANTEY:
About a year ago, girls, I ordered me a bed—
Yo-ho, knock the man down!
The nine o'clock delivery would bring it up, they said—
Gimme some time to knock the man down!
I slept upon the floor, girls, from Eastertide to fall,
I wrecked a dozen telephones by many a frenzied call;
And when the bed arrived, girls, it wasn't mine at all—
Gimme some time to knock the man down!

Oh, when they brought the mattress the bed had taken wings—
Yo-ho, knock the man down!
So next they fetched another bed, which hadn't any springs—
Gimme some time to knock the man down!
Your nine o'clock delivery arrives each dewy eve
With something very different from what I can believe;
Though I wouldn't strike a woman or a widowed wife deceive—
Gimme some time to knock the man down!

[*The* BOOKKEEP GIRLS *with kind regards present ten thousand index cards.*

Sign here, sign there, fill questionnaire,
Give names, give dates, buy number plates;
With these apply
To Section Q
And ask them why
They cannot do—
Doodle-doo,
Doodle-doo.

[*Each* BOOKKEEP GIRL *begins to whirl, the room goes round and round while* JASPER *hears within his ears a buzzy dreamland sound. He throws a fit to finish it and cartwheels down a stairway; yet no one stops to watch his flops. In New York City e'en the cops give lunatics a fairway.*

[*The* CURTAIN *falls to set* SCENE IV, *and soon a pantomime you'll see.*

SCENE IV

[*Two years have gone their way and in the flat of* JASPER BROWN *a perfect order holds its sway. Side lights are up and rugs are down. How decorous the parlor looks; and in the kitchen* BRIDGET *cooks. Tables and chairs are nicely placed and pictures on the walls are spaced. In yonder bedroom you'll observe a sight so fair it might unnerve—a bed! Yes, yes, that's what I've said. A double bed with high pilasters and everything—except the casters.*

[*Then joy! A jingle at the door. A man arrives from Krackett's Store and makes the casters fast. With shining face the* BROWNS *embrace—their home is done at last! So arm in arm, too weak to talk, among their furnished rooms they walk. 'Tis true their place, though somewhat grand, is nothing like the flat they planned. The paper, ordered for the hall, got somehow on the parlor wall. The dining room they wanted green, now sparkles with a sky-blue sheen. Their English chairs look more like Spain; the silver sconces, sought in vain, are most distinctly hammered brass. Why pick at trifles? Let it pass.*

[*Well, anyhow, the job is done and normal homelife is begun. The happy* BROWNS *embrace once more, when someone knocks upon the door. Gosh, what's the trouble now in store? It's just a letter—hey, what ho? What's this? The Landlord Renting Co.* BROWN *falters back, a bloodless knave, but, ah, his little wife is brave. She opes the screed, begins to read and laughs like Hamlet from his grave:*

*Dear Sir:* This notice is to say
Your three-year lease is up today.
If you renew, we wish to state
Your rent is doubled from this date.
Hoping you find the service good
In this convenient neighborhood;
We're one for all and all for one,
Yours truly,
CAPTAIN KIDD AND SON.

[*The* CURTAIN *falls, a solemn drape, and lets the audience escape.*

# OUT-OF-DOORS

## How to Miss Bullets

IF WE believe statistics—which no one pays any attention to and everyone hates anyway—we are certain that in our wide circulation there are a few men who read this and are due to have someone take a shot at them during the hunting season next fall. The idea isn't pleasant. Hit or miss, it's a nuisance to have someone popping at you with a rifle. When it happens, if you survive, you'll curse and swear and blame the other fellow. If you don't survive, you'll spoil the other fellow's vacation anyway. So from every point of view, it's your job to make sure it's the other fellow's fault who does the shooting. Of course, we always give the blame to the man with the rifle, but why encourage him to shoot at us, as some of us do?

Three or four years ago I was deer hunting and saw the white tail of a deer bobbing along in the brush on the opposite ridge. I was sure it was a deer. It was cold and I wore mittens. I should have been wearing my binoculars around my neck, but they were in my pocket and hard to get out. As it was quite a long shot, I waited, as I wanted to see the deer's head. After a few minutes the motion of that white flag looked queer to me, some way. Then I looked through the glasses. It was a man wearing white cotton gloves that are so cheap, popular and deadly in deer country. As he walked he swung his arms, so that in the brush it was a good imitation of a white-tail deer. When I met him half an hour later I told him about it. He said I must be blind and stupid until he saw the experiment duplicated. Then I asked him as civilly as I knew how, if he must commit suicide, please to do it decently and not drag me into it by his own carelessness in wearing white gloves.

A guide I know down in Maine was shot through the shoulder and carried eighteen miles on a shutter—which he didn't like much. When he was shot, he was carrying a deer on his back. The deer had a good head—better than the guide's. Of course the rifleman was blamed. But he did see the deer's head. The guide had left it all to the other fellow and had no red handkerchief tied to the horns. Fifty-fifty. He gave no help himself to avoid accident. And I suppose if he were driving an auto he would be one of those who say after the wife is in the hospital and the car smashed, "Well, it wasn't my fault. He should have looked out for me. I had the right of way." And you can't go busting around the civilized woods these days without thought, any more than you can run over state roads regardless of the other fellow.

Here are some don'ts which may save a few arms and legs here and there:

Don't run cartridges through the gun mechanism in camp. Unload outside.

Don't be funny with a gun. I never saw a rifle yet that had a sense of humor.

Don't fail to wear a red hat and a big patch of red on your back. It won't annoy you in these locations, as you won't see it, but the other fellow will.

Don't carry a rifle over the shoulder, pointing at the man behind you. It will make him peevish.

Don't wait motionless while another hunter comes up to you. Step behind a tree and signal him, if you aren't sure he has seen you.

Don't try practical jokes to fool the other man. He may be a better shot than you think.

If you'll follow your common sense—well, at least your estate will have a good case when the defense puts in contributory negligence. Besides, being careful is the one thing anyone can be without much work.

—WILLIAM M. NEWSOM.

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Once a day, fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D), it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed. Fuel feed is by gravitation—no mechanical parts, no smothering and deadening of the fire. Uniform depth of fire bed gives maximum efficiency with minimum fuel cost. Spencer Heaters, sold and installed by all good heating contractors, bring modern convenience to the neglected cellar. Write for the Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer scientific principle in detail.

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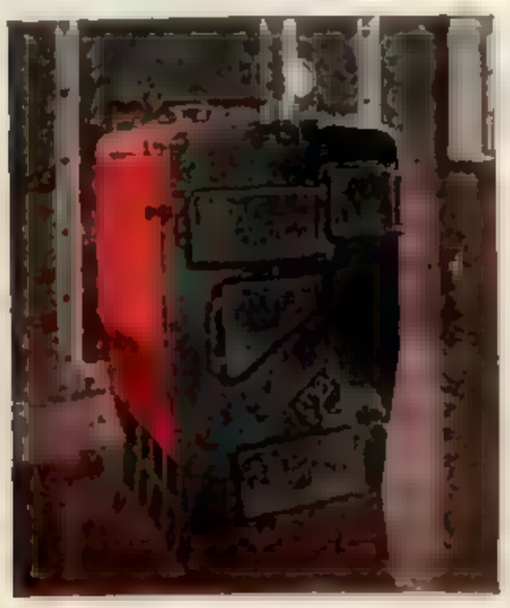

Shown above is the newest style of Spencer cast-iron sectional heater, for any home and for small business buildings, furnished with or without enameled steel jacket.

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There is no magic, no hidden efficiency in the way a Spencer saves. It uses the same good fuel you have always used. You merely buy it in smaller sizes that flat grates won't burn right. Spencer Gable-Grates do burn small size fuels because they are sloped to let fire burn up-hill—the way it burns easiest and best. You burn these small size fuels efficiently, for the Spencer storage magazine lets fuel flow down to the fire of its own weight, by gravitation. This exclusive Spencer feature maintains the uniformly thin fire bed that is the most efficient way of burning solid fuel.★

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# THE PAGLIACCI BLUES

(Continued from Page 25)

must have been enough stuff to fill the lobby of the Pennsylvania Hotel—no more, no less.

Mae had let us in, and after shaking hands she was looking uncertainly at Al. But if she was wondering what it was all about she didn't have long to wait, because he did no shadow-boxing around the subject. He sailed right in.

"Now look, Mae baby," he said. "Don't get sore now, but I got Harry to catch his act. I wanted to get somebody that wasn't prejudiced, somebody that'd know what he was looking at, and just let you hear from him what kind of guy he is. You don't have to take my word for it. You don't have to believe me. Here's a fellow ——"

She started to say something, but I butted in first.

"Mae," I said, "I don't know what all this is about, but if you want me to blow, I'll blow. I assure you I never had the slightest intention of busting into yours and Al's affairs. I don't blame Al, but if you want me to blow ——"

"Wait a minute, Harry, just a minute!" He was patting me on the shoulder excitedly. "You can't blow now. It ain't anything at all, I tell you. I ain't asking you to bust in anywhere. All I'm asking you is just answer a question or two about that act. You ain't got to do anything else."

I looked at Mae to see what she thought. All she did was shrug and look away patiently.

"All right," I said, "shoot."

He was trembling now with nervousness, and kept walking back and forth, like Eddie Cantor.

"Listen, Mae," he said. "Listen now to what Harry says. He ain't prejudiced either way, and he's a newspaperman. All I ask is you listen to him. You don't have to believe me."

"I'm listening," she said.

"All right, then listen." He turned to me, paused a minute as though to get the proper balance for launching something very important, and said: "Now tell us, Harry—just tell us honest, and no kid about it—what did you think of that act?"

"Well," I started.

"Listen, Mae—listen! Go on, Harry."

"Well," I said again, "to tell the truth, it wasn't much of an act. This guy ——"

"Not much! Not much! Hear that, Mae? Hear what Harry says? Not much, that's what he says—not much!"

She just looked at him without any expression on her face.

"Now go on, Harry"—still moving about excitedly—"now tell us, Harry; was he getting any laughs?"

"Well ——"

"I mean belly laughs; I don't mean little snickers. Was he getting any belly laughs?"

"Not many," I admitted.

"Not many! He didn't get a belly laugh in his whole act! Ain't that so?"

"That's right," I had to agree. "He didn't get any belly laughs, but he didn't seem to be trying for ——"

"Hear that, Mae? Did you hear that? Not a belly laugh! Out there ten minutes and working like a trooper, and not a belly laugh! Did you hear what Harry said?"

"I heard," she said wearily.

Al's face now was a shining, triumphant sun. Delight and triumph gleamed from his eyes. There was something childish in the complete and utter satisfaction these facts seemed to give him.

"You seen my act, haven't you, Harry?"

"Sure," I lied.

"Well, I don't have to tell you whether I got any laughs in my act then. And not any little smiles, but belly laughs. I got plenty of 'em. And this guy, he ain't got a one—not one!" He chuckled happily. "So there you are, Mae," he said finally. "There's your guy—and he can't get a belly laugh!"

Just what kind of a song and dance I was supposed to put on during this I couldn't tell. I can't say I was much surprised; nothing one of those vaudeville babies did would surprise me. In fact, the way he was working this matter out seemed just about the general vaudeville speed and intelligence. I sat still and kept my yap shut.

Then Mae straightened up, her eyes suddenly bright and shining, and she walked directly up to him.

"Listen here, Al," she said. "I hate to go into this with an outsider present, but you brung him in yourself. So get this: If I was to fall in love with another man, it wouldn't matter to me whether he could get belly laughs or liver laughs or gizzard laughs or no laughs at all. I been trying to tell you for weeks, I'm getting sick to my stomach of your talking about whether Leslie Coburn gets laughs or not."

Her voice was beginning to rise.

"The truth is," she cried, "you're driving me nuts, I tell you! You're driving me plain nuts! I never said I was in love with Leslie Coburn! I never said I was leaving you! I never said anything like that! But if ever I do go it'll be you that drove me! Because if you don't stop this bang, bang, bang, about gags and belly laughs, I'll go, and I'll go nuts too! I tell you I'm sick to my stomach of it!"

She suddenly put her hands to her eyes and ran out of the room. Al stood there paralyzed, and his face was a study in something childish about him, about the shock, unexpected, undreamed of, unbelievable, as he grasped her answer to what he'd taken for granted to be an unanswerable argument. And there was something pitiful about him, too, about his frightened helplessness as he started after her. Then I heard a door slam.

"But, Mae, you ain't yourself, baby!" He was in the little hall, shouting at her through the door. "I mean—Mae, you can't—you can't be thinking about a guy that—that can't get a laugh!"

A sound of muffled sobs.

"I mean—Mae, baby, I mean, you heard what Harry said—I mean he didn't have a thing, baby—not a thing!"

"Beat it!" This was a shriek.

I sat there trying to pretend I was eighteen blocks away, and wishing to heaven I was, and then he came in. I didn't look at him, because it would have given me the needles. He slumped into a chair and breathed heavily a minute or two.

Then: "Ain't that funny?" he asked, shaking his head slowly as he contemplated a situation absolutely beyond anything he'd ever conceived. "Here I am, been going good for years, always got booking whenever I wanted it, and getting just as many laughs as I want." He paused. "And there's this guy —— He can't get a laugh!"

I decided that this was my cue to blow. I didn't want to argue with him about loves and laughs, so I told him to keep his head up and started out. As I went through the hall a door opened and Mae stood there, drying her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Harry," she said.

"Forget it," I said. "It'll all dry out soon."

She shook her head. "I doubt it."

"What's the inside, kid?" I asked. After all, I've got my share of human curiosity. "You sweet on this Coburn?"

She thought a minute. "I don't know," she said then. "I ain't been able to make up my mind. If Stupe in there would let me have a chance to think—oh, well! Good night, Harry, and I'm sorry."

As far as this fable is concerned, I saw Mae just once after that, and Al twice, all on the same night—the night he opened in The Rose Room Girl, a musical. It must have been a month after this jolly little visit to his home. I saw them backstage at the Plaza Theater the night of the opening.

Yes, he got into a production. I'd heard about it when the show was being cast. Maybe I helped him a little. Anyway, Hornstein, the producer, buttonholed me on Broadway one afternoon when I was ankling uptown with Kingsley.

"You know a little vaudeville comic named Al Rose, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "What about him?"

"Can he dance?"

"From what he tells me," Kingsley said, "he can play Hamlet and juggle."

"I maybe can use him in this show I got in rehearsal," Hornstein said. "I need a second comic, but I want one that can do a couple of hooting numbers."

"Old troupers like him," I said, "can usually do a little of anything. I think it might be a great idea, but I got one suggestion."

"What's that?"

"Watch his lines," I said. "He's been writing his own stuff, and it's lousy."

"But he was getting over all right in vaudeville, wasn't he?"

"If it wasn't that vaudeville was nearly down to trained seals and roller-skating acts, he'd probably have been playing split weeks in Rockville Center," Kingsley said. "Harry's right. Al hasn't a bad delivery, but his material stinks."

"Well, nobody don't have to worry about that," Hornstein said. "I got somebody to write the book and I ain't got to depend on a vaudeville comic for lines. I'd like to have had Eddie Harris, but he's tied up. I think maybe I'll give this Rose a chance."

Kingsley and I walked on.

"I hope he takes Al," he said presently. "Al's a rummy little mug, but those vaudeville babies, you can't judge them by ordinary standards. They're all a little childish. And Al's been hanging around offices for years trying to get in a production."

"He told me he wasn't," I said, "but I guessed he was lying."

"Once he said to me, 'Kingsley, if ever I get set in a production, you won't know Mae and me. We're going to step out, we are. We're pretty careful with our jack now, but the day I get set in a production on Broadway we're going to get us a car—a big, eight-lunged baby with a hood so long you can't see over it. It's going to be yellow. The night I open on Broadway, after the show we're going to drive that baby up Broadway—right straight up Broadway, kid. It's just going to be a parade—a parade for me and Mae.'"

"The poor dope," I said.

"You can't tell. Maybe he will—if he's still got Mae."

"Maybe."

All right, now, don't get impatient. We've got all night yet. I'm coming to the point now. It happened the night The Rose Room Girl opened.

My heart being otherwise occupied, probably with another reporter, I took Kingsley. He wanted to see it. He wanted to see how Al made out.

We were standing in the lobby watching the crowd crawl in, when one of the ushers came over to me. "Mr. Harry Knox?" he said.

I said, "None other."

Well, he said, Mr. Al Rose had asked him to watch for Mr. Knox and ask him to step back to his dressing room before the curtain went up. I looked at Kingsley.

"We've got plenty of time," he said. "Let's go."

We went out on the sidewalk and down the street to the stage door. After a minute or two of sappy discussion with the old idiot who held the portal, we were let in and directed to a dressing room whose door had a little star above it. Silently I pointed to it.

"They got five of 'em in this barn," Kingsley whispered. "Everybody has one except the acrobats."

I knocked.

"Who is it?"

"Harry Knox, Al, and Kingsley."

He opened the door himself, and we stepped in and halted. Mae stood there, hat and coat on, and her face was drawn and her eyes sullen. There was a high-tension atmosphere which wasn't relieved at all by Al's rambling and almost incoherent greetings. He was already in costume, a dingy and pathetic little gent's dress suit which somehow suited him perfectly, and his face was bright with make-up.

"Oh, Lord," I said, "another ruckus—and on a night like this!"

"No, Harry, no! Nothing like that," Al said hurriedly. "I wouldn't bring you in on anything like that. I just asked you to come back because—well, Mae's blowing tonight. She's—she's got to." He looked at her pathetically and tried to smile.

"I don't see why you got to keep dragging people in on this," she muttered, avoiding his eyes. "You knew it was coming." She paused. "Can I help it if it had to come tonight?"

"Christmas, Mae," I said, "this is a tough spot for the kid. You mean, there isn't anything can be done?"

"Now don't you pull any of that!" she cried. "It's all washed up now, and that's all there is to it. I'm sorry, but can I help it?"

"She can't help it," Al explained. "She's got to go tonight."

"It ain't no secret," she said stubbornly. "Leslie's going to the Coast. I'm going out there to him. We're going to get a divorce and get married, that's all."

"You remember Coburn," Al said. "You remember, Harry"—he paused—"that act that couldn't get a laugh."

"Will you lay off that?" she demanded. "I ain't booking him; I'm marrying him."

He sat down then and picked up a stick of paint and began fumbling with it. Nobody said anything, and Kingsley and I stood there most uncomfortably, shifting our weight from foot to foot. Then Mae buttoned her coat.

"Well," she said, "this ain't making it any prettier." She stood at Al's shoulder. "Good-by, Al," she said. "I'm sorry, kid—I'm awfully sorry—but I can't help it." She waited for an answer that did not come. "Can't you tell me good-by, kid?" Then he groped around with one hand and caught hers. She squeezed it.

"So long, fellows," she said then. "I reckon I look like a bum, but I can't help it."

"So long, Mae. Good luck."

She was gone.

"Christmas, this is a tough spot!" I said. "This is hell, Al, and no fooling. You better take a stiff shot of something before you go on—you'll need it. Can't I hop out ——"

"I don't drink," he said wearily. "It makes me sick to my stomach."

"Well," Kingsley said, "we'll be pulling for you, old kid. You're going to knock 'em dead, aren't you?"

"I'll have 'em in the aisles," he said without much spirit. "I ain't afraid of that."

"Curtain, Mr. Rose!" The call came from the stair. Al looked at his make-up in the mirror and added a touch of red to his cheeks. Kingsley gave me the wink to go.

"It's tough, though," Al said. "It's awful tough to get a break like this at this time."

"Pagliacci," Kingsley murmured to me. "It's just one of those laugh, clown, laugh things, everything about it."

"What's that?" Al asked.

"Ever hear of Pagliacci?" said Kingsley.

Al's face wrinkled. "None of that Shakspere stuff!" he said. "Take that to Gene Tooney!" He picked up his battered top hat thoughtfully, and then he added: "That ain't bad, Harry," he said. "You can use that for a gag. Just say, 'When interviewed last night about Pagliacci, Al Rose, featured comedian in The Rose Room Girl,

(Continued on Page 56)

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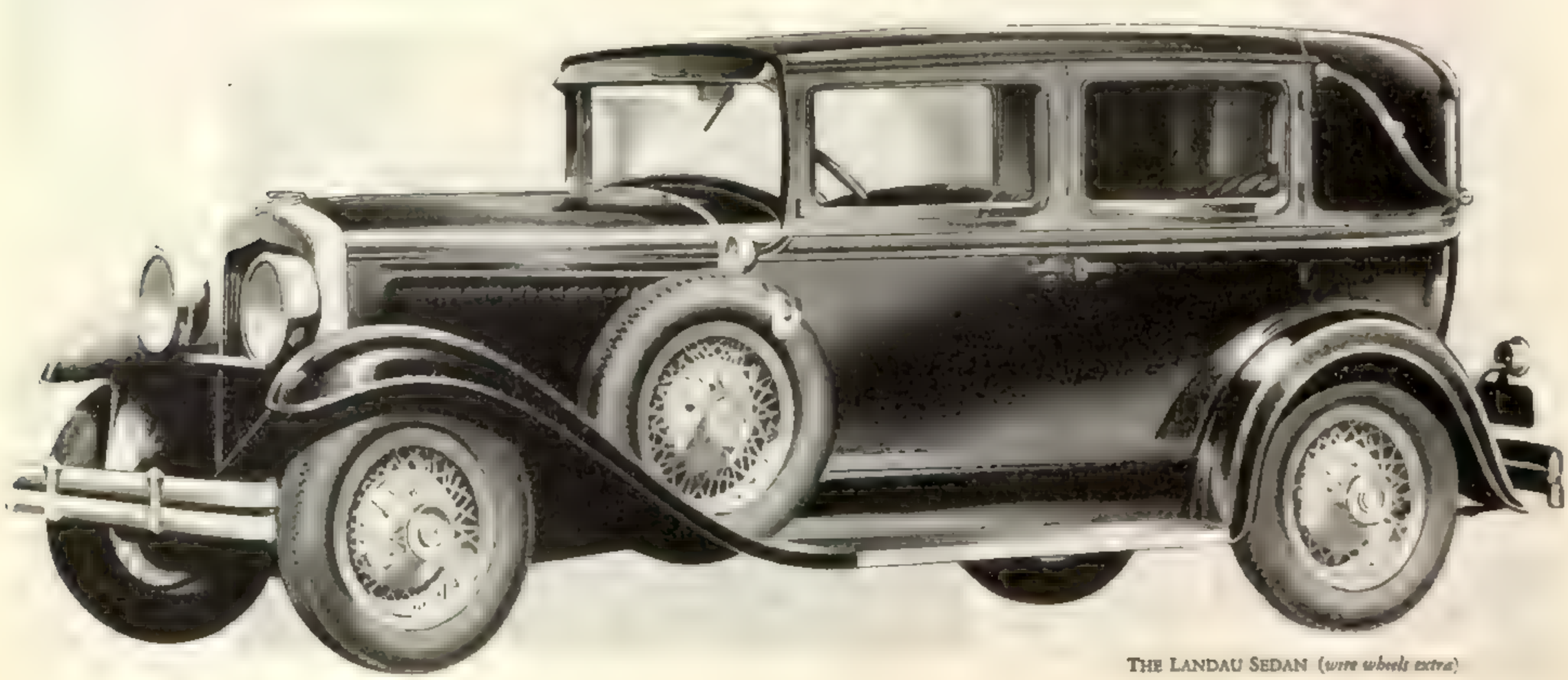

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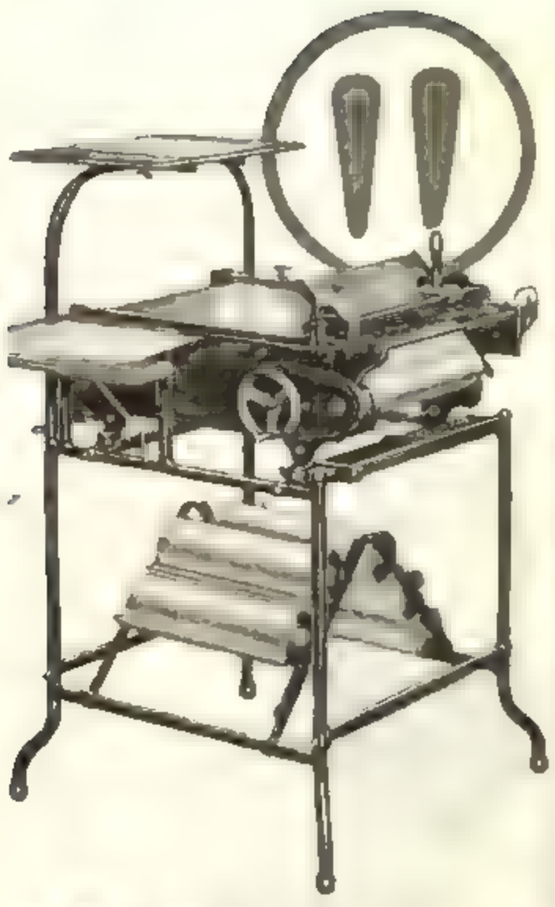

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*(Continued from Page 53)*

retorted, "Take all that Shakspere stuff to Gene Tooney!"' That ought to get a laugh, don't you think?"

"That's great," I said.

"What do you think, Kingsley? I mean, just say, just like this: 'When interviewed last night about Pagliacci, Al Rose, featured comedian in The Rose Room Girl, retorted, "Take all that Shakspere stuff to Gene Tooney!"' That'll get a laugh, won't it?"

"That's great," Kingsley agreed.

"That's the way I make up gags," he explained. "Just out of the air, you might say. Something happens, or somebody says something, and I see a gag in it, and all I got to do is fix it up. That's the way I make 'em all up."

"It's a gift," Kingsley said.

"Well, I got to go now, fellows. Drop in after the show. Come back and tell me how they took it." He shook hands formally, a dingy little gentleman with no longer any trace of distress or unhappiness in his face, and then at the door he paused. "Run that one about Gene Tooney tomorrow," he said. "I'll look for it."

The door opened and the thin strains of music came up the stairs.

Now there's no sense in trying to describe how a comedian is funny on the stage. It's useless to try, because it just sounds blah. Either he's funny to you or he isn't. That night Al was funny, not only to me but to a big audience. It wasn't any miracle. In the first place, he had good lines, swell lines, and in the second he was a seasoned trooper. He had at his finger tips every bit of business and routine that ever got a laugh since laughs were invented. The part was just his huckleberry, and he never muffed a point. He milked every line for all it had, and that was quite a bit.

"Well," Kingsley said at intermission, "the little tramp's certainly doing his stuff."

"I'd never have believed it," I confessed.

"Oh, Al's all right. He just never had any material but those extraordinary gags he makes up for himself."

"Just out of the air, as you might say."

"Worse," Kingsley agreed.

By the end of the show we could see that the kid was set. No Ed Wynn, of course, but a good standard routine comic, and there aren't so many of these around Broadway that another isn't welcome. With ordinary breaks he could be sure of pretty steady work whenever and as long as he wanted it. As I told Kingsley when we got out I was glad of it. I didn't actually dislike the guy, and if he'd laid an egg tonight after the break he'd just got, that would have been altogether too much hard luck for anybody.

"Shall we go back?"

"I think we ought," Kingsley said. "Let's get hold of him and take him around and see if we can't buck him up a little. Maybe we can get a beer or something down him, just to bring him around."

"We can take him over to Guinan's and get her to introduce him from the floor," I said. "That'd lift him."

It just happened, though, that none of this was necessary. The circumstances turned out to be just a trifle different from what we expected. For when we reached his dressing room there was already a mob in it, and enough noise to drown the Subway. Two floors below we heard it, and over it all, Al's voice:

"All I got to say is when I got off that Harlem gag they just went over backwards, that's all! I tell you I must have got a hand as big ——"

We barged in the open door and managed to elbow past a couple of girls. The minute he saw us he leaned forward with an open hand, ready for the congratulations. This was the same little room we'd been in three hours before, and yet it wasn't. Mae had gone, and Pagliacci. Now there was excitement here—happy excitement. Al was beaming, wise-cracking, darting here and there nervously.

"Yea, Harry! Yea, Kingsley!"

Kingsley and I looked at each other.

"Well," he murmured, "if this isn't the pay-off."

"How'd they take it, Harry? How'd I look?"

"Great!" I said. "You were looking great."

"Did you see Littel? See how I had him laughing? There's a tough baby! And I had him laughing just like the others! I could see him—I could see him get that one about the horse! Say, honest, he was about to fall in the aisle—but how'd they take it?"

"You went over ——"

"And Coleman—did you see him? Did you see him give that big laugh in the scene in one in the second act? Say, I had that baby! I can just see what he's going to give me in his review! If he don't lie about it he's got to say he got one of the biggest laughs he ever got. All he's got to do is come clean, and he's got to admit —— But how'd it strike you? You think I was getting over?"

"From where I was sitting ——"

"Oh, say, Harry, I got to laugh—I really got to laugh, the way things went. I really got to laugh! I never worked better in my life, Harry. It seemed soon as I got out there that audience was just built for me. I couldn't miss, Harry; I just couldn't. The way I had 'em, all I had to do was just walk on, and over they went. I never seen anything like it in my life! All I had to do was lift my little finger ——" He broke off, for words failed him.

"That's great, kid," I said. "I don't have to tell you, but I think it's great. Only one other thing I'd wanted different ——"

I paused, but this one he muffed.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Oh, well," I said. "It doesn't matter. We'll get out; it's crowded here."

"No, wait a minute!" He whispered to us. "Can't you hang around just a minute more? Wait downstairs for me." He addressed Kingsley: "Remember what I told you I was going to do the night I opened in a production on Broadway? Well, look; just wait downstairs. Be right down. I want to show you something."

We waited out on the sidewalk, smoking and looking at the girls coming out of the stage door to meet their hearts. Off they went, two and two, laughing and happy, and I suppose both Kingsley and myself were just contemplating love and life as we saw it.

Suddenly he said, "Well, will you get a load of that!" and there it was—a canary-colored roadster drawn up at the curb. It was Al's there was no question about that. Canary with narrow red trim, and at least twenty-five nickel-plated gadgets sticking out all over it. At a glance you'd have said it was a barber's chair.

But across the door, in letters of red an inch high, was AL ROSE.

"Ain't it a pip?" He was edging between us, his eyes gloating over this treasure. "Just got it this afternoon—just like I said. Ain't it a sweetheart, though!"

"I've never seen anything like it," Kingsley admitted. "You going to take your ride, your parade—alone?"

"Alone!" What Kingsley meant went right over his head. He grinned meaningly. "Don't be an apsay! Wait just a minute. I want to show you something. I got a great gag I want to show you."

He was gone into the theater again, and the next minute he was back dragging on a leash an animal that at first I took for Man o' War but which turned out to be about the largest Great Dane known to science. Chuckling to himself, Al opened the door of the roadster and by a bit of muscular exercise got the pooch into the seat—the seat that Mae had been going to use that night. Al himself ran around and got into the driver's seat and posed at the wheel—an undistinguished little man in a gaudy car with a gaudy dog at his side.

"Now I want to show you something," he said. "I learned him this this afternoon. You're going to die at this one. Watch, now! Get it!" He turned the dog's face toward him; then, winking at us, he gabbled meaninglessly, and the dog opened his mouth wide, in what might have been a yawn or a laugh.

"Lookit 'im, will you! Lookit 'im! Lookit 'im laugh!" he gasped. "Will you lookit 'im laugh! Watch him again."

Once more he gabbled, and once more the dog opened his enormous mouth. Al roared.

"There's a gag for you, Harry," he said. He stepped on the self-starter and the engine purred beautifully. The soft slip of gears and the yellow car moved away from the curb toward Broadway. It edged into the traffic line, and a few yards away stopped again, the red light against it. Kingsley and I watched.

He looked back, grinned, worked his eyebrows, pantomimed vigorously and again gabbled at the dog, whose mouth once more opened in a great yawn or laugh. His master threw back his head and laughed again, and then, with a wave of the hand, moved on into Broadway with the traffic.

And that's all. It's just that whenever I hear of all this laugh, clown, laugh stuff, I think Al's story ought to go in the records too.

*Modernism*

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For after all beauty is only half of your purchase.

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So do not be satisfied with just beauty when you purchase. Get performance by selecting a car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. Most of the best ones are equipped with this advanced product. Ask the dealer. *Insist.*

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# When I Was Young and Charming

## By GROUCHO MARX

TWENTY years ago, when I first took to the stage, the Four Marx Brothers were the Three Nightingales, and Matty was the greatest pitcher in the world. Theme songs were unheard of, and cornetists wore their derbies instead of blowing through them. Stage hands got twenty-five dollars a week, and Will Rogers was roping steers instead of steering ropes.

A young comedian, Charles Chaplin by name, was getting forty dollars a week, playing the Sullivan-Considine circuit. He used to watch our act every day and confided that he had been offered $100 a week to play in Keystone Comedy motion pictures. He was undecided whether to accept the offer, as he didn't have much confidence in moving pictures and said that no comedian in the world was worth $100 a week.

Vaudeville was at the height of its popularity, and three performances a day, with four on Saturday and five on Sunday, was considered a vacation. A week which only called for one split engagement was a rest cure. Every parlor and church had an organ, and people used to go to the movies to get away from organs, not to get near them. On amateur nights one would see real amateurs, and the Cherry Sisters played all their engagements behind a wire screen.

A great mechanical feat was to have songs illustrated by slides, and people shook their heads and said, "What are they going to do next?" The lyrics were written for the slides, instead of the slides being made for the lyrics. There was always a couple by a lagoon, by a park bench and in a parlor. Sweet Marie by a cherry tree and Sweet Estelle by a moss-covered well.

### *In Auld Lang Syne*

THE Three Nightingales became the Four Marx Brothers when Brother Arthur joined the act. When he spoke his first lines we realized he was born to be a pantomimist. We laughed indulgently when he said he'd like to take lessons on a harp and our act was called Fun In Hi Skool. This spelling was considered to be very comical in those days and, in fact, was the biggest laugh in the act. As I recall it now, it was the only laugh. In those days, when a man was a failure in another line of vaudeville he usually ended up in a school act. George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Georgie Price, Herman Timberg and Lila Lee were a few failures who were also appearing in school acts.

Curtains were rolled on a log, and to be hit by one was sure death. Stage hands changed the sets in full lights and their shirt sleeves, and the proprietor's daughter always played the piano. That's how he came to be the proprietor. William Faversham was the reigning matinée idol and John Barrymore was just another juvenile hanging around booking offices. There were three companies of The Merry Widow on tour, and the Shubert youngsters, Sam and Lee, actually had an interest in nine different productions. The standard vaudeville wage was forty dollars for a single and sixty dollars for a double; quartets were paid $150 and headliners $200.

Railroad fare was two cents a mile, and hotels had a standard rate of six dollars a week, including a midnight supper after the show.

Paul Whiteman was driving a taxi in Denver, and a jazz band was a jazz band, not a symphony orchestra. It was considered quite the thing to have the saxophone player stretch out across the piano, and the violinist was a bust unless he could fiddle behind his back. All good drummers threw their sticks in the air, and the member of the orchestra who played the loudest was made the leader.

David Warfield was wringing their hearts in The Music Master, and Barney Oldfield and Ralph DePalma actually drove their cars faster than seventy miles an hour. Jack Johnson knocked out Ketchell with nonchalance and a right hook, and "skidoo" was considered a pretty smart

crack. Beer was a nickel a glass, and Frankie and Johnnie was only sung on Mississippi levees. Twenty-eighth Street was the center of the New York theater district, and bad breath was called bad breath. A two-dollar top meant a two-dollar top, and by cut rates people meant twenty-five cents for a haircut.

The Wright brothers were considered a couple of daredevils who would break their necks any day now, and Bleriot flew across the English Channel, although a lot of people thought it was a hoax. Maurice McLoughlin and Melville Long went to Australia after the Davis Cup and came back without it. George Cohan could have been mayor of New York, and dinners with candles were unknown except in homes of plumbers. Mrs. Fiske was considered winsome in Salvation Nell, and the only time an actor could get his picture in the paper was when he died. St. Louis was still hoping for a pennant, and Eva Tanguay kept telling the world she didn't care.

What the country needed was a good three-cent cigar, and guns still were a novelty in Chicago. It was a swell house that had more than one bathroom, and the Hippodrome was New York's greatest theatrical attraction, with Messrs. Shubert and Anderson's "World-Famous Babel-Tongued, Universally Praised, Epoch-Making and All-Conquering Productions." Sothern and Marlowe opened the sumptuous New Theater—now the Century—in which nothing was omitted except acoustics.

Art Fisher, a monologist, disturbed our poker game in Champaign, Illinois, by calling Arthur "Harpo"; Leo "Chico"; Herbert "Zeppo"; and me "Groucho." He was the only kibitzer on record who ever said anything of value. Our Uncle Al Shean wrote an act for us called Home Again, and hadn't as yet met a fellow named Gallagher. Uncle Al told us he could probably get us a New York booking, but we were afraid the Big Town wouldn't like our stuff. Our booking agent was one Minnie Palmer and so was our mother.

Harvard still won football championships and Maxine Elliot, Elsie Janis, Frances Starr, Blanche Bates, Grace George, Carlotta Nillson, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Anna Held were the toasts of the town, and dry toast was unknown then. People were saying that Fannie Ward was getting pretty old, and yokels were constantly being fooled by the wax policeman in the Eden Musée. Robert Hilliard was a sensation in A Fool There Was, and men who played golf were considered effeminate.

### *Ask Dad*

ANY President could win if he came out against Wall Street. Anybody who spoke French was thought affected, and you hadn't seen anything unless you'd seen Forbes-Robertson in The Passing of the Third Floor Back. There were very few two-car families, but there was always meat on the table.

An eighteen-week engagement was considered a good run on Broadway—and still is. There were wild reports that Marconi would soon fix it so that people could talk through the air, and WJZ were only letters of the alphabet. Every well-dressed man wore an elk's tooth for a watch charm, and Maude Adams was breaking their hearts in What Every Woman Knows. Bernard Shaw had never appeared in the Talkies, and that bad little Dempsey boy was knocked out of the third grade of school and never returned.

Only lowbrows read detective stories, and the Sunday paper could still be lifted with one hand. Everybody agreed that there never would be another slugger like Delehanty, and the name of the fourteen-year-old catcher on the baseball team of the St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore was George Herman Ruth. Tetrazzini was standing them up at the Metropolitan, and John Drew was always hanging around the Lambs. Liver was given away with each purchase of meat, and you could still buy drugs in a drug store.

President Roosevelt would have scorned to ride a mechanical horse, and steerage was called steerage and not Students' Third. Young Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner led the American and National leagues in batting, and the best burlesque shows in town were at Joe Weber's, Twenty-ninth and Broadway. Annapolis, University of Virginia and Georgetown failed to finish their football seasons because of injuries, and everyone agreed the game was doomed as a sport. A trip to Europe was an event, and a bulldog was considered pretty classy.

Henry Mencken was a columnist on the Baltimore Sun, and Lew Dockstader was considered some cut-up. Nobody smoked cigarettes to cure anything, and blindfolds were only used in children's games. Zangwill's Melting Pot was a sensation, and the word "bootleg" hadn't been heard since the Civil War. William Winter retired after forty years as a critic on the Tribune, and Walter Winchell was singing songs with Eddie Cantor at the Regent Movie Palace on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

Peary reached the North Pole, and one-tenth of the automobiles were run by steam or electricity. Ford was

(Continued on Page 62)

# THIS TAG TELLS YOU

## that you've bought a car from a careful dealer.....

THOUSANDS of automobile dealers are attaching this tag to the new cars they sell. It is their way of saying to each new customer . . . "I have filled your crankcase with Quaker State Motor Oil. I have seen to it that your motor gets the finest lubrication that money can buy, to carry it through the critical breaking-in period. And I advise you to continue using Quaker State."

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Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil, a quart or more of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor . . . a quart of waste as far as lubrication is concerned.

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"Water Carriers in India." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

# *If* you thought the single balloon made driving smoother *wait till you ride on the DUAL-*BALLOON!

The new General *Dual*-Balloon delivers its surplus of big mileage with luxurious riding comfort—the cradle-like effect of 33⅓% greater deflation than a single balloon is able to stand.

It is as far ahead of the single balloon as that tire was ahead of the old high-pressure tire.

The difference in the *Dual*-Balloon will amaze you. It does not depend upon air alone to take the shock. It takes the rebound out of rough going by absorbing the shock in soft rubber.

The *Dual*-Balloon is an 8-ply tire with three extra rubber cushion plys. These soft rubber plys are like a shock absorber built into the tire.

If you could compress this soft rubber between your fingers you would see how easily it gives—this same principle in the *Dual*-Balloon cushions the blows that cause the rebound and eliminates the discomfort of "galloping" miles. With the *Dual*-Balloon you have all the advantages of extreme low-pressure without the penalty of premature tread wear.

There's a double reason now to turn your desire to own a set of Generals into action—a saving in first cost, due to present low price levels, plus the enjoyment of summer motoring with the assurance of non-skid protection for many seasons to come. ~ ~ Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

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*The New* GENERAL

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*Silk to the top for $1.00!* Iron Clads No. 812 come in the latest shades of sunbronze, suntan, bronzee, mistery, Manon, beach tan, Cuban sand, Reverie, champagne, kasha beige, mirage, honey beige, white jade, light gun metal, evenglow, pastel parchment, pearl blush, flesh pink, mauve taupe, moonlight, sandust, parchment, grain, skin, atmosphere, white and black . . . sizes 8 to 10½. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name with your remittance and we'll mail your hose direct, postage prepaid.

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And there's the *priceless* loveliness of flower-like texture, graceful lines, exquisite coloring. Loveliness that breeds an inner consciousness of grace that's sure to find expression.

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NOTE . . . If you want a full fashioned style similar to No. 812 ask for No. 928 at $1.65 a pair.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

**Iron Clad**

(Continued from Page 58)

unheard of, and street cleaners still had plenty to do. DeWolf Hopper married his third wife and was still two behind Nat Goodwin.

Coney Island had no boardwalk, and the German flag was seen in Yorkville. Regal created a sensation by charging $3.50 for a pair of shoes, and the mention of Yonkers on a vaudeville stage was always good for a laugh.

Klaw and Erlanger were czars of the legitimate stage, and there never were more than two benefits on a Sunday night. Sutton Place was a group of livery stables, and Great Neck was a farming center. Full-dress parlors supplied clothes for almost everybody, and everyone changed his underwear in April. A gentleman by the name of Merkle neglected to touch second base, and the word "bonehead" came into its own.

Bernhardt, at sixty-five, made positively her final farewell tour, and no college was considered first class unless it broke up at least four musical shows a season. Half the population had stiff necks from looking at Halley's Comet, and you could park as long as you liked in Times Square.

An actor was not considered a trouper unless he had been stranded on the road four times, and the suffragettes were forgetting their manners in London. Vitamins and Vitaphones were unheard of, but the Vitagraph films were the last word in motion pictures. Girls blushed when a wise-cracker would say, "Oh, you chicken!" and Alice Joyce was much better known than Peggy. H. B. Warner was appearing in Alias Jimmy Valentine, and an unknown juvenile named Douglas Fairbanks was offered a part in The Cub.

Eugene Walter's The Wolf was considered the pinnacle of drama, and Love Me and the World is Mine was the song hit of the day. Tabloids hadn't appeared yet and Bernarr MacFadden's muscles were being displayed in every drug-store window. The burlesque stars of the day were Fannie Brice, Jim Barton, "Beef Trust" Billy Watson, Bobby Clark, Al Reeves and the Watson Sisters, and only rich people played the stock market.

### *Backward, Turn Backward*

Irving Berlin wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band, and Clarence H. Mackay was elected president of the Postal Telegraph Company. The musical saw had not made its appearance on the vaudeville stage, and every burlesque show had an Irish and a Jew comedian, as well as a rich widow. James O'Neill was a headliner, but no one had heard of his scapegrace son, Eugene, who was working as a sailor. The Marx Brothers played every milk depot in the United States, and their father was in New York measuring people for suits. No trip to New York was complete without a view of the Flatiron Building, and a fellow who could blow smoke rings was a social success.

Marilynn Miller, as one-fifth of the Five Columbians, was knocking them dead as a child wonder, and Moran and Mack were getting the princely salary of $200 a week. Eddie Foy threatened to play Hamlet, and Buster Keaton was still bouncing on vaudeville stages. Joan Lowell was a tot on a Pacific freighter and The Book-of-the-Month Club was still to be formed. Only farmers wore galoshes, and all vaudeville theaters had green rooms. Asquith was Prime Minister of England, and the Jones Act was a couple of acrobats playing Pantages' time.

Cutler of the Fort Wayne Register declared that the Marx Brothers were the worst comedians he had ever seen, and New York hadn't been honored by a visit from St. John Ervine. Songs about trolley rides were still being sung, and Cleveland had a three-cent fare. Chorus girls were picked for weight, not speed, and shop girls wore silk stockings only on Sundays.

No hot dog was complete without sauerkraut, and only millionaires had two-car garages. Jokes about farmers blowing out the gas light appeared in every comic weekly, and Ed Walsh won forty games in a single season. Movie critics were unknown, and B.L.T. on the Chicago Tribune was showing the boys how to write a column. Jeffries and Johnson agreed to fight in Reno for the unbelievable purse of $101,000, and the Dolly Sisters were playing in Jacksonville, Florida, for sixty dollars a week. Strawberries did not appear in New York until April, and only in a terrific windstorm were a girl's knees visible.

Actors spent their spare time in pool rooms, and if anybody had told me that a magazine would pay me to write articles I would have sneered derisively—if I had known what that meant.

# Getting On in the World

### *The Moral Risk in Credit*

THE sales manager radiated belligerency as he strode into the credit manager's office.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, waving a sheaf of papers at the credit man challengingly. "Here's a fine first order from a prospect we have been working on for two years. It has all the earmarks of developing into a big account, and, Lord knows, our competitors have been glad enough to take the business so far! Now you come along and scrap all our work by turning down the credit. I see you have a memorandum here about good financial risk, but poor moral risk. That doesn't make sense to me, and I know it won't make sense to Risley, who has put in two years of effort to get this account started. Risley's one of my best salesmen, and if he threatened to resign over this I can't say that I'd blame him."

He paused, almost breathless.

"That's the Keller case, isn't it?" asked the credit man, glancing at the papers in his colleague's hand.

"Yes."

"During the two years in which you have been working on Keller, has he consistently been giving his business to our competitors?"

"Yes, this is the first encouragement we've had from him. He has been dealing exclusively with two other houses. In fact, I was agreeably surprised that Risley got this order at this time."

### *Good Money But Bad Pay*

"Doesn't that suggest to you," pursued the credit man, "that Keller may have come to the end of his rope with the other two houses—that they may be tightening up on his credit?"

"Why is it that all credit men are suspicious and sour?" countered the sales manager sarcastically.

The credit manager laughed.

"For the same reason, I suppose, that all salesmen and sales managers are enthusiastic—it goes with the job," he retorted. "No credit man deliberately spoils an order unless he feels that the chances are too great of having it develop into a loss. Credit men aren't poetical; they believe that it is far better not to sell at all than to sell and lose.

"But to get down to the brass tacks of this Keller case. I refused to allow credit on his order for exactly the reason I gave in that memorandum—that, while he may seem like a good financial risk, he is, in my opinion, a poor moral risk. To put it less formally—though Keller may have the money and assets to meet his bills, we won't take his account because we don't like his morals. I don't mean that we should accept money only from customers of good morals. The objection to a customer of poor morals is that we are apt not to get our money from him at all, even though he be well able to pay.

"A good financial risk is simply a person who has sufficient assets to cover his liabilities, who is well able to pay the debts he contracts. Yet a good financial risk may be an extremely undesirable prospect for credit. He may have the ability but lack the willingness to pay.

"From the credit point of view, a man's honest disposition to meet his obligations is the test of the moral risk involved. If he has demonstrated that he will pay when he is able, he is a good moral risk; and if he has shown that he will not pay, even though well able, he is a poor moral risk. One of the best moral risks I know of is a man in this city who three years ago was on the brink of bankruptcy. His creditors—to whom he owed upward of forty thousand dollars—got together and loaned him ten thousand dollars in cash to enable him to carry on over the difficult period he was in. He saw the thing through and has paid every cent he owed. His creditors knew that he would pay when he was able, and so they were willing to help him get into a position where he could eventually make the money to pay them. That's what it means to be known as a good moral risk.

"Keller's case is the direct opposite. Keller has plenty of assets, his business is making money, and he could easily pay his bills if he wanted to—but he doesn't want to! He beats his bills, and it's virtually impossible to get the money out of him until he's willing to let you have it; and, from the reports I get about him through personal channels, that's never. He stays in business by playing one or two manufacturers as long as they'll let him, and then, when they'll no longer stand for it, he changes off to new victims. I suppose that some day he'll exhaust the field, but by that time he probably won't need to care."

"I don't follow that," objected the sales manager. "If a man has assets why can't he be made to pay? What's the law for? Surely somebody would take Keller to court and bring the thing to a show-down."

### *Judgments for Protection*

"Keller has been taken to court at least three times to my knowledge, and each time the concern that sued him came to grief. In one case Keller claimed the merchandise was so worthless that it cost him more than the amount of the bill to adjust complaints, and that he lost business through customers' dissatisfaction with the goods. He had a number of witnesses lined up to testify in court to the worthlessness of the goods, and the firm that was suing him finally withdrew the case rather than risk the unfavorable publicity their products might get. Whether the witnesses he had were honest or not, I, of course, don't know.

"Another manufacturer refused to be scared off Keller, went through with the case against him and got judgment. When the time came to collect on the judgment, however, it was found that Keller's real estate and personal goods—such as household furniture and automobile—were owned by his wife and his mother. Further, it was discovered that his brother and two of his personal friends had substantial judgments recorded against him in amounts that would

(Continued on Page 170)

# PACKARD

*Only by exceptional merit does a foreign product win preferment in the centers of old world wealth and culture*

Where taste and discernment guide habits of life, appreciation of Packard luxury is but natural.

Those who know and love fine things pay instinctive tribute to the beauty of Packard's characteristic design—to the superb engineering and precision manufacture upon which Packard leadership is founded.

Abroad, no less than at home, Packard cars enjoy a priceless reputation. Gentlefolk throughout Europe have endorsed Packard quality by their patronage. Hardly a royal garage but houses one or more Packards among the famous makes of native design.

Time and again Packard cars have won first honors in the motor style shows so popular abroad—and in competition with Europe's finest creations. For motor car excellence, the old world turns to the new—for the supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars, unerringly to Packard.

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*Dirt-filled oil comes from your crankcase to the AC Oil Filter*

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THE factory which put an AC Oil Filter into your car did its best to protect the life of your engine.

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A clean filter keeps the oil so pure that you can use the same oil for 2,000 miles.

From the standpoint of money-saving alone, it pays to keep the filter doing its duty, by asking your dealer to put in a new cartridge now.

AC Spark Plug Company

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AC SPHINX
Birmingham
*ENGLAND*

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine)
*FRANCE*

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# ANGELA

(Continued from Page 9

know her own mind," he said, "and besides, so far as I can see, most of the young men are thinking of the fat lot of money that papa-in-law is going to donate to keep them from the curse of work. Now how about this young fellow Lane, this aviator? Does he think he's falling in love with Angela? If he does he'd better fall out mighty quick!"

I told him not to worry about Lane because Lane wasn't interested in girls. He was bit by the flying bug. But I didn't tell him all I knew about Angela and Chris Lane.

The very first day that the yacht was in the harbor Lane had come in from his trip around Balopa Peninsula. I'd sent word for him to come out to the yacht just as soon as he checked in his mail. The conference wanted to know how much aerial-survey work had been done and get an estimate on what remained. So Lane came out in his flying boat, leaving it floating a couple of hundred yards off.

He came aboard wearing shoes and no socks, a pair of dungaree trousers, a shirt with all but one button missing, and a cloth helmet. Of course, he apologized for the way he looked by saying that he thought we might want him immediately. Piersoll didn't give a hoot about clothes. He just wanted straight answers to about one hundred questions, and Lane knew the answers without looking in the book. He made a good impression.

After about an hour of that, Piersoll let him go and told him to stay aboard, as some other questions might come up. Of course Angela was right ready to snag him, because it was hot and she was bored.

"Hello," says she. "I'm Angela Piersoll."

"Hello," he answers. "My name's Lane. I'm the pilot. If I'd known there were ladies aboard I would have stopped to change my clothes."

"Oh, hell's bells!" Angela came back at him. "That's all right. I can see that you have a heart of gold, nobility of nature, great personal charm, brains and everything like that, but what I want to know is when do we fly?"

"Whenever your father says we can," he told her.

She announced that she was twenty-one years old, which was old enough to do as she pleased, and that she didn't have to ask her old man's consent if she wanted to fly.

"Down in this country," said Lane, "you'll have to ask his permission if you want to sneeze, even if you're one hundred."

So she tried wheedling, but that didn't work. Finally he was called back into the conference, and while he was there one of the Filipino boys brought a note to Piersoll, who read it and scowled.

When the conference broke up Piersoll said to Lane: "Did you invite my daughter to fly with you?"

"No, sir," says Lane. "She invited herself and I told her I'd take her if you consented."

"I thought it'd come down to something like that," growled Piersoll. "Well, you can take her up for a little spin; then show her the town and bring her aboard. Stay for dinner."

Before they rowed out to the flying boat I saw Piersoll get his daughter to one side. He seemed to be reading orders to her and she looked sore. He was telling her to lay off any flirtation and not to go making Lane fall for her just because she didn't have anything more interesting to do. I think that was a bad way to go about it, but Piersoll never was a diplomat.

Angela was wearing a pretty sultry expression when she left. We watched them get into the flying boat, and Piersoll never took his eyes off them until they landed, about half an hour later, at the hangars. As I've said before, she certainly was the apple of the old man's eye, even though they were so much alike that they didn't get on very smooth together. Sometimes they reminded me of a brother and sister scrapping.

Lane wanted to change his clothes first thing, of course; so they took a carriage to his house. He said she could wait outside and he'd only be a couple of minutes.

"Oh, hell's bells!" said Angela. That was her favorite expression, maybe because it made her old man break out in goose flesh every time she said it. "You must have been raised in the days of the Late Dear Queen if you think I'm going to sit out here in the heat."

They wrangled about that, and she finally won. Now, Lane was just like me about waiting for the sunset gun before he'd have a drink, and the sunset gun went off just as he came out of his bedroom all slicked up in whites. He said "Loud cheers!" and poured himself out a highball, and he apologized to her because he didn't have anything soft in the house except plain soda.

"Perhaps I'd like a drink myself," says Angela. "You might at least ask me."

"I don't think your father would like that," he said.

So they wrangled some more. She was twenty-one years old and she could do as she danged well pleased.

"I'm certainly not going to yank the bottle out of your hands if you go to take a drink," Lane told her; "but I'll be blown if I'll invite you." He put his own glass down without tasting it.

First Piersoll makes her sore and then Lane does the same thing before she'd had a chance to get cooled off. So she ups the bottle and pours out a good stiff drink and downs it neat. Lane said she made a face as if she'd swallowed acid.

Well, sir, they were just halfway between the house and the carriage when that drink bounced clean out of her. She went white as a ghost and he had to drag her back into the house and bathe her face with cool water. Lane could hardly keep from laughing, and she acted as if it was all his fault. Finally she told him that she hated whisky, that even the smell of it made her sick, but that she'd be danged if she didn't have a right as a grown-up person to be offered a drink and have a chance to say "No, thanks."

So Lane bowed low and said, "Won't you have a drink of whisky?"

"No, thanks," said Angela, "but do go ahead and finish yours, which I notice you haven't touched."

"That's very kind of you," Lane says, and does so.

Pretty soon they began to laugh about it and they were friends for almost fifteen minutes. The next fight was when they went through the town and passed a café where an orchestra was playing. It was the Oriental—and you know that dump! She was for going in, but Lane refused.

"I'll bet I go in there yet," says the angel.

"Not with me," said Lane.

"With you!" she insisted.

So he read her some orders on his own hook. He told her that her father was down here on a very official mission and that it would look like the devil for her to go skylarking around. He told her that she had to be dignified or that the natives would think wrong about her.

Her answer to that was that she didn't give a hang what the natives thought, that she hadn't wanted to take the trip anyhow, and that she thought he was perfectly horrid—or some such female swear word—not to show her a good time. Moreover, that she'd been annoying her old man for so many years now that it was about time he was getting used to it. By the time they got down to the landing they all but weren't speaking.

Before dinner was served, Lane got me aside and said: "Mr. Davis, I am not going to be responsible for Mr. Piersoll's cub. She's a natural-born brat and she's determined to spill the beans one way or another, so count me out when it comes to entertaining her, or I'll have a forced landing on the other side of the peninsula and you won't see me again until she's headed north. If she was mine I'd put her in irons and keep her there."

But fifteen minutes later I noticed them laughing and chinning together. The Maola upped her anchor and we steamed out to sea where we'd be cooler for dinner. There were twenty of us at the table, which was on deck. Officials and their wives from shore. It was a right pleasant way of eating. When the tables were cleared away, Angela turned on the phonograph, the stewards sprinkled wax on one side of the deck and Lane danced with her quite a lot. Nice-looking couple together.

The next day was Sunday and there was a bullfight. Of course Angela was rarin' to go and she wanted Lane to take her. Lane told her she wouldn't like it, but she insisted, so he finally said: "All right, I'll take you on one condition, which is that you stay till the end, because these people don't like to see foreigners get up in the middle of their national pastime and beat it."

Angela agreed, but she mighty near passed out before the first bull went down on his knees. I'll say this much for her—she was game to stay, even if it killed her, but Lane felt sorry for her and dragged her out. He didn't like bullfights any more than she did.

The next pain in the ear was that she wanted to go swimming and we had a hard time convincing her that there were sharks around. She couldn't see any sharks. And even if there were sharks, why shouldn't the crew of the Maola stand by in lifeboats to beat them off while her little royal highness went for a swim? That made her old man sore.

He said, "I don't want to hear any more out of you about swimming! Go to the library and get a book and try to improve your mind for a change."

She gave us a toss of her head and an angry look, and went over to the other side of the deck.

"Did you ever see the like of her?" said Piersoll to me. "The crew standing by to beat off sharks!"

You could see that he was proud of her, even if she did make him mad.

Pretty soon Gandarios came aboard and we gave him his twenty-one-gun salute; then Lane's flying boat floated down alongside. He'd been taken off his Balopa Peninsula run and was working on special orders. His job this day was to shoot some pictures of the Tenagua district about eighty miles from Puerto Durango.

While we were leaning over the maps, deciding which sections should be photographed first, Angela came up and listened.

As soon as she got all the information she wanted she said, just as sweet as pie, "Oh, daddy dear, can I go with Mr. Lane?"

"You cannot!" snaps Piersoll.

"But, daddy darling," she says, "I'm so hot and bored here, and I'm sure Mr. Lane would be glad to take me. Wouldn't you, Mr. Lane?"

"I obey orders," Lane told her.

Piersoll finally let her go because he didn't want to have a family argument in front of Gandarios and all the officials, which Angela had been counting on. So she kissed daddy darling and beat it before he had a chance to change his mind.

Just as soon as she got Lane aside, she said: "How about going for a swim in one of those lakes? There certainly aren't any sharks in 'em."

"Well," admitted Lane, "that was just what I was planning to do. I generally go in when I'm around that district. The water's great. But how are we going to arrange about dressing?"

Of course Lane had intended to go in just like he was born, because the only people within sixty miles of those lakes are Indians

(Continued on Page 66)

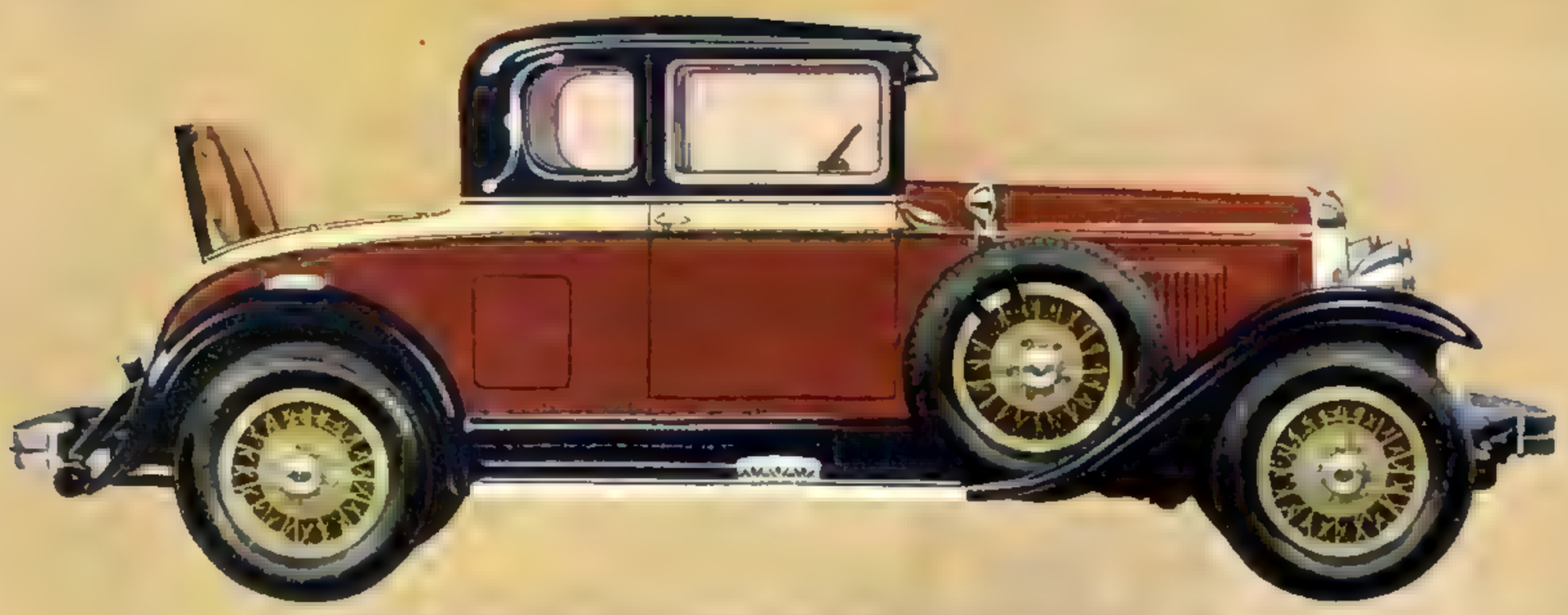
# It is not easy to build so fine a car as the REO

Smart as these Reo Flying Clouds are—definitely of the mode, with all their grace and verve and sleekness of line—the real story of Reo is its long life, mechanical dependability and *performance*.

Reo built its reputation on precisely these features . . . It is not easy to build so fine a car as the Reo. To begin with, it takes a superbly balanced design. Reo believes that it also takes unit-by-unit inspection of every working part—*and time enough to let good workmen do justice to good material*. Perhaps it's just these things that make people who know say that Reo Flying Clouds should fairly be compared only with cars in the highest price-brackets.

*Now you can have a Reo Flying Cloud at a lower price than ever before.*

REO MOTOR CAR CO., LANSING, MICH.



*Illustrated is the 2-4-Passenger sport coupe model of Reo Flying Cloud* the Master, $1750

*Reo Flying Clouds are priced at the factory as follows:* 5-Passenger Sedan $1395, Sport $1495; Master $1745, Sport $1870; Car of the Month $1970. 2-Passenger Coupe $1375, Sport $1475. 2-4-Passenger Coupe $1395, Sport $1495; Master $1625, Sport $1750. 5-Passenger Brougham, Master $1595, Sport $1720. 4-Passenger Victoria, Master $1695, Sport $1820. Roadster, Master $1685, Sport $1810.

REO FLYING CLOUDS

# Air-cooled comfort for whirlwind feet!

Search no longer! Here you are at last! Cool shoes for hot days! Neat, trim, good-looking shoes! Strong, tough-soled, non-skidding shoes! Let the sun shine hot, and the game come fast. You won't care . . . with Keds on your feet!

Keds are light, springy, tough shoes, made especially for sports and play wear, and ideal for summer wear. They are much more than ordinary "sneakers." For example—Keds are made with specially designed safety-soles which grip the smoothest surfaces, and absorb the roughest shocks. For years, Keds have been endorsed by leading physicians and coaches.

With Keds on your feet, you won't skid when you take turns on the dead run. You can lace Keds tight, too—so your feet can't slip or chafe.

Keds offer the most complete assortment of styles and models for all indoor and outdoor sports activities. Keds are made by the world's largest specialists in canvas rubber-soled footwear. You'll find Keds in the best shoe stores in town—at all prices, too, from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 up to $4.00.

Keds, Keds, Keds—Look for that name stamped on all genuine Keds.

Write for our new free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. KS-692, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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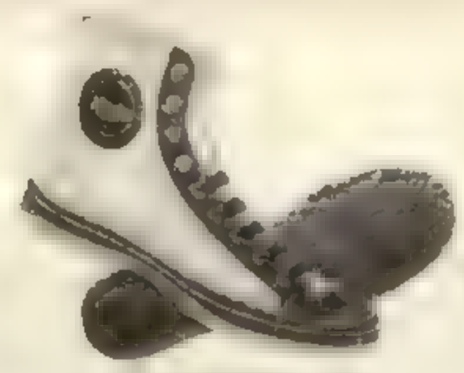
The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

*Keds "Gladiator"*

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special anti-skid sole.



*Keds "Mercury"*

The winner in the popular price field and a wonderful shoe for the money. Tough amber-colored sole. Black athletic trimmings and ankle patch. Nickel eyelets. Feltex insole


(Continued from Page 64)

who don't wear anything but a strip of cloth and a string of beads anyhow. Angela arranged it quick enough. They went below and had a steward drag out a swimming suit for Lane and then they got dressed with their suits under their regular clothes.

Piersoll was fretful and looking at his watch all through the conference that morning. He couldn't seem to keep his mind on the powwow. We expected them back about two o'clock in the afternoon, but two o'clock came and not a sight or sound of them. Piersoll had the officer on watch searching the sky with a telescope for the plane. By three he was fit to be tied. By four o'clock he wanted to order out the whole dang San Sablan army as a searching party, but I convinced him that if it came to sending out searching parties the best thing to do was to send them away at dawn the next day.

When night came Piersoll looked about twenty years older. He couldn't speak without his voice breaking. He drew me to one side, just before I went ashore to give orders about how I wanted the search made, and said:

"Davis, everything I've got in the world isn't worth a plugged nickel if I haven't got Angela too! Go the limit! There is no limit! Don't spare anything!"

Then he sat down in one of the wicker chairs like the very life had gone out of him.

Anybody who thinks it's fun to get tangled up in the jungle ought to go out and get his mind changed for him. I remember one time when there was some fighting up Guatemala way and I and my side kick, a fellow by the name of Oleson, got separated from our main party by accident. He was a fighting Swede who'd take 'em as they came, machine guns or stone hatchets, and I was pretty used to the country myself, but I want to tell you that after two weeks of the bush we had all the gimp taken out of us. Jungle's all right when you've got your equipment, boys to carry it and nets to sleep under at night, but if you haven't, it's a good thing for a Northerner to stay clear of.

Not, of course, that Angela and Lane exactly wanted to get let down in the jungle. It happened after he had taken all his pictures and they were going for a swim.

First, Lane laid his boat on its course over one edge of the Tenagua district and unlimbered his automatic camera—one of those cameras that snaps a fresh picture every certain number of seconds, depending on the altitude. Through the earphones he explained to her what he was doing and they had quite a chummy time. He showed her the map and pointed out the area that was to be photographed. They flew back and forth for more than an hour, cutting off a new strip each time. That brought them right over the country where the lakes—volcanic lakes, they are—are located. Five of 'em in all, and they must look right pretty from the air.

"Now for a swim," he said. "Which one do you like the best?"

She picked out a little one to the north and they came circling down over it and landed. They didn't have ten feet more to go when the boat stopped as though it had hit a wall, throwing them forward. Water began to rush in around their feet. The hull had struck a rock, just under the surface, and the bottom was almost ripped out of her. There they were, shipwrecked in the middle of the jungle, hung up on a rock. The hull filled and she settled right down on top of the rock.

Lane picked himself out of the instrument board and dragged Angela to her feet. They weren't hurt at all. He told her to skin out of her dress and get ready to swim.

"I don't believe we're sinking," she said, perfectly cool. She was a lot cooler than Lane at that particular moment, because he knew what they were up against.

"It's a cinch we're not going to fly home, though," he told her. "And it's a pretty good bet that we're going to begin the trip back by swimming." He went down into the freight compartment and put his head up to report that they were stuck fast on the rock. They could take their time. When he looked up again Angela was sitting on the decking, taking off her shoes and whistling.

"Long walk home?" she asked him.

"Worse than that," he told her. "Jungle, and lots of it. We're in a nice jam."

"Looks that way," she agreed. "Well, I wanted to go for a swim and I've got what I wanted, so I can't kick about my luck."

He passed up some stuff from below—a rifle, a can of ammunition, a sealed tin of emergency rations, a package of rockets, a package of medical supplies and a couple of life belts—then he came up and unbolted the compass. They slipped off their outer clothing and did it into a bundle.

"Are you a good swimmer?" asked Lane.

"Like a fish," she said.

So he told her to get the clothes ashore dry while he towed the kapok cushion of the seat loaded with the other things; then they started out. It was about two hundred yards to land, if you want to call it land—a thin rock ledge backed up by thick jungle. When they got there they saw it was hopeless, and that they'd have to make for a small clearing that Lane had seen nearly two miles to the north. They loaded the clothes on the cushion and took turns at towing. Sometimes they rested on the life-belts for a spell. Finally, after a long pull, they came to the clearing, which was probably used by Indians on their rubber trips.

After they got their breath Lane explained with a map what their situation was. The best chance, he said, was to fall in with some Indians who'd guide them to the coast. Otherwise they'd hit a compass course for Puerto Durango, sticking to the most central route in hopes of meeting the searching party that he knew'd be sent out for them. They had a dozen rockets. If no Indians, attracted by the aeroplane, showed up by night, he'd use two rockets. And if no Indians showed up by the next noon they'd start out by themselves.

"You're the boss," said Angela, "and what you say goes."

They let the sun dry their clothes before they got dressed.

After a while Angela said: "Except for the fact that dad'll be worried, I'm enjoying this."

"I hope you feel that way about it by the time we're out," Lane told her. "We're in a pretty tough position."

"Do you know," she said, "that it's the first time in my life when I haven't had a governess or a tutor or a companion or somebody watching over me as though I was the prize pup of the universe? I'm going to enjoy this if it kills me."

Just by way of an answer, along comes a black fly and sinks its nippers into her. You feel those babies!

That afternoon Lane killed a little wild pig and they found some plantains, so they had barbecued pig and plantain for dinner. So far so good, but when night came the mosquitoes started their dirty work. Lane made a smudge and they sat in the smoke until it was dark enough to send up the rockets. The mosquitoes got worse and worse. Patient little devils, waiting for the smoke to drift the right way so's they could jump in and take a good swig. Lane built three more smudges and they slept on some branches and leaves in the middle of them. In the morning they were black with smoke, groggy for want of a real good restful sleep and their hands and faces were a mess of bites. Angela's right eyelid was swollen from a couple of bites as though she was going to have a shiner. And Lane was beginning to need a shave. Oh, they were a sweet-looking pair!

Lane broke open the medicine kit to see if there was any quinine in it, but there wasn't. They had some more pig and plantain for breakfast and went for a swim. About ten o'clock they had some plantain and pig for a change and decided that no Indians were coming and that they'd better clear out. So Lane shouldered their gear

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

# "You're out, Jimmy Harrison!"

Storming the heights à la Anthony Wayne! Little hearts jump, tin swords flash . . . a toy pistol barks full in Jimmy Harrison's face.

"You're out," cries the attacking general—and Jimmy, hardened veteran that he is, carelessly rubs a slight "burn," and gracefully plays dead.

* * *

Unless Jimmy's mother calls the doctor at once, that slight, burning wound may prove dangerous. For whenever foreign matter is forced into the flesh away from the air, lockjaw, which the medical profession knows as tetanus, may take its deadly toll.

It may be the traditional rusty nail or toy pistol, but these are only among the more common causes.

In fact, the germ that brings lockjaw is found in many places. It thrives in wounds that are deep or punctured and frequently even in superficial wounds that have soil or other foreign matter rubbed into them. Every parent should be on the lookout to make sure that suspicious wounds receive immediate medical attention.

### Lockjaw can almost always be prevented

In the early months of the World War tetanus infection among wounded soldiers was appalling. Then all the warring nations issued a bulb of the preventive antitoxin as standard equipment in the First Aid kit of every man. As a result, medical authorities estimate, tetanus among the fighting men was reduced by approximately 85%.

Constant research by Parke-Davis scientists both before and since the war has steadily improved the quality of Parke-Davis tetanus antitoxin.

With modern preventive measures easy of access, one hears less and less about lockjaw developing from accidental wounds.

* * *

For more than half a century Parke, Davis & Company have been powerful allies of the scientific forces that have contributed so greatly to improved medical practice.

Here, in America's pioneer biological laboratory, we began to manufacture diphtheria antitoxin immediately after its discovery in 1894. Here scarlet fever antitoxin, and serums for the treatment of erysipelas, meningitis and pneumonia are produced for your physician's use.

Medical preparations bearing the Parke-Davis label have been prescribed by physicians with perfect confidence since our beginning 63 years ago. And we of Parke, Davis & Company, trained to scientific watchfulness, look ever forward to newer and greater achievements in the protection of human life and health.

## PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

**Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia**

If you are not already using Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia we suggest that you ask your druggist about it. He can assure you of its exceptional purity. He'll tell you that you can always rely on its being medically active and uniform. You will find it snow-white, creamy-smooth, and so mild and agreeable that children take it readily.

A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

# The husky new Pathfinder

## has blazed a long-needed trail to Outstanding quality at LOW PRICE

IT belongs to a family of pioneers, this rugged Pathfinder. A family with the greatest name in rubber. But even if its name were unknown, you would call it a great tire.

Big, handsome, rugged—broad of tread—you can see it is built for traction, and long, economical wear. You can tell that here is *high value* at surprisingly *low cost*.

Yet you see only a small part of the real quality in this Pathfinder. That burly tread covers a lithe and sinewy body made of Supertwist cord, with its unapproached vitality and enduring resistance to fatigue.

Goodyear engineers have indeed taken a great forward step in tire-making, by combining so successfully long life and low cost. They have built a tire so good that Goodyear proudly brands it with the Goodyear name and seal.

See this tire at Goodyear Dealers—and go prepared to see a tire which compares with the products of other manufacturers who ask far higher prices. You will find this Pathfinder a true Goodyear through and through.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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and they started on a fairly open trail in the general direction of Puerto Durango.

It was hot work, with insects pestering 'em and creepers tripping 'em. For the most part the jungle was fairly open, but it was so high that they couldn't get a decent compass sight on anything. In some places the jungle had grown over the trail so that they had to scramble through, because they didn't have a machete. That showed that the Indians hadn't been along in quite a time.

Finally Lane noticed that she was limping and asked her what was the matter.

"My leg feels as if somebody had driven a nail in it," she said.

He looked at it and discovered a red swollen patch about the size of a dollar on the calf of her right leg. It was sore to the touch and looked ugly.

"We'll have to keep on going until we can get to a better place to camp," he said.

"All right," said Angela, "I can stand it."

Just then a little monkey comes swinging overhead out of curiosity, and Lane shot it for dinner. They were slogging along until they came to a fairly open patch which looked like a good place to camp. That is, it looked that way until all of a sudden a big boa snake, who'd been sunning himself, woke up and slithered into the bush. Lane looked at Angela, wondering how she was going to take it.

"Somehow," she says with a laugh, "this place doesn't look so good as I thought it did." So they decided to move on, which was lucky, because they came to a platform that some Indians had put up. Also there was a little stream.

Lane emptied the cartridges out of the tin and boiled some water for her leg. They put on hot compresses and iodine from the medicine kit; then Lane fixed the monkey and cooked part of him as a sort of hash mixed with plantain. They agreed it was too dang cannibalistic to eat him broiled. The mosquitoes were getting bad again, so they fixed a smudge under the platform and sat up there like a couple of hams being smoked. When it was good and dark they touched off two more rockets.

Both of 'em were so dead beat that they went off to sleep like a couple of logs, which wasn't so good because the smudge went out and the mosquitoes had a fair banquet When they woke up at dawn they'd been chewed a-plenty, and Angela's leg was sore and puffed. She could just barely hobble about on it. There wasn't any sense in trying to hit the trail with a leg like that, so they ate what was left of last night's chow and thought things over. When it was light enough so that they could look her leg over real carefully, Lane decided he'd better open up the place where the trouble had started and see if he couldn't get some of the poison out. But he had only a pocketknife to do it with.

"I don't care much about being stabbed," she says. "It's not what I'd call having a good time, but if you think it's the best thing to do, go ahead."

First he boiled the knife and then he went out with his rifle and shot a bird, which he brought in still flopping; then he got Angela to lie down on the platform and grab hold of one of the posts and clamp her teeth. He jabbed her twice, crossways and pretty deep, and hacked a piece of warm flesh off the bird's breast, which he slapped on the wound. That started the blood to flowing good. She was pretty weak from it, so he sat beside her, fanning her with a big leaf to keep the flies away, for a couple of hours and let her get some sleep. When she woke up her leg was still as sore as a boil.

They spent the rest of the day there and Lane made her a crutch. He only sent up one rocket that night. Her leg was better the next day, but after walking until noon she was so tuckered out that she couldn't go any farther. They were in a wet jungle basin and they couldn't camp there, so Lane took her pickaback for little spells until they reached higher ground. That was quite a load with all the junk he was carrying.

Both of 'em were so done in that they fell back on their emergency rations.

About the middle of the morning of the next day Lane caved in with chills and fever and it was Angela's turn to be nurse. It was three hours before he could get on his pins again, but he insisted on going ahead. Pretty soon they came to a small stream and he realized that they were on the down side of the range. They made another meal on emergency rations, because Lane was so blousy with fever he couldn't shoot anything; but when morning came he was clear-headed enough to go out and get another wild pig. They spent most of the morning cutting the pig into thin slabs and smoking it, and by the time that was done he had another chill, so they called it a day and spent the night there.

It was the rocket they fired that night that two of my men saw. We had three searching parties, with me in the center one, and runners who knew the country to go between us with messages. Piersoll, with Doctor Gill, the yacht's medico, was waiting in Puerto Durango, ready to come out when we gave him word. Each party had orders as to what progress it was to make every day. It was about noon when a runner from the left caught up with us with the news that a red ball of fire had been seen, and I remembered that Lane had said one time something about carrying rockets in his plane.

I left my party and started off hell-bent, but it was night by the time I caught up with the left. They had no news, but, sure enough, at about nine o'clock we spotted a red flare way off to the east. I figured on the map that it came from the headwaters of the Ogorto River and that Lane, being a pretty wise lad, would be following the river down, knowing that a stream always leads you out.

We cut across just as soon as it was light enough to move and reached a point below them on the river, which was just a mountain creek so high up. We found 'em on a big rock along the creek bed, having the morning chills and fever.

I want to tell you they were sights to behold. Angela's pretty hair was all matted and dirty, her face was blackened from the smudges they'd built and all speckled with insect bites. Her clothes were all torn, and her arms and legs were just as speckled and black as her face. Around her neck she had a sack made from Lane's swimming suit, filled with smoked wild pig. Lane had grown the dangedest-looking beard I've ever seen and his eyes were all sunk in.

By the time I got 'em down the river to a decent place to make camp, Lane was fever drunk and light in the head. So I shot enough quinine into 'em to make 'em hear the birdies sing, and my boys rigged up a couple of hammocks with netting. Angela's temperature was beginning to mount, but before she'd lie down she insisted that she had to wash Lane's face. She wouldn't let anyone else do it.

Finally she turned in and I washed her face and arms for her. Lane had been knocked out by fever once before and so he was the worse off of the two, but both of 'em were sick enough. She was first to wake up and she had to go right away and see how Lane was; then I took her up the river a bit, with some hot water, so she could have a scrub-down.

When I came back to camp Lane was stirring and he wanted to know immediately where Angela was and how she felt. I took him down the river and let him get a bath too. He was pretty wabbly on his legs, but soap and water bucked him up. All the time he was bathing he told me the yarn just as I've told it to you.

"Mr. Davis," he says, "she's a great girl! I'd just as soon be in a jam with her as with any man I've ever known! She's a game kid! With you every minute! Never a peep out of her! Never a squawk!"

"So you don't think she's a brat any more?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 71)

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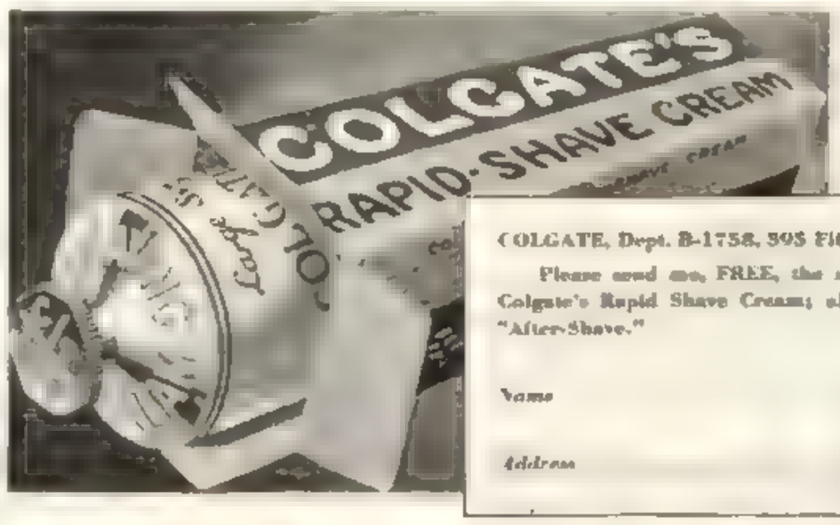


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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 69)

He just gave me a look of disgust. "Forget about that. You don't know what makes a person tick until you get into trouble with 'em."

"Didn't she get ornery even once?" I asked.

"You don't appreciate what sort of a girl she is," said Lane. "I suppose I'm the only person on earth who really does know what she is, because her old man has never given anyone, including herself, a chance to find out before. As Angela puts it, she's always been kept like a prize pup. The truth of it is that she has so much brains and energy and nerve that she has to do something with 'em. If you told Piersoll to spend the rest of his life picking pansies, he'd kick the pansies up by the roots, wouldn't he? Well, that's Angela all over. Just because she's a girl people think she ought to be nothing more than a table decoration."

He was sitting on a rock, soaping himself. Pretty soon he slid into the water and wallowed around for a while. When his head came up he went right on talking, as though I wasn't around and he was talking to himself.

"Yes, sir," he said, "she's one girl in a hundred million. The kind of a girl a man could look for all his life and never find. I've found her and now she's going up north and I'm going to go busting around San Sablo in an aeroplane. That is, I am if I don't get fired for losing my ship."

"You're not going to get fired," I said. "Not as long as I'm on the job. And as for Angela, if you feel that way about her why don't you tell her so?"

"I'd be making a pretty slob of myself, wouldn't I," he said, "asking a girl to marry me on my salary, and live down here in this fireless cooker of a country? But don't let on I said anything about it. Pretty soon she'll go and I'll stay. All I ask is for you to give me more work to do and keep me busy, so I won't have too much time to think about my troubles and get sorry for myself."

I told him to get out of the water before he had a chill and come on back to camp for some decent grub. We went into camp and Angela was there. She was trying to comb the tangles out of her hair and she looked almost human again, except for her dirty dress. She acted as though she hadn't seen Lane for five years.

While the boys were getting dinner ready she got the scissors out of my medicine kit and clipped his beard off; but his hands were so shaky he couldn't shave himself; so I had to do it for him, with her sitting alongside, laughing.

I got them back in their hammocks just as soon as they'd eaten, because I wanted to get off at the crack of dawn and get as far as we could. They had their hammocks strung right close together and they went off to sleep with Lane telling her all about how he was going back to Tenagua with a big party and salvage those two engines, if they were still out of the water.

The next day we reached a point ten miles above Ogorto Pueblo, the first town, before Lane got his chills. Angela was pretty weak in the knees, too, but the quinine had got a grip on her quick enough and she wasn't worse than the day before. I sent a boy down to Ogorto Pueblo and told the alcalde of the settlement to send up six *cayucos*—dugouts. An hour or so later who should bust in on us but Doctor Gill of the Maola. He said that he had been sent on ahead and that Piersoll was following as fast as he could make it. He looked 'em over and seemed plumb disgusted with me because I'd shoveled powdered quinine into 'em on the end of a knife without knowing exactly how much I was giving 'em. But, hell! Quinine's quinine! And I'm no medico.

"The old man's raving," he said. "He's been fuming and cursing himself sick ever since you left, and by the time he gets here he'll be in a mood to shoot Lane and drown Angela, not to speak of firing both of us. Not a lick of work has been done about the railroad and he told Gandarios that the best thing to do with the country was to blow it up with dynamite."

About two hours later, when both Angela and Lane were asleep, Piersoll comes heaving into camp with two natives. He was orey-eyed and dripping with sweat. A trip like that was a tough job on his short legs, not being used to the country.

"She's all right and she's sleeping," Gill told him. "Just a touch of fever."

"And where's the young whelp who got her into this thing?" says Piersoll. "That's the man I want to talk to."

"He's sleeping off his fever," I said. "And if you take my advice you'll be mighty grateful to him for getting her out as well as he has."

"Grateful!" yelped Piersoll. "Grateful! After the days and nights I've spent?"

I didn't know that Angela was awake until she swung out of her hammock and pushed the netting away. She stood up, weak-kneed, and said: "Wait a minute!"

"Angela!" said Piersoll.

"What sort of days and nights do you think we've been spending?" she said. "That's what I'd like to know. And if you've got any bawling out to do, you'd better start right now on me, because when you start on Chris I'm going to have a few things to say."

Believe me, Angela was back in form again! Piersoll's only begotten cub didn't give him a chance to roar once.

"In the first place," she told him, "it was my fault that the plane was wrecked, because I wanted to go for a swim, and in the second place Chris Lane is the finest man I've ever known in my life. When you bawl him out, you bawl me out—and you know how far you'll get with that. Chris and I got into this together, and we were almost out of it together when Mr. Davis came along, and we're going to stick it out together."

"Miss Piersoll," interrupted Doctor Gill, "I think you'd better get back into your hammock."

"Not a chance!" said Angela. "Not until we get this straightened out!" She turned back on Piersoll again: "When Chris wakes up you're going to shake hands with him and thank him."

"I'm what?" squawks Piersoll, getting purple around the gills.

"You're going to be a good scout if it gives you apoplexy," she says. "You may think you're hot and tired, but Chris and I have been hotter and tireder. What's more, you're going to offer Chris a good job up north where he can get the fever out of his system!"

Those two green-eyed brats—one just as bratty as the other—stood there looking daggers. Piersoll's lower jaw was sticking out like a coal scuttle.

"I'll see him burn first!" he snaps.

Just then Lane squirmed in his hammock and let a grunt out of him. Angela jerked around and marched over to him, lifted up the netting and got inside. We could see her talking to him. Pretty soon he got up, rubbing his head, but she made him lie down again.

"And what would you do with a child like that?" Piersoll wanted to know.

I said: "I'd use the same good judgment you use in handling your business. The girl's right. You're hot and tired and you've been worried, and you want to bawl the tar out of someone just to relieve your feelings. Try bawling me out and see how far you get!"

I was kind of sore. Hell's delight! The kids had come through in noble style. Except for a few fever bugs, they weren't any the worse off, and there wasn't any sense in behaving like an old hen.

"So you're siding against me, too, are you?" he asked, savagelike.

"I sure am!" I told him. "And what's more I'm not so pleased as I might be to hear that you've been insulting Gandarios and the country. You'd better go back north and sit behind a mahogany desk where you belong. You do any more muddling around here in San Sablo and I'll put a jinx on you that you'll never forget."

He gave me a look that should have struck me down like lightning.

Then he saw Angela fix the covers around Lane as though he was a baby. She got outside the netting and fixed it so that no flies could get in. She wasn't in any hurry at all. She turned back toward us and went straight up to her old man.

"Before you say anything," she began, "there are a couple of things I'd like to say. All of my life you've tried to make a prize pup out of me and it hasn't worked. I know that you've loved me and felt that nothing was quite good enough for me, and I appreciate it. I know I've caused you a lot of worry because I was dissatisfied and didn't know what to do with myself, and I'm sorry for that. But you get mad and bawl people out, and I get bored and behave like the devil sometimes, and I think that one is just as bad as the other. In the last few days I've discovered something about myself. I'm no prize pup at all, and I never can be. I'm just a plain one-man squaw. When I went over to Chris a few minutes ago I proposed to him because I was afraid he wouldn't propose to me, and I was accepted. We'll go up north with you or we'll stay down here together. That's for you to decide. But please believe every word I've said."

Believe her! You couldn't help but believe her. She was shooting as fast and as straight as Piersoll ever shot in his life, and she was talking his own language. Take it or leave it.

He looked at her for a moment and then he turned to me. "Elmer," he said, "let's go down by the water and have a chew."

We sat and chewed for a while with nothing passing between us.

Finally he said, "What kind of a boy is this Lane?"

"One of the best!" I said.

"Maybe I was wrong," he said.

"Sure you were wrong," I said.

He was quiet for a little bit, and then he said: "Well, it isn't the first time I've been wrong, and I've managed to live through it." He looked over at Angela. She was fussing around Lane, who was awake again, and he called to her.

When she came over he took her hand in his and said: "I guess you win, kid. I'll take you and your young man up north with me and see that he gets a good start. All I'm asking is that you wait six months before you do anything definite."

"That's fair enough," said Angela, and she put her arms around him and kissed him.

Elmer's hands smacked together and he called out in anguish: "Boy! Bo-o-y! Confound these lazy, slab-footed —— Boy, bring us some more ice." The boy departed and Elmer sighed. "Yes, sir, they were a pair, Angela and her old man. One was just as ornery as the other."

"What eventually happened to Angela and Lane?" I asked.

"Oh, they got hooked," he responded, without much interest. "I never could see much sense in getting married, but I suppose it works out with some people. Maybe she was right about being a one-man squaw. Piersoll, in his last letter, said that Lane certainly has the Indian sign on her and that she does everything he tells her. The old man's going to be a grandfather pretty soon and he's tickled pink. And Lane is assistant general manager of the Piersoll Steamship Line. That's where his navy training comes in handy. But for my part there isn't anything that Piersoll could offer me that'd make me want to leave San Sablo. We're going to have the grandest fiesta this country's ever seen when we open the railroad to San Fernando. Twelve bulls from Spain and an imported bullfighter; five thousand dollars—gold!—worth of fireworks and free rides for all hands and the ship's cook back and forth across the peninsula."

The boy came and Elmer poured.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it's a right pleasant country down here for men, but it's no place for the ladies."


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# DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

# NOTHING OVER TEN CENTS

(Continued from Page 15)

them—the Star of Burma, the Borikoff sapphire, De Graaf XX, and others in an impressive list. He was prepared for it in a way through having seen the pendant of Sarah Struthers. Except that that pendant under the plating consisted of raw brass, and the stone in it of red glass, the two were as like as chromo and Corot.

"What do you think of the stone?" asked Detective Lieutenant Cooke.

Donovan fingered the gem appraisingly, measuring by his touch the coolness of it, the heaviness of it, the peculiar smoothness of it; then, holding it to the light, he turned it from side to side and from end to end.

"One can't tell from mere inspection, of course; but I call it a gem ruby. Have you put a dichroscope on it?"

Certain gems, such as ruby and tourmaline, appear differently colored when viewed in different directions. In the case of ruby the colors are two shades of red, the one deep, the other lighter. Other gems, such as spinel and garnet, the red varieties of which resemble ruby, show only the one color no matter how viewed. Jewelers sometimes use an optical instrument called a dichroscope to emphasize these differences. Some of the spinels have the value of rubies. The garnets, though often as beautiful, are more common, and therefore have little value as gems.

"First thing I did. It's ruby."

"Chinese characters, she told me. I don't see any Chinese characters."

"This bird Krakow spoke of them too. The stone is a little rough on the back. I don't see anything Chinese about it. Just something in the stone they didn't polish out."

"Yes," said Donovan in his softest voice.

"Land on something?" asked the officer.

"Me? Why?"

"You look a little scared."

"Hardly that. Startled. I've just seen something I should have seen before. Why I didn't, I don't know."

"What kind of a something? Something in the stone?"

"That roughness on the back is what's left of an engraved inscription, just as she said, except that it isn't Chinese."

"Might be, at that. I suppose a ruby might have engraving on it. Other stones do."

"In these modern days, lieutenant. But when this engraving was done, cutting rubies was not so easy."

"I don't know as I ever saw an engraved ruby," said the officer. "Emeralds, yes, but not rubies."

Donovan did not reply, but stood looking down upon the gem. After a moment the detective remarked his silence.

"You're not thinking about how hard rubies are to engrave. You're thinking about something else. Me, I'm only a pawnshop expert. I can tell a ruby from a red garnet or red glass, but that's as far as I go. You've landed on something that I missed What is it you see?"

His companion smiled. "How old was that Apache who killed that English countess last year?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Garoche? He was twenty-two."

"Was her husband living, do you remember?"

"Her husband was Earl Barlow. Certainly. Why?"

"It bears on what I'm about to say." Again Donovan smiled a little absently. "You were able to tell me offhand the details of a murder case I had forgotten. Why? Because the facts were part of your professional knowledge. Let me ask you another question. What do you think the value is of this ruby?"

"It's big, all right. I wouldn't know. Probably as much as my car, or even my house."

"What should you say if I told you it's one of the largest known—I mean, of its quality?"

"I'd say you were over my head."

"Notice its color, lieutenant. That red is the exact shade most valued in rubies. The Siamese call it pigeon's-blood. The famous Yi-ti-hsieh, or One Drop of Blood, formerly owned by Madame Yen Tsung-chu, is of that color. It was donated, you may remember, to the fund for the flood sufferers in China."

"I can see it has a wonderful color."

"This is what I'm getting at. Such rubies in the smaller sizes are not uncommon, but even then they are valued above the finest of diamonds. Is this ruby merely one of these small rubies thickened? It is not. It has a quality they lack. If they were as large their color would not be pigeon's-blood at all but a darker color."

"I can see that, too," said the officer. "I have a red glass vase at home. The color in the thick parts is darker than that in the thin, and yet it's the same glass."

"This ruby is old, and it is large and fine. Wouldn't you expect a gem of its importance to be well known in the trade? Wouldn't you expect that a man like me ought to name it instantly, even from a description?"

"Not when it's disguised in a plated setting. I don't always know a yegg when I see him."

"Why, the engraving alone would identify that ruby! Look at it closely, lieutenant."

Donovan handed the stone to the officer.

"I'll show you. I know the details of it just as you knew the details of that French murder case. If you get the light on it right you will see two characters, one over the other. See them? They're plainly not Chinese—the Chinese character is built up of brush strokes. Ever see letters like them?"

"They're not Yiddish," said Cooke. "They're not Polish or Greek. They're over my head."

"Those characters are the letters B and A of the alphabet that wise men call the Devanagari. It's one of the oldest in India. Modern Hindu scholars generally use it in writing Sanskrit. The odd thing about them here is that they stand for two old Pali words, although none of the ancient Pali scribes used this particular alphabet. Pali is the sacred language of Buddha."

Donovan chuckled at the expression upon the officer's face.

"Who and where?" asked Cooke.

"Pali? India. Who used it? The old Buddhist priests. It is believed that this ruby was a temple offering from some wealthy prince. Later the temple may have been looted by soldiers or bandits. But that's just a guess."

"What were the words?"

Again Donovan chuckled over his show of scholarship.

"The B stands for *Buddhassa* and the A for *Atthâya*, meaning 'For the sake of Buddha.' It's an old Buddhist phrase. The complete sentence runs: *Buddhassa atthâya jîvitam pariccajâmi*, meaning: 'For the sake of Buddha I will lay down my life.'"

"You've been carrying this ruby around in your pocket, professor. That's how you have all this dope on it."

"On the contrary, this is the first time I've ever seen it. But I've known about it for years. I may have slipped up on some of that Pali, but I haven't on the ruby. Jean Condé, the jeweler, owned it, the last I heard. When I was in Paris three years ago he offered to show it to me, but it had been sent to a prospective buyer and I left before its return."

"Sold to him, maybe."

"That is possible."

"Sold, and then stolen."

"No theft of it has been reported, lieutenant."

"How else did it ever get into old Krakow's hands?"

"I wonder," said Donovan.

"Anyhow, the girl couldn't have owned it. She'd have to be worth how much?"

"Condé was asking eighty-five thousand for it," said Donovan.

"Francs?"

"Dollars. That would bring its price in this country, after the duty was paid, to a hundred thousand at the least."

"She hasn't a bean. She's a filing clerk for Bolz & Irish, or was until today. Just now she hasn't even a job. When they found out, they fired her."

"Too bad," said Donovan. "As you say, I suppose she couldn't have owned it."

"Out of the question," repeated the officer.

"Quite."

The jewel expert smiled into the detective lieutenant's puzzled eyes. Then, taking up the ruby, he again inspected it carefully, first the stone, then the setting. When he was through he laid it softly on the desk

"And the odd thing is, my company insured that ruby for her only this morning. Now I have the job of treating her as a client."

III

ALL roads lead to Rome, if you are a Roman. All roads lead to New York. All roads lead to Chicago. But after you reach Rome or New York or Chicago, unless you already know, where do all roads lead then? To the Quirinal? To Times Square? To Wacker Drive? Try a few roads and see.

Donovan left the bureau without seeing Sarah Struthers; he had no further questions to ask her at the moment, and no particular advice to give her. But upon reaching his office he looked up Colonel O'Day, his chief in Redelos; to whom he now impatiently explained what had happened.

"What!" cried O'Day. "That little clerk?"

"The Buddhassa ruby," repeated Donovan. "I'm as sure of it as I am that I'm talking to you."

"It isn't possible," said O'Day.

"Don't I know?"

"Why, man! It's worth ——"

"A hundred thousand, and probably more," said Donovan. "We all know it's impossible. Yet the girl had it hid in her room. To call her a thief doesn't explain her having it. Even if it did, I couldn't believe she stole it."

"Does she know its value?"

"No remotest idea of it."

"She's a filing clerk, you told me."

"Was, colonel. She is not now. Cooke had to telephone over to verify her story, and her firm discharged her."

"She's lucky to be living at home," said O'Day.

"Lucky?" Donovan exploded. "Cooke said her stepfather acted like a beast. I'm going back, just to see. He runs a rooming house out north in the vaudeville belt."

"You do that," said O'Day. "As for this man Krakow, you're not going to let that crooked fence walk off with that ruby just for the claiming of it, are you, Donovan?"

"I'll take care of Krakow," said Donovan.

"Fine! I'll send somebody over to see the girl."

Donovan had entered O'Day's office a busy man. Upon leaving it he tipped his hat to trouble and became a man of leisure.

"Set me down at the nearest Wolge store," he told the driver of his taxicab.

"Twenty-five cents to a dollar? That store?"

"Nothing over ten cents," said Donovan.

"Yes, sir. On State Street."

He found his counter without the asking of a question. Costume jewelry likes to live near the front door, where it can be seen. Nor did he have to ask for ruby pendants. A great trayful of them stood in the open, plucking at his sleeve. The baubles looked their best, heaped up thus, red against red, each warming its fire upon that of its neighbor, like a bed of coals in a grate; but as Sarah Struthers had noticed earlier, taken one by one they showed minute differences in quality. The differences were unimportant, but he selected one of the more perfect, paid for it, saw it thrust down the throat of an envelope, and bore it away.

"There's another Wolge store on the avenue," he told his driver. "Take me there."

Again he sought the optical center of the room where the costume jewelry bloomed, but this time no trayful of heaped-up rubies plucked at his sleeve. No pendants even remotely resembling the one he had just bought were to be seen—not set with rubies, nor yet with emeralds for stones, nor with sapphires, nor amethysts, nor aquamarines.

"I bought a costume pendant at a Wolge store some time ago," he explained to the salesgirl between customers. "I'd like to buy another like it."

The reply came with a sweep of the hand, smiling, respectful. "These are what we have, sir."

"Have you none set with rubies?"

"Only what you see," replied the girl.

"I'll show you what I mean," Donovan persisted, dragging forth the ruby pendant he had just bought.

"We haven't had any like that for more than two weeks," said the girl. "We did have, but we haven't now."

"Sold out?"

"Withdrawn. We keep changing our stock all the time. Try State Street."

"Take me to another," Donovan directed, when he had again found his taxi.

Again he learned that the pendant he sought was not now to be purchased at that place.

"We haven't carried pendants like that for over a month," the salesgirl told him. "We did carry them, but don't now."

"Why is that? Couldn't you sell them?"

"We sold a lot of them."

"Cleaned out?" he asked.

"Withdrawn," said the girl. "Try State Street."

He carried his inquiry two steps farther; but in each case the pendant was not to be had, and in each case it had at one time been carried. "Not for six weeks," the one clerk told him. "Not for more than two months," the other clerk told him.

"Didn't they sell?" he asked.

"We sold bushels of them. Our stock is always changing."

"No good," he said to his driver. "They've been on sale for two months that I know of, and probably longer. Millions are in use with not one failure reported. Take me now to the Haskell Building I'll be a little longer inside, but wait for me."

"Haskell Building," replied the other.

"Seventh floor," said Donovan, as the elevator ascended.

The man he sought here was a jeweler named Lescaut, at one time with Leavitt & Chapin, but now in business for himself. Donovan knew him well.

"Lescaut," he began, "will you do a touch of wheel engraving for me on this glass ruby? I want two characters touched in on the back. Just touched, Lescaut. So light you would hardly see them."

"What characters?" asked the jeweler.

"I'll show you."

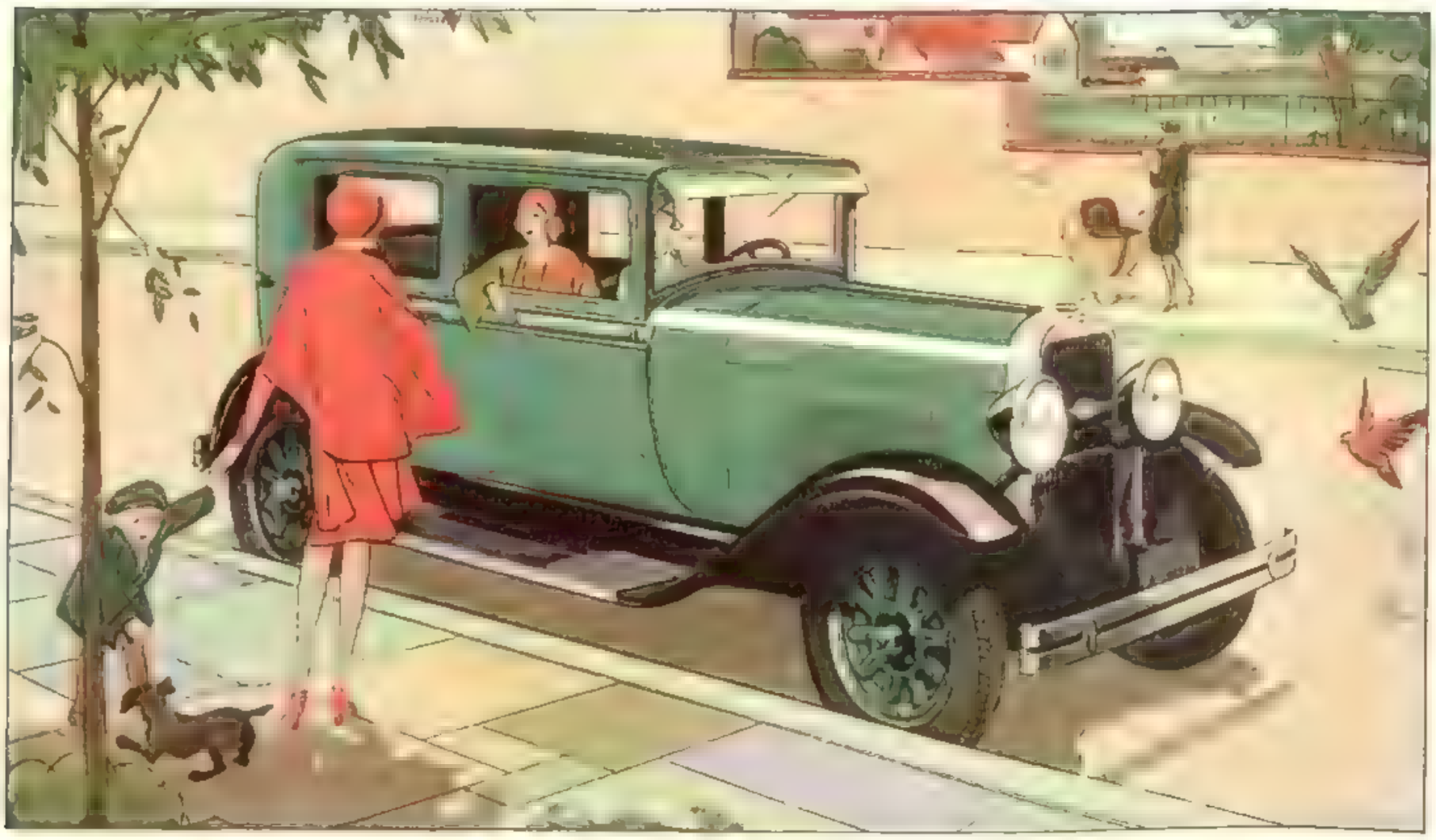
Snatching up a used envelope, he drew the characters in pencil on the back.

"The first is like this. A horizontal line, so, a vertical line downward from the right end, so; and in the angle this narrow cipher, so, with a bar across it. Below this character I want another. Begin with a horizontal line, so; with a vertical line downward, so, from the right end. Join these strokes through the angle with a curve, so, fringed with three little slashes like these Just the two characters. They're

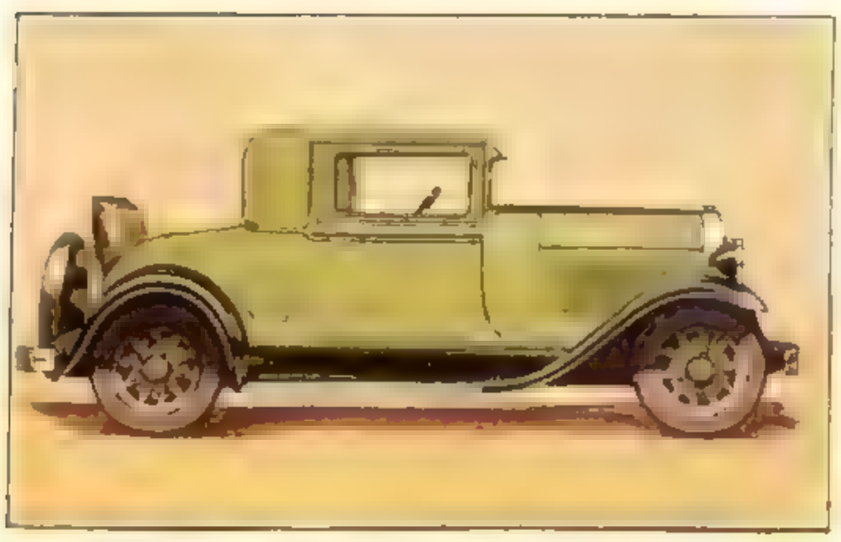
(Continued on Page 76

# EIGHT SMART

## *A Variety of Equipment Combinations*



*Two-door Sedan $875**



SPORT COUPE $945*

*This emblem identifies the fine car of low price.*

Oldsmobile gives you a choice of twenty-four different models, open and enclosed, with a variety of seating arrangements, a variety of equipment, and a variety of color combinations. Among them you are sure to find a car which will exactly suit your requirements. Oldsmobile prices range from $875 to $1175.

This wide selection of body styles in a car of low price is one of the reasons why Oldsmobile is sweeping to new heights of popularity in every section of the country. But contributing in even greater measure to Oldsmobile's tremendous nationwide success are its sturdy, dependable chassis—smooth, powerful engine—luxurious comfort—and voguish style.

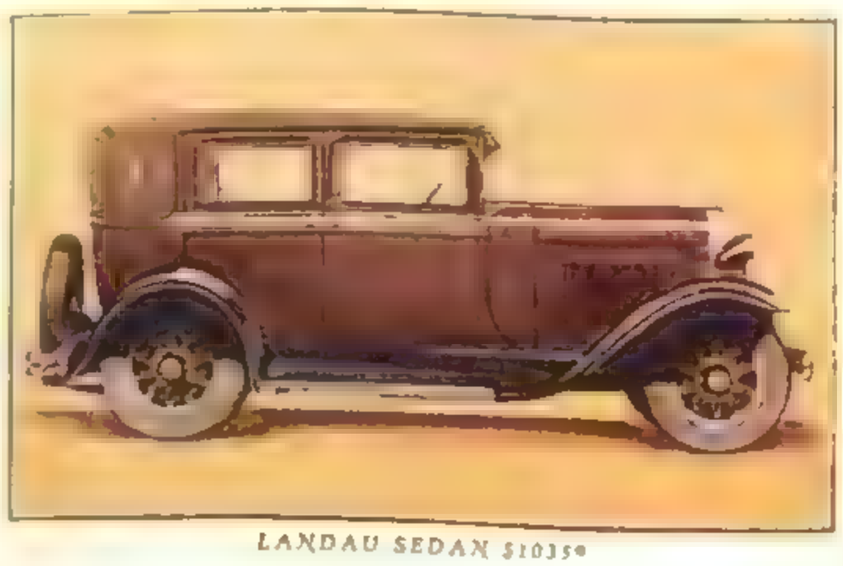
This finer Oldsmobile combines many diversified qualities in splendidly balanced unity. It is designed to do all things well.

The big 62-horsepower engine provides brilliant all-round performance. It delivers its abundant power in a steady, effortless flow. Quick response to the throttle results in dashing getaway and swift, sure acceleration in high gear. There is speed to fulfill every desire, and endurance to maintain a fast pace, mile after mile, all day long.

Dependability and long life consistent with its fine performance have been engineered into the Oldsmobile chassis. Fine car standards of quality and workmanship have been maintained throughout every detail of chassis construction.

Oldsmobile is an easy car to drive, either in traffic or on the open road. Easy gear-shift and clutch action, a short turning radius, fingertip steering, and engine flexibility simplify city driving and parking. Its smooth, quiet, quick-acting four-wheel brakes require very little pressure to operate. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with specially-designed springs, assure restful riding comfort.

Oldsmobile's smartly styled bodies by Fisher are staunchly built of strong hardwood and steel. Fabric beading, used where metal would otherwise meet metal, eliminates body squeaks. Fisher standards of quality



LANDAU SEDAN $1035*

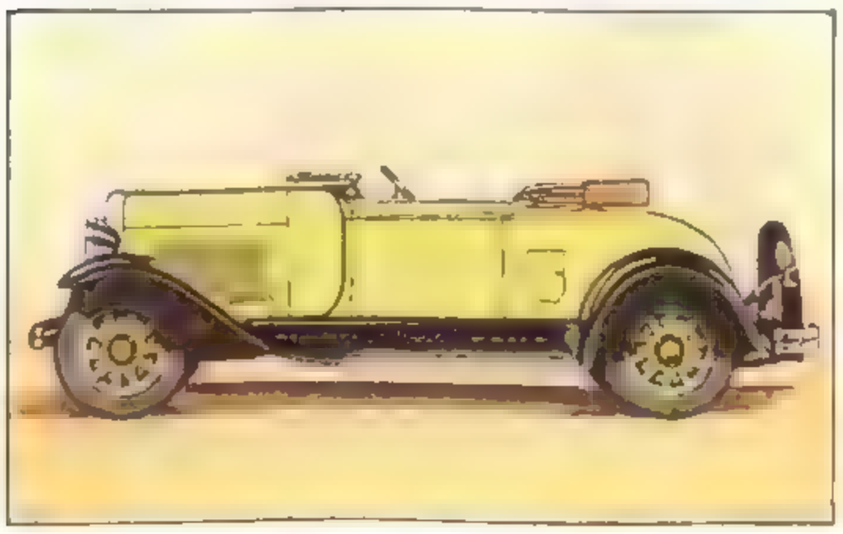
OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF

# BODY STYLES

and workmanship assure long and satisfactory service.

Interiors are spacious and comfortable, with plenty of head room and leg room. Seats are wide, deep-cushioned, and form-fitting. Upholsteries and appointments are rich in quality and tasteful in design. The steering wheel is adjustable, and the driver's seat, in closed models, may be regulated to suit the driver's individual preference. All instruments—including gasoline gauge, temperature gauge, speedometer, ammeter, and oil pressure gauge—are mounted under one glass on a handsome panel, and are indirectly illuminated. Closed models are equipped with the Fisher vision-ventilating windshield, which may be easily raised or lowered with one hand.



SPORT ROADSTER $945*

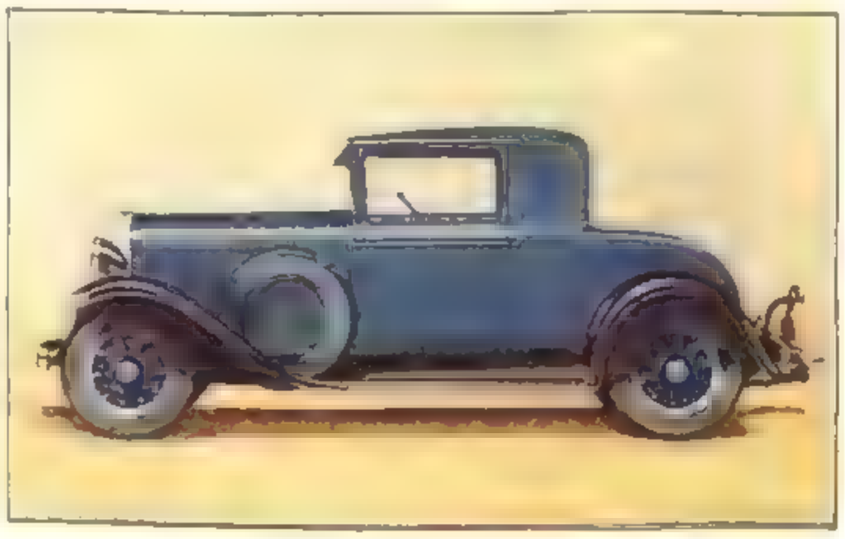
Eight smart body styles are available on the Oldsmobile chassis—Two-door Sedan, Four-door Sedan, Landau Sedan, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Convertible Roadster, Sport Roadster, and Phaeton.

The Two-door Sedan provides roomy comfort for five passengers. It is especially popular in families where there are small children, because of the completely enclosed rear compartment.

The Four-door five-passenger Sedan is considered by many the ideal family car. Its full-width, deep-cushioned seats assure restful riding comfort. Door interiors are embellished with integral panel treatments.

The Landau Sedan furnishes complete travel luxury. Its smart exterior is matched by a wealth of interior refinements, including walnut panelings and cushioned arm-rests for rear seat passengers.

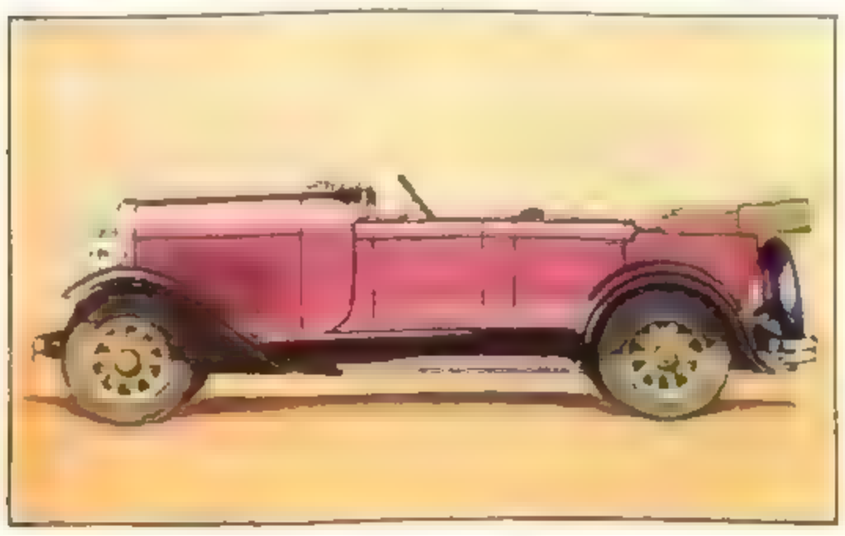
The Coupe is an excellent car for business, professional, or personal use. Among its outstanding advantages are extra-width doors, parcel shelf behind the seat, and commodious luggage compartment beneath the rear deck.



COUPE $885*
Special equipment shown in illustration, extra

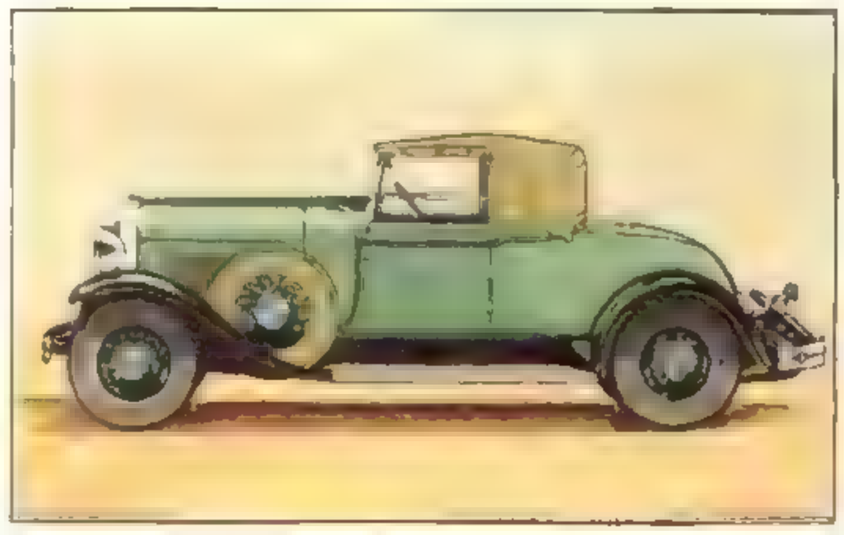
The Sport Coupe is beautifully finished inside and out. The rear quarter panels are of metal, and the rear window lowers for free communication with passengers in the deck seat. A space for golf clubs or luggage is easily accessible through a side locker door.

The Convertible Roadster, just introduced, is an entirely new body style, as well as a new Oldsmobile model. With top down, it is a stylish open roadster. With top up and side panels raised, it becomes a snug, comfortable, fully enclosed coupe. The slanted windshield may be turned down over the dash—an unusual feature in a convertible car. There is a rear deck seat to accommodate two extra passengers.



PHAETON $945*

The Sport Roadster is a low-swung, rakish car—providing superlative smartness and flashing performance. The rear deck seat is fully cushioned and trimmed. The door to the luggage compartment is conveniently located at the side. The top is weatherproof and easy to raise or lower. Full-vision side curtains are rigidly mounted and may be used with top down.



CONVERTIBLE ROADSTER $1045*
De Luxe equipment, shown in illustration, extra

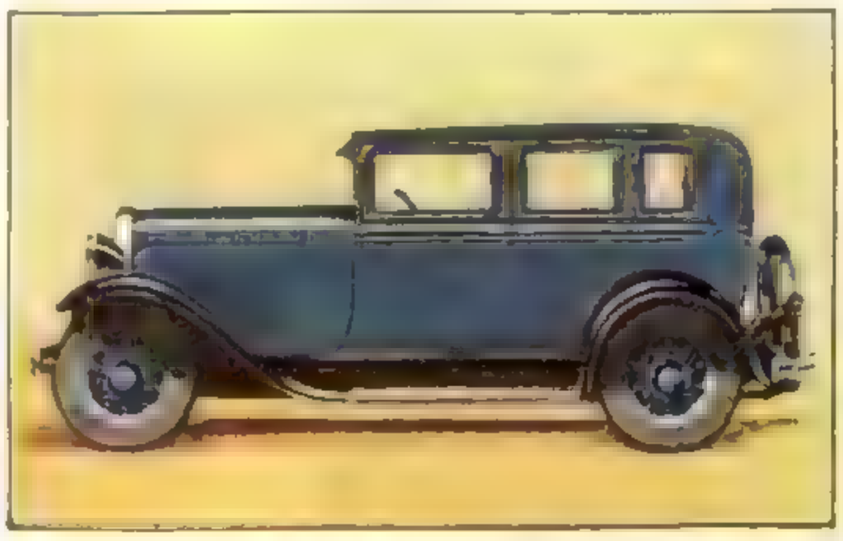
The Phaeton combines open-car spirit and style with seating capacity for five passengers. It is upholstered in genuine leather. The top is smartly tailored and permits clear vision with side curtains in place. As in all Oldsmobile open models, the one-piece windshield folds down over the dash.

In addition to these Standard models, Oldsmobile provides a complete line of eight Special models and eight De Luxe models at slightly higher prices.

Special equipment includes two spare tires, tubes, and rims, mounted in fender wells with special locking and holding device, bumpers front and rear, and trunk platform.

De Luxe equipment includes six wire wheels, six tires and tubes, bumpers front and rear, trunk platform, and chromium-plated headlamps. The two spare wheels are securely mounted in fender wells with a special holding and locking device.

Your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer will be glad to give you complete information about any of the models described above. Visit his showroom. Inspect this finer Oldsmobile. Drive it yourself. Make critical comparisons with other cars in its field. No matter which body style you select, you will find it eminently satisfactory in appearance, performance, comfort, and interior finish—and an unrivaled value at the price.



FOUR-DOOR SEDAN $975*

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

* * *

OBILE

GENERAL MOTORS

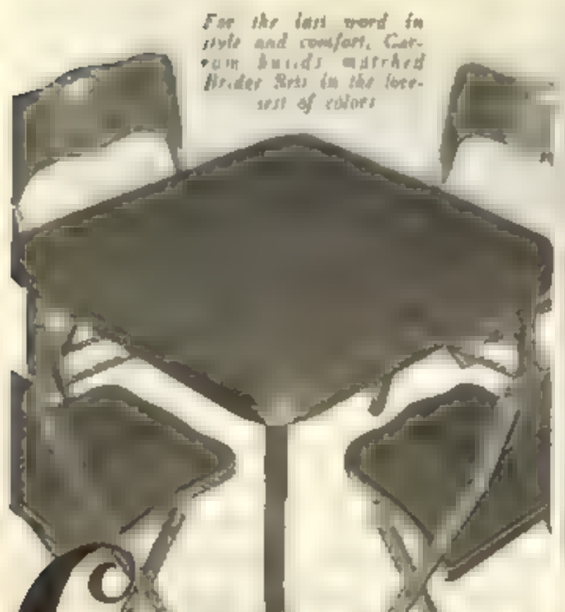
**All prices f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare tire and bumpers extra on standard models. Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Oldsmobile delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.*

At Home with Fine Furniture

NOW that the useful folding table has become such an important adjunct to our social affairs, we can no longer gloss over its infirmities. Style has stepped in to decree that the flimsy, tawdry card table is an outcast. We must have the kind that clothe their utility with smart beauty. Anticipating all this, Carrom long since set about to add the deft touches and refinements to its tables that have made them so welcome in fastidious homes. Sturdy and well behaved, these handy tables are at perfect ease in the company of fine furniture. If you have admired them in the homes of those who lead socially, you'll be glad to know that these good-looking tables are inexpensively priced at all good dealers. To identify them, simply look for the "Carrom" nameplate underneath the top.

The Carrom Company

LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN




Carrom

FOLDING TABLES

AND FOLDING CHAIRS TO MATCH

At Home With Fine Furniture

(Continued from Page 73)

ancient letters. Can you do them for me while I wait?"

"To do them right I'd have to have more time, Mr. Donovan," replied Lescaut.

"Careful work isn't needed. Anything will do."

"I'll try it," said the other.

When Donovan again had the ruby pendant in his keeping the glass gem bore upon its back certain ripples so shallow they could hardly be seen. Held to catch the light, these resembled somewhat the Sanskrit letters upon the Buddhassa ruby.

"Fine!" said Donovan. "Now I want to create a small round flaw in the plating. A drop of aqua regia would do it."

Aqua regia is a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids, chiefly interesting because of its ability to dissolve gold and platinum, which are not affected by any other acids, or by either of these taken singly

"Haven't any," said Lescaut. "Not even the makings."

"A touch of quicksilver, then, to form an amalgam with the gilding. There isn't enough gold there to get soft. It would make a good-enough spot."

"All I have is in buttons already, Mr. Donovan. Not a drop of free quicksilver left."

"Plating solution?"

"Yes, I have that."

"Use a drop of solution on it and deplate it," said Donovan.

"Stopping off the rest with varnish?"

"That isn't necessary. Run a positive wire to the setting and touch the negative wire to the solution. If you flattened out the end of the wire you'd have a broader cathode. One cell, two cells—any voltage you're using will do."

"We can try it," said Lescaut.

Donovan showed him where he wished the gilding removed. The jeweler dipped a toothpick into a tiny jar and touched the adhering drop of liquid to the spot. Then, holding the positive wire from his battery in his left hand and the negative wire in his right, he made contact with the metal setting with the one and with the liquid with the other. The solution instantly fell into commotion; whereupon as much of the gilding as lay beneath it melted away into nothingness.

When he again had the pendant in its envelope, and the envelope in his pocket, and was back on street level, Donovan directed his driver to take him to the house of Falling, importers of the finer precious stones

"You needn't wait," he said here, paying his bill. "I may be detained."

Upon reaching the heart of the great store he inquired for John Falling, head of the firm

"I will not send in my name," Donovan told the clerk. "But you might take him this note."

The note of which he spoke, written upon a sheet of scratch paper in the clerk's presence, consisted of the two Sanskrit characters he had just had engraved upon the ruby pendant. He drew them from memory—this time in ink—blotted them, folded the sheet, gave it over.

"He will know. If he doesn't, no matter."

"Will there be a reply?" asked the clerk.

"I will wait for it," said Donovan.

The reply arrived from the lips of John Falling himself. The jeweler appeared in his door and beckoned. Donovan crossed to greet him.

"Come inside," said Falling. And when the caller had taken the chair indicated: "What's this note you sent me?"

"Don't you know?"

"It's Sanskrit, but what does it mean?"

"Read it again," said Donovan.

"Copied from a picture of the Buddhassa ruby," said Falling to that, without glancing further at the sheet. "I am not much impressed by mystery."

"Mystery, Falling?" Donovan laid before him the lettered pendant. "What mystery do you mean? I called to show you a pendant that caught my eye."

The jeweler pounced upon the envelope, pressed back the infolded flap, looked inside, shook out the pendant upon his palm; then, seeing what he held, he narrowed his eyes. "Where did you get this, Donovan?" he asked sharply.

"I bought it in a Wolge ten-cent store."

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps an hour. Quite recently."

"It's forged!" Falling snapped.

"Not forged, I think. Copied. I had to ask somebody something without asking it. You have given me my answer."

"What answer have I given you?" demanded the jeweler.

Donovan did not reply, but said: "I'm here on behalf of a client, not of myself."

"And I. If that is what you have learned ——"

"My client is under arrest," said Donovan. "Yours is not. My client has neither money nor friends. Yours has both."

"Go on."

"My client was arrested for stealing the Buddhassa ruby."

"For stealing it from whom?" asked Falling.

"A fence named Pete Krakow, out Wentworth way."

"And didn't she steal it?"

"She did not. She bought it with money she had earned."

"Where?" asked Falling.

"In a five-and-ten-cent store in State Street, where I bought the one under your hand. But I have only her word for that. In reality it isn't possible."

"Highly unlikely," said Falling.

"That's another reason why I'm here."

The jeweler weighed the statement; then, seeing in it an implication, he asked shortly: "Why do you think I'm interested in her purchases?"

Donovan smiled. "No reason; but I thought you might be interested in—Krakow."

"Krakow?"

"The man who had my client arrested. Since he has witnesses to prove that she stole the ruby, and she has none to prove that she bought it, he'll get the ruby."

"I see," said Falling.

"She should have bought it of you, but she lacked the money. Instead she bought it of Wolge. Now she must pay through the nose."

"What can I do?" asked Falling.

Donovan looked at the desk, the rug on the floor, the pictures on the wall, but did not reply.

"What can either of us do, if he has the proof?"

"Nothing," said Donovan then.

Replacing his pendant in its envelope, he pushed back his chair and rose.

"We're trying to keep this girl from staying in jail overnight," he said, "and I'm a little busy. If you change your mind about—Krakow—give me a ring."

"May I borrow this pendant of yours?"

"Certainly. That's what it's for."

"I may give you a ring after all," said Falling.

## IV

THE girl was only a filing clerk, and small for her age. Donovan had told no one of the Pali markings upon the ruby, except as has been stated. Yet he found upon reaching the detective bureau that not a newspaper in the city but had reporters waiting, and in most cases photographers as well. Even the motion pictures had sent out a platoon of cameramen.

"What do you wish me to do?" the state's attorney had asked.

"Couldn't we get at the facts quicker and more quietly through a police quiz?" Donovan had suggested.

"Suits me. Can't be there myself, but I appoint you my technical assistant. You may have my man Gray to help you. Cooke too. Tell Cooke what you want."

"I want Pete Krakow," said Donovan.

"Krakow will be present if we have to send the wagon for him, and you can tell him I said so."

Krakow was present, as Donovan instantly saw. One of the three men with him he recognized as a lawyer; the other two he did not know.

He also wanted John Falling, but he had not spoken of that want.

"You can count on my presence," Falling had said when he telephoned. "I may bring a friend to see the ruby."

Donovan had assured him that the session would be short. "No publicity whatever," he had said.

No publicity, with these reporters at the door? He glanced into the room, as has been said, and passed on without being seen by anyone who knew him.

"What's that mob doing outside?" he asked, when he had found the door he sought

"We're worried by the same reporters," replied Cooke. "It looks like a first-page story, but about what we pause to inquire, I say it's the hundred-thousand-dollar ruby the girl hid out on Pete Krakow. What else? But Gray here says not."

"Just a fancy ruby wouldn't draw that house," Gray pointed out. "Besides, who would have tipped it off? Not Cooke. Not me. You may have done so, but I doubt it. Not Krakow. He hates light like a cockroach. Not the girl."

"I didn't," said Donovan. "How much do they know? What are they here to get?"

"That's the funny part of it. They don't know one thing. They don't know why they're here. They were just sent."

John Falling appeared as they were talking, accompanied by a man in a tweed suit whom he did not introduce. O'Day came in with them. Cooke sent one policeman for the girl and another for Krakow.

"He has his lawyer with him," he explained to Donovan. "How about it? Let him ride?"

"Oh, yes!"

Miss Sarah Struthers, filing clerk, was not the type of woman to have impressed a jury. She had no tricks of tears, and yet her eyes were red from weeping. She had gathered up her hair too firmly under her little hat. She had forgotten to powder her insignificant nose. She slipped into the room without seeing a person in it, slinkingly, overwhelmed with shame, with head bowed and eyes directed at the floor.

Donovan began with her, leading her gently past the facts that have been narrated. When she told where she had bought the pendant and how much she had paid for it, the man with Falling whispered something to O'Day.

"You took the stone to this Chinese scholar to have the inscription read," said Donovan a little later. "Did you tell anyone in that store where you lived?"

"Certainly not."

"How did this man who caused your arrest find you?"

"I don't know."

"Did you not tell someone there that Charley Sung sent you?"

"Yes, sir, I did; and I told him why."

"And Charley Sung knows your address?"

"He must, because he delivers our washing," said the girl.

That explained Krakow's tracking of her. Donovan had known that she was not followed, for he had watched her out of sight from a front window to make sure. Krakow's knowledge where to find her had puzzled him.

Another fact that had puzzled him became cleared under his questions. The girl had told him she had lost the gem, and yet it had been uncovered in her room. She had forgotten, she said, that on her way to his office she had turned aside to look at some gloves. She had found it in the glove store.

Later still he asked her: "Why do you no longer live with your stepfather, Miss Struthers?"

"He put me out because I was arrested."

"Are you employed?"

"No, sir. I did work for Bolz & Irish, but they discharged me because I was arrested."

(Continued on Page 78

*With every spoonful*

# "There's a Reason"

*right on the tip of your tongue*

*Not only by itself, but in combination with other foods, Grape-Nuts is delightful. Try the delicious recipes on the package.*

THAT'S A REASON

*Grape-Nuts stands by you! With milk or cream, it supplies nourishment you need to keep going strong till luncheon.*

THAT'S A REASON

*Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley—golden grains, plump with precious food elements your body needs for perfect health.*

THAT'S A REASON

*Children's teeth need exercise as much as their growing bodies. Crisp, crunchy Grape-Nuts encourages thorough chewing—giving little folks' teeth and jaws a chance to develop as they should.*

THAT'S A REASON

Delicately tinged with rich malt sugar—these crisp, crunchy, golden-brown kernels are an inspiration to appetite. Nut-like in flavor—there's nothing else quite like them. Nothing else quite so good.

THAT'S A REASON

# Grape-Nuts

*Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow*

© 1929 P

*"I see you've been buying some new tires, Dave."*

*"New tires? No, those are the same Kelly-Springfields that came on the car when it was delivered eight months ago."*

(Continued from Page 76)

"One more question and I'm through: Why the second pendant, if you already had the one? You have already told me. Please tell me again."

"I bought the first because the stone was pretty. The setting had a bad spot on it, but I liked the stone so much I bought it anyhow. Then when I looked at it that night I liked it so much I picked out another in a perfect setting, so as to change it over. But now I can't."

As the girl rose, Donovan turned to her accuser. Krakow preferred his corner; but he shuffled forward into the light, where he identified the pendant as his own.

"How long have you had it?" was the first question to be asked him.

"Over six weeks. It's a Chinese. You can see the words on the back if you turn it right. I bought it from a Chinese who got it from a general in the Chinese army."

"How did you happen to lose it?" asked Donovan then.

"This dame floats into my store when I'm out, see? Have we got a moonstone? So my man Crishy, here with me now, lifts out a tray, me being away. Then she says she'll let him know later. How she done it I don't know. Crishy never seen a thing. She'd of pulled it off, but she stopped at Luey On Sing's place to sell it quick, because it had Chinese on it, and I happened to be in there and seen it."

"Why did you not claim it on the spot?" asked Donovan. "No matter. You didn't. The important fact is, you had this girl arrested. I'm through. You can go back to your crack."

Krakow shrugged his shoulders insensitively. Donovan glanced toward John Falling, who sprang to his feet without waiting for the request. Perhaps he had never before stood so close to a thug of the cockroach class, and the sight affected his mind. A decent man has decent instincts.

"Let me, Donovan!" he begged.

Donovan nodded acceptingly. "I believe I will, now, for the sake of everybody concerned."

A blow does not consist of five acts and twenty-six scenes, like the tragedy of King Lear. One moment it has not been struck; the next, it has been. Falling crossed to the desk, took up the pendant and looked it over, not carelessly but point by point. Then he launched his blow.

"That's the pendant," said Donovan. "Have you seen it before?"

"I have," came the calm reply. "I remember it distinctly. I ought to. I imported it."

It was not Krakow after all, but Krakow's lawyer, who felt the sting of the words. Springing to his feet, he defended his client after his kind.

"Who is this man?" he cried out. "We have a right to know!"

"Who is John Falling?" Donovan smiled his contempt and turned again to the jeweler. "How long ago was this, Mr. Falling?"

"About an even year."

"Is the pendant a valuable one?"

"It dates back I should say a thousand years, possibly longer. The ruby in it is one of the famous stones of the world. I bought it for a wealthy customer."

"Can you tell me his name?"

"He kindly gives me permission. Mr. Samuel Wolge bought it. Mr. Wolge is in this room with me. I think he will be glad to tell you its later history."

The man introduced as Samuel Wolge grinned like a boy, crossed diffidently to the desk, took up the pendant, rubbed it between the shoulders with his square thumb, sighed, laid it down again. Like Falling, he remained on his feet. He seemed to be in high good humor.

"Now I have you," said Donovan.

"So you're Donovan. I've heard of you. Tell that lawyer I'm in the five-and-ten-cent business too. Certainly. The Wolge stores, all over the map."

"I didn't expect the reporters so soon," Donovan could not resist saying.

Wolge looked at him curiously. "Why not?"

"You haven't sold all of your pendants."

"Try buying one!"

"Withdrawn!"

"An hour ago. You crowded me a little, but we're here. The story can break any time we say. We'll give the pendant part, with the ruby and all that, to the morning papers, and the lucky-buyer part to the evening. I forgot. Now I'm crowding you. Sorry. Ask me any questions you like."

"For the sake of the girl," said Donovan.

Wolge knew the pendant, he said: he had asked Falling to buy it for him. Why? An advertising idea. The idea had arrived first; it was Falling who suggested the Buddhassa ruby to carry it out

"So I bought it and took it to the right man and had him copy the pattern for my stores. I had him leave off the lettering. It would have cost too much to do right, and I couldn't see any point in this Pali stuff for our trade. When the stock was delivered I took the original to Falling and had it gilded exactly like the copies. Brass? This pendant? Good gold! You can gild gold. Then I had him make a bad-looking spot on the gilding. There it is now—that spot."

"Why?" asked Donovan, although he knew.

"So I could mix it in with the stock and send it out for sale. He did it himself. A workman might have seen it on the counters, and that wouldn't have been fair."

"For sale for ten cents?"

"Certainly. That was the big idea. Somebody somewhere would buy the Buddhassa ruby, thinking it was glass, and that would boost our glass."

"But why the spot?"

"I didn't want it bought just by accident, but for the stone. The glass eaters would see the spot and shy off. It wasn't such a crazy idea at that. The customer had to do something."

"Then this girl," said Donovan, "owns the Buddhassa ruby."

"Until I buy it back. Any time she'd rather have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of good bonds, they're hers and all expenses paid."

"How about this man Krakow?"

"He's just a liar," said Wolge.

The attorney sprang to his feet. "That's not right!" he shouted. "My client spoke the truth, except about one thing! He said he bought it from a Chinaman. He didn't! He bought it in the Wolge store on State Street a month ago!"

Donovan looked at Wolge and Wolge at Donovan; then simultaneously both men broke into a grin.

"What will be the girl's address?" asked Wolge, ignoring the outburst. "Just between us, for the papers."

"She's staying for the night with Mrs. O'Day," said Donovan.

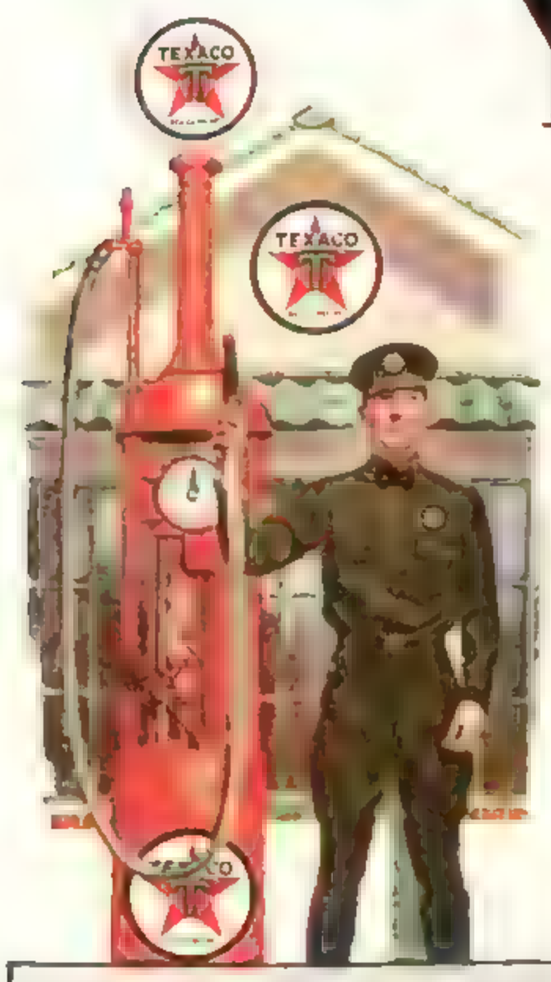
Wolge chuckled, as if at a humorous thought.

"My lawyers might be Bolz & Irish, provided they find her before noon. For them she might keep her stepfather's address."

The rest does not much matter. Donovan was obliged to explain why he guessed Wolge's connection with the ruby. "The pattern of his pendants proved that they were copied," he said. Gray undertook to see that the girl was released. Cooke wished to have Krakow held for theft. O'Day suggested that the bonds be placed in trust for Miss Struthers, to keep them from her relations. The reporters suggested ——

But you have already seen what they suggested, if you read the account in the newspapers.

# You are driving faster

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## . . . . and more of you are stopping at the Texaco pump

Speed limits are going up. Finer, *safer* cars travel faster over endless miles of smooth, broad highway. And . . .

More and more motorists are stopping at the Texaco pump.* The increased consumption of Texaco has far outstripped the increase in the number of automobiles during a period when newer types of engines have come into vogue. This is conclusive proof that Texaco has more than kept step with the rapid development in the automotive industry.

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B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

*It's* *milder*


# VILLA LAURIER

(Continued from Page 5)

convulsion a few days ago. Why do you ask?"

"Something was stirring that patch of laurel"—and I pointed—"as if a dog was digging in there."

"That's odd." Mr. Moran ran down the steps. I followed him. We parted the laurel and looked in. The grounds were neglected, unkempt throughout, and the foot of the *massif* choked with dead leaves that showed no trace of any prints. I ran to a thinner spot where I could squeeze through.

The little park of ornamental trees, eucalyptus and pines and palms and figs, was more open here, so that I caught a glimpse of the wall beyond just as a dark figure slid over the top of it and disappeared. Beyond the wall there grew high yellow pampas grass and bamboo.

I went back to the drive. "There was a prowler," I said. "He slid over the wall."

Mr. Moran's fine face hardened. "That," he said slowly, "goes to confirm my suspicion about the death of my dog."

The three girls had remained inside or gone to resume their work in the rose garden, as our call was not a social one. They had the self-effacement of French girls, unknown to ours in America.

Tom said questioningly: "Is your perfume formula of a sort that could benefit anybody who might steal it, Mr. Moran?"

"I haven't any written formula," Mr. Moran said, "but if anybody were to steal a specimen of my base it would be analysable, by an expert. I keep all of that under lock and key."

"What other object could a skulker have?" I asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. Some of my friends are aware that I am working at a new perfume process. I'd never thought of anybody trying to spy it out."

"We were sitting by a window inside," I said. "It looks as if that fellow might have been listening beneath it and slipped into the laurel when we rose to leave."

"Fortunately we were speaking English," Tom said. "You ought to get a trained police dog, sir—one taught to leave stray relishes alone."

"It does look that way. But I can scarcely afford such an animal. They are very costly."

I said promptly, "I've got one I'll lend you. I've left him with friends before—or clients, at least. Two elderly ladies to whom we rented a villa."

"You are very kind," Mr. Moran said doubtfully. "This is a bit disturbing. More on the girls' account than my own."

"I'll bring out Brig this evening," I said. "His name is Brigadier. Also a spare gun."

"Oh, never mind the gun. The dog should be quite enough if you are sure that you can spare him, and if you think he will stay. Our wall is in ruins on one side. Part of it was used to stone up a big cistern."

"The only wall that could hold my dog is obedience to orders, sir," I said. "But he hates the town and will love it out here."

"We love it ourselves. Besides, I worked at lethal gas toward the end of the war and burned my lungs from a leaking retort. The Riviera with a bit of altitude seems best for them."

When presently we drove away, Tom said again, "Yes, there's something muddy about all this. I can't see into it. Smith offering three million francs for that old house and patch of jungle, and Moran refusing it, and Brown's offer from motives of sentiment, and a poisoned watchdog, and a skulker listening under the window. Then those three beauties working a rose garden."

"It doesn't look so good," I admitted. "Smith may be infatuated with a woman who knows the property can't be bought and uses that to stall him. But I can't see the lovely Clytie Brown wanting such a wilderness."

"Nor I," Tom agreed. "She belonged to the family of amphibious Ephemeridæ. She'd be more apt to want a shore villa where she could buzz into the water and out."

"Perhaps Brown was afraid of her getting adrift down on the beach," I suggested.

"No, the surest way to lose a girl like that would be to let her get bored and blue. Villa Laurier is lovely now, but it could be fairly dismal in a week's pour. The natural habitat of her kind is in the bright glare. Actinic or electric, but intense. And with lots of noise."

"Brown seemed a decent little chap," I said. "All he asked of life was to serve his lovely bride. I've seen him sit in the Potinière at Juan and watch her, and blot up his booze and never crack a word."

'Until about an hour ago," Tom said, "I thought she was the rainbow's reflection."

"We've changed all that," I agreed. "Three times."

Sliding down through Grasse, we struck sea level and squawked our way through crowded Cannes to the Croisette, where we had a trim little office with room and bath behind it, where I lodged. Tom, for business purposes, lived at a good hotel where the clients were of a sort who might want to rent or buy small villas.

My police dog Brig had heard the car coming and drifted out the back door and round to meet us. I had annexed Brig about two years before, as he had no collar at the time. His uncanny intelligence and fidelity led me to believe that his former owner must for some reason have shipped him down to the Riviera and that Brig was trying to work his way back, foraging on the country for rabbits and other game, when I found him nearly strangled on the side of the road on the Estérel. He had run into a *collet*, or wire snare, of strong copper wire, set in a fox runway. It was at night, and my spotlight just happened to pick him up as he lay huddled and gasping. The *collet* had pulled tight when he broke it loose, and kinked. I worked over him for half an hour before it became evident which way he was going to shift. Even then he could not swallow for a couple of days.

Thereafter he gave me his loyalty and affection, but I had always the feeling that Brig had been, was and always would be a one-man dog, and that his real master had preceded me. This one had trained him wonderfully. He would watch me closely and respond instantly to an order or a gesture.

But there was a remoteness to him, and though manifestly fond of me, he did not object to being left with friends or acquaintances. At my order he caught a pickpocket who was making off with a lady's hand bag that she had laid beside her on a bench of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. It was crowded, and I don't see how Brig could have identified the man. The dog caught him by the ankle and threw him, then stood over him. The agent of police who took him in charge asked me where the dog had got his police training, and I said that it seemed to be a natural gift. He agreed that there were sometimes such dogs.

Brigadier was an aristocrat and something of a Saint Anthony. No canine siren could lure him from his post, however enticing her attractions or popularity with the dog gallants thereabouts. This love test is also included in official police-dog training, though few sustain it. Brig was of these few. Duty came first with him. I doubt if Casabianca had any edge on him.

I now told him to get aboard, and started back for the Villa Laurier. Brig was sure to like it there, especially as there was duty to perform. He would need no orders to mount guard. Life on the Croisette frankly bored him, though he enjoyed his morning and evening swim. But he despised the canine freaks that constantly sought his acquaintanceship. Probably no place in the world can show so many different breeds of dogs as these Riviera resorts, and most of them fairly pure of their kind. Not counting mongrels, I scarcely ever took a walk without encountering a new brand of dog. That is probably because there are so many different human nationalities represented, and all have their individual fancies in dogs. These pets seem to have an elegant, sociable time of it; perhaps because they all speak the same language. But Brig held himself aloof from their peace conferences and international congresses. I believe he really thought himself a man.

We sped back over the road, less than half an hour's spin, reaching the Villa Laurier after the sun had gone down behind the Estérel. I rang the big bell. The eldest daughter, Jasmin, opened the small door.

"*Ah, le beau policier!*" she cried, clasping her hands.

"Brigadier will take care of you," I said, and to the dog: "Get down, old scout."

He flowed out onto the ground, light-footed as a wolf, stalked up to the girl, raised his noble head and slowly waved his tail. She stroked him, then looked at me.

"Will he be willing to stay here, monsieur?"

"Of course," I said. "It's a detail, and he is an officer and a gentleman. Any officer and gentleman would love to stay here. Besides, it's dull at the office." I got down and stepped inside the gate, then made a gesture that included Jasmin and her home.

"*Garde, Brig,*" I said. "*Garde partout, garde d mademoiselle.*"

The dog raised his head, scented the air, then moved wraithlike into the shrubs and *massifs* of laurel and other growth.

"He knows what's required of him," I told Jasmin. "He knows everything. You'll soon find out."

"But you will miss him, m'sieur," she protested.

"Perhaps," I said, smiling, "I may come out to see him now and then, if permitted."

She laughed. "It is not a permission. It is a command."

I saluted. "*Bien, mon lieutenant.*"

Jasmin drew herself up straightly and rendered me my salute. She was so pretty that I caught my breath. She glowed against the darkening foliage like a dryad released in the forest gloaming from her tree. A faint draft of air from the hillside drenched the place with the perfume of the rose garden that had been distilling its sweetness all day in the Midi sunshine, and I realized the truth of what Moran had half said about such exquisite aroma possessing a poignant impulse. I felt that I should never breathe the scent of roses again without visualizing this girl.

She let fall her hand, leaned toward me and said confidentially: "Papa has been indiscreet. He should never have told anybody the object of his research work, especially here, where so many understand the process of making perfume."

"Scientists are apt to be ingenuous," I said.

"Papa is frank by nature. The worst error was to tell anybody that he had found the perfect base with which to impregnate the aromatic essence for distillation. That is something of which one might secure a specimen for analysis. It is the precious secret of the process. Nobody could discover anything from the finished product."

"Has your father a good safe place in which to lock up this medium?" I asked.

"Only an old iron-bound *coffre fort*. My grandfather, who was a naval officer, brought it years ago from Saigon, in Cochin China. It rings an alarm when opened."

"He told you about the prowler this afternoon?" I asked.

Jasmin nodded, shaking her short ruddy curls. (Continued on Page 82)

# THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

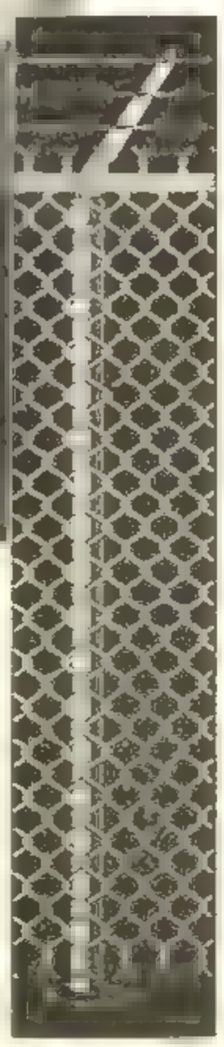
A gentleman adventurer of Spain once sought a fountain that would give him eternal youth. He failed . . . There is no fountain of eternal youth. : : : Yet we know that today there is a knowledge—born of this amazing age—which is little less potent in prolonging the youth of women than the waters of Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain. Today women are youthful within and without, at a time when their mothers and grandmothers were obviously middle-aged. : : : How lightly years touch the modern woman! Forty today is but the radiant prime. Forty has still the eager strength of youth, added to the graciousness and assurance of experience. Forty is lovely . . . attractive . . . vigorous . . . in love with life. Today at forty there's a lifetime still ahead.

MODERN SCIENCE HAS MUCH TO OFFER WOMEN IN THIS IMPORTANT BUSINESS OF KEEPING YOUNG . . . SUCH THINGS AS LABOR-SAVING DEVICES, COSMETICS, AND THE NEW KNOWLEDGE OF FACTORS THAT CREATE AND MAINTAIN HEALTH AND PHYSICAL BEAUTY. WE LIKE TO THINK THAT McCALL'S PRESENTS THIS INFORMATION IN A WAY THAT HELPS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM FOR ITS 2,400,000 READERS.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

# VISIBLE EVIDENCE OF GOOD MANAGEMENT



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*(Continued from Page 80)*

I stepped to the car, reached in a side pocket, took out an automatic pistol and handed it to her.

"Please give this to your father and tell him to keep it handy. It is loaded."

She looked at the weapon curiously. "Our home seems to have become suddenly very desirable to foreigners. Just after you left this afternoon another gentleman came wanting to buy or lease it. He was English. *Nouveau riche*, like Mr. Smith, I should say. His *h*'s were not secure. But he had a beautiful car."

I thought of Tom's repeated statement: "There is something muddy about all this."

"Did this man also offer a big price?" I asked.

"Yes," Jasmin said.

I had not meant to linger there but merely to leave Brig and hurry back, as Smith had said he would pass by the office at six to hear what we might have to report. But now I asked if Mr. Moran was at home.

"No, he walked into Grasse with Mimi and Lih."

"I'm glad I hurried back with Brig." And as I spoke the dog's name he came padding softly down the stone steps leading from the terrace and took a silent stance not beside me but beside the girl, brushing her knees.

"You see?" I said. "He knows already that he has been brought to protect you. The detail precisely suits him."

Jasmin reached with both hands for the dog's head, raised it, then stooped and laid her cheek against the furry crown. "*Mon brave Breeg.*"

I could not help saying: "Sometimes it's good to be a dog."

She straightened up and laughed. It was getting dark and a nightingale began to sing back in the gloom. The notes blended.

"Such dogs ask for so little, one has to offer it," Jasmin said.

I wished her good night. Jasmin gave me her hand. It was warm and work hardened, and perhaps the daily use of garden implements had given it the habit of a firm clasp.

"Good night, monsieur, and *merci mille fois*. Come soon to inspect the guard."

Driving away, I reflected that there was danger of my falling hard for this girl, unless it had happened already. There was no good in that, with office rent overdue and nothing much in sight. Brig made no effort to follow me. He was glad of a job that fitted him. I am sure that while I stood talking to Jasmin he had made a complete circuit of the premises, his canine soul rejoicing in the black shadows and dense thickets and fresh, sweet, moldy smells. A whole lot more commensurate with his capacities and with his dignity than being the doormat of a real-estate office, or stifled by the car exhausts on the Croisette, to say nothing of his boredom with its mixed canine society.

Tom was alone in the office when I got back. He looked distressed, and his thick black hair was rumpled.

"Deuce of a note," he growled. "Our landlord has just been here to tell me that we've got to find him the rent tomorrow or clear out. There's a travel-bureau branch that wants this shack." Our office was one of the little one-plan tax-paying dumps with a good front and not much else.

"That means we shift to Juan-les-Pins," I said.

"And that means losing all the ground we've gained here," he said savagely. "Another month and we could weather it out. But I can't make this camel see it. He doesn't need to see it. All our slack run off the reel for a measly five thousand francs, or say three thousand. We could manage the balance."

"Well, there's no help for it," I said. "We haven't a blinking thing left to sell."

"What about Brig?" Tom asked, evading my eyes.

A man I knew, the proprietor of a pottery, had offered me three thousand francs for Brig, wanting him to guard the urns and jars and things that were left out-of-doors, with no wall round the premises. The price was not much for a perfectly trained police dog. But Tom's suggestion made me sore.

"For one thing, Brig's not really mine," I answered. "He may tilt into his owner any day. For another, I've just loaned him to Moran."

"All right," Tom said. "I tell you there's something muddy going on, and it's not stealing perfume secrets. That spy was after something else."

"I begin to think you're right," I said, and told him about the fresh bidder for the Villa Laurier.

"There you are," Tom said. "There's something of tall value in that house these guys know about."

"A lease doesn't click with that," I said. "Every blessed thing on a French property is inventoried, down to a rusty mousetrap. They couldn't get away with a black old Raphael or a Sung vase some naval ancestor might have found adrift in Saigon."

"A lease might be the thin edge of the wedge to pry Moran into selling."

"Perhaps," I said doubtfully. "Tomorrow let's get that portraitist over in the Potinière at Juan and take him out to the Villa Laurier to give the *objets d'art* the once-over. He may be no Whistler, but he knows pigments and ceramics. He might know Chinese scrolls too. I saw some of them in dark corners. The girls' mother's family were French Navy and sometimes stationed at Saigon and Tonkin ——"

I was interrupted by the whine of brakes and looked out to see Smith's cross-country Leviathan heaving to at the curb. He got out and bulged in wearing a spinnaker-boom cigar set in a pleasant smile. Tom got up and offered him the one chair up to his weight.

"Well, boys, what luck?" he asked.

"No luck, Mr. Smith," I said. "We managed to get in and meet the attractive family and were offered a glass of wine and some homemade cakes and were bowed out again with mutual assurance of our most distinguished consideration. And that was about all."

This report failed to shrink Smith's smile. "Well, anyhow, that's a start," he said.

"Yes, sir, and it looked like a finish," Tom told him. "Moran flatly declines to lease or sell. He tells us ——"

"That his resources, though slim, are enough to carry on with," I interrupted, and managed to plant my foot on Tom's under the table desk.

"Did you offer him the limit?" Smith asked. "Three million francs?"

"We started there," I said. "I took it that was what you really expected."

Smith laughed. "I knew you boys were no pikers. Well, go back there tomorrow and offer him three and a half millions."

We were silent for a moment, then I asked: "Why the hundred and forty thousand American iron men for a property not worth a third of that, Mr. Smith?"

"If you ride out to Cap Antibes with me and meet the Queen of Sheba you'll lay off hinting 'Who's loony now?'" Smith answered. "Besides, what's a few million francs to keep her smilin'? I dropped a million at baccarat the other night and it didn't spoil my day. Listen, boys. I bought five thousand Radio at nineteen, and five thousand Montgomery Ward at eighty. Does that look like practice in self-denial? Or what's worse, buyin' a Helen so as to marry Helen of Troy?"

"Don't," said Tom. "You make me faint. And Charles here and I wondering where we're going to raise three thousand francs or get out of here tomorrow."

"Is that right?" Mr. Smith glanced keenly at our faces, then reached for his wallet. "Well, stop wonderin'." He peeled off three billets of a thousand francs each and laid them on the desk. "Call that stuff a retainer. I ain't through yet."

We looked at those bills like hungry dogs at a bone. A fat meaty bone. Then

*Continued on Page 85*

"Mighty Monarch of the Air"

# NEW HEIGHTS

**The finest radio receiver in the world cannot perform at its best unless it is equipped with the best tubes it is possible to manufacture. That, in a few words, is the story of why Grigsby-Grunow Company now announce Majestic radio tubes.**

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Building the best radio tubes the world has yet seen was no easy undertaking. Grigsby-Grunow Company have unusual facilities, yes—tremendous financial stability, organization, plants, intricate machinery of the latest type—*but building better and finer tubes required more than that.* A search was made for brilliant minds whose undivided thoughts, whose sole concern might be concentrated upon the development of a tube so outstanding that the world would pause and say "Here is a good job well done—as perfect as human hands and brains can make it." These great scientists, drawn from the finest laboratories in the world, laboring by day and by night—testing, measuring, experimenting, leaving nothing unturned of the secrets of scientific tube building, have at last produced in the Majestic radio tube a new contribution to finer radio reception.

Month after month, week after week, day after day, all night long for hundreds of nights Majestic tubes have burned at twice the load they would normally carry to prove that Majestic was not only a well built tube but a long life tube, fulfilling to the highest degree the purpose for which it was designed.

When you buy your Majestic tubes, when you put them in your set—when you marvel at their performance, their smoothness, their long life—remember that back of them is infinite patience, the finest brains, the finest machines, rigid testing of every step in production—but above all, the same indomitable will to do something better for the world which has made Majestic the greatest name in radio.

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(Continued from Page 82)

Tom said slowly: "No can do, sir. Thanks all the same. We can't see our way to earning it."

"What of it?" Smith said. "You can see your way to tryin' to earn it, can't you? That's all I ask."

"Since you put it that way," I said, "you're on. It's not the custom in this business, but there has to be a first time for everything."

"Sure," Smith agreed. "This is the first time I ever tried to marry Cleopatra."

"Well, we'll do our best," Tom said.

Smith nodded. "Hop to it and let me know if you get a break."

He gave us a cheerful nod and went out. Tom looked at me with a frown. The same thing was in both our minds—that it looked as if we had sold out to Mr. Smith.

"After all," Tom said, "three and a half million francs is ——"

"One hundred and forty thousand dollars—plus," I said.

"Not to people like the Morans. They spend in French. They don't translate. It would seem a crime against his daughters for him to turn it down."

"He will, though," I said.

"They will, worse luck—the whole family."

"Let's get some supper, then run out and learn the worst," I suggested. "We'd sleep easier."

Tom was sitting on the corner of the desk, looking out on the brightly lighted Croisette, the sea-front esplanade of Cannes, with the dark indigo band of the Mediterranean beyond. He gave a low whistle.

"Look who's getting out of a car across the street. Another bidder for Villa Laurier."

It was young Mr. Brown, to whom Moran had leased the Villa Laurier the season previous to this. Tom and I had just started our business then, at Juan-les-Pins, and had not yet opened the Cannes office. The Brown couple drove over every morning at about ten and spent two or three hours on the beach—a fine sandy one instead of the usual shingle or heavy gravel. They had immediately rented the Villa Laurier, but their big car made merely a hop-skip-and-jump of the twenty kilometers. Brown had appeared to be a decent, quiet little chap, always immaculately dressed and with that peculiar Pasteurized look one sees in the children of the very rich who have been oversheltered, grown up with nursery governess and tutor, never let ride a horse or drive a car or sail a boat without a trusted groom or chauffeur or sailing master who is made responsible for the safeguarding of a future multimillionaire.

Young Brown now entered the office in a diffident but determined way. He looked rather bad, pale and with dark-ringed eyes. In a superfine way he was a very good-looking youngster, at least a couple of years younger than his pretty wife.

Tom said genially: "How d'ye do, Mr. Brown? I don't think we've ever met, but welcome back all the same."

"Thanks a lot," Brown said, and took the proffered chair. "I've been in America. Then my father died suddenly and I couldn't stand it any longer over there." He gave a thin smile. "Too many volunteer guides, counselors and friends."

"We're very sorry to hear of your loss," Tom said. "I can imagine that everybody has been trying to direct your life for you."

"That's just it. As soon as I was able I beat it back over here where people let you go your own gait. I want to buy the Villa Laurier that we rented last season."

"Well," said Tom, "we've been trying to buy that property for another client, but so far Mr. Moran declines to sell at any price."

"Perhaps he might if he were offered enough," Brown said.

Tom shook his head. "That's very doubtful. Only this afternoon Mr. Moran told us that he had large expectations on which he ought to realize before long, and that no amount of money would persuade him and his daughters to part with their home."

Brown looked upset. I asked: "How much would you be willing to pay for the property?"

He made a gesture of indifference. "Oh, any amount at all. I've recently come into a big fortune, even for America, and money doesn't matter." A sudden flush rose in his lean cheeks. "I promised my wife to buy her that place as soon as I found myself able to do so, and now I'm in honor bound to keep my word."

"Is Mrs. Brown with you?" I asked.

"No. When I last heard from her she was in London." His flush deepened. "You may as well know that my father persuaded me to let him get our marriage annulled on the ground that I was under age. He was ill and terribly upset about me and I simply couldn't refuse. The family doctors and lawyers brought their pressure to bear, and I loved my father."

Brown's voice became unsteady, and Tom interrupted gently:

"You did the right thing, Brown. Otherwise you'd have felt always that you were responsible for his unhappy death."

Brown nodded. "All the same I was sore when I learned afterward the sort of case the lawyers made. They claimed that I was not only under age but a sort of moron and drunk at the time, and that Clytie was considerably older and an adventuress. The best of it was that she didn't seem to care; even though they gypped her out of a decent settlement."

"Does she know that you have come over?" I asked.

"I don't believe so. I landed yesterday at Naples and flew by hydroplane to Genoa and got a car to bring me here. This one out in front is my own. I left it in storage here. My promise to buy this place has been on my mind."

"Perhaps by this time she may feel differently about it," Tom suggested. "Women have their whims. Some other handsome property might now be more to her taste."

"I don't think so," Brown answered. "She said that the Villa Laurier precisely suited her, and that it was the only place she'd ever found where she felt absolutely at peace. She is high-strung and subject to nervous spells, and she claims that there is something about the atmosphere of the place that soothes her."

"Did you notice that it had that effect when you were living there?" Tom asked.

Brown shook his head. "Not particularly. In fact she had a bad case of hysterics just before we left. She put that down to my having been away for three days. I had to go to Paris to see my aunt. Otherwise she'd have come down here, and that wouldn't have done."

Tom nodded. "Well, I suppose there's no accounting for a woman's whim," he said. "But usually they have more point. Hatred or vanity or greed or superstition."

"It might be that last to some extent," Brown said. "She claims to be a psychic and believes in rhythm and all that truck. She says that the vibrations out there are exactly in accord with her." He gave a faint smile. "They sure got out of tune when Mr. Moran declined flatly to extend our lease and insisted on immediate occupancy."

"It's too bad," I said, "but we can't serve you in the matter, Mr. Brown, because we are already retained by another client. He has given us practically carte blanche to buy it."

Brown's lean jaw stiffened. "Perhaps if you were to tell him that he will have to outbid the son of Sylvanus Brown he might be willing to withdraw. Offer him a bonus. It's all right with me if Moran gets a record price for his estate, and then some. He's a good sort and I like him, and his three daughters too. I've met them and they are lovely girls."

"Well, we shall try to study it out, Mr. Brown," Tom said. "It's curious about that property. We were out there a little while ago and one of the daughters told us that there is still another party after the place. She thought he was an Englishman, and failing to buy, he wanted to lease."

"That's sometimes the way," Brown said. "A fine property may attract no particular interest for years, and then suddenly everybody wants it at once. Of course the site is magnificent and the grounds could be made superb, and there's nothing the matter with the house. All the same, it's a bit odd."

"Very," I agreed.

Brown said stubbornly: "Well, I made a promise and it's up to me to keep it, if humanly possible. Since you gentlemen feel that you can't handle it for me just now, I shall try to see what I can do myself."

There came at this moment a scratching at the office door, then a little yelp. Tom got up and let in Brig. The dog slipped round to where I sat, put one paw on my knee, then bent his head as if trying to nose at something fastened to his collar. I saw that it was a note and detached it. The following message was hastily written in an English school hand:

*Monsieur Charles:* Papa has been struck down on the road outside the gate. He was unconscious for a few moments, but is now feeling better. His Basque *béret* saved him from being cut. He and my sisters were coming from Grasse, and they were walking on ahead at the moment. We fear an attempt to steal papa's perfume process. Your dog was with me in the house at the time. I shall tie this to his collar and tell him to go home.

J. M.

And then:

P. S. Papa will not let one of us go for the police and we have no telephone.

I read this note aloud. We were all three immediately on our feet. I took a pistol out of the desk drawer.

"Let's go," Tom said, and started for the door.

"Why not telephone the police at Grasse?" Brown suggested.

"You're not in the States," I reminded him, "but on the Côte d'Azur. It takes half an hour to get Juan-les-Pins, seven kilometers away. Nice sometimes takes an hour. The car's quicker."

"Then let's take mine," Brown said. "I had it stored here and it's across the street."

"All right. You know all the *cassis* and *canivcaux*. Step on it."

Our relief expedition quickly mobilized. I sat beside Brown, and Brig leaped in after Tom.

As we started, Brown said, "Fine dog."

"I left him there this afternoon," I told him. "We saw a man skulking in the shrubbery."

Brown said jerkily, "That—that sounds—pretty bad." He seemed upset. "How long would it take the dog to get here?" he asked.

"From the way he's breathing he's been traveling fast," I said. "Forty-five minutes, maybe."

"I've done it in fourteen, late at night," Brown said. "To fetch a doctor the night I got home from Paris and found Clytie in hysterics."

"Try to match it," I said. "This looks ugly. I don't get it. Trying to scrag a man for such an uncertain value as a specimen of a perfume process. It's something else."

"I told you all this stuff was muddy," Tom growled, leaning forward. "Good old Brig."

"Those game girls," I said. "You notice Jasmin didn't holler for help in that note. She didn't even seem much worried."

"I'm surprised Brig didn't stop to worry somebody," Tom said.

"No, his orders were to find me. He'd do that first. But I pity any nosey like that tried to stop him en route."

Brown went through Cannes like a can opener. The traffic cops had to jump quick. There would be an arrest or two on the blotter, but that was the least of our cares. Outside the town there was little traffic, most people dining or getting ready to dine at that hour, and the sight-seers all back from their jaunts. The big car would have

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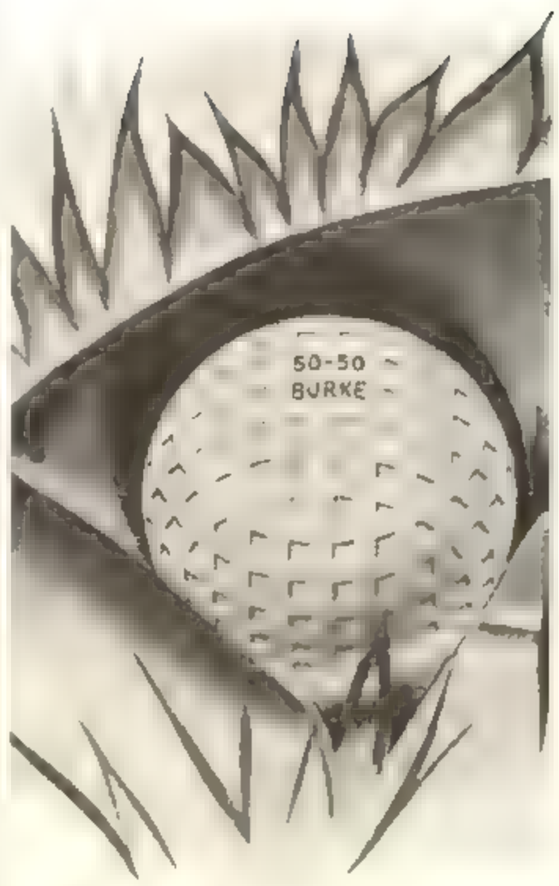


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Enlarged)

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(Continued from Page 85

given an airplane a brush, and Brown drove it like a wizard. "Clytie got her permit withdrawn, but she vamped it back again," he told me. I was growing a positive affection for the boy. Evidently he had been brought up in high ideals. I hoped that Clytie would not get hold of him again.

It seemed to me that we had scarcely shoved off before the front terrace of the Villa Laurier appeared ahead, and at its farther end there was a big car on the side of the road.

"Doctor, probably," Tom said.

It was a bright night, the moon a couple of days before its full, well up and the sky glitteringly clear. "Then the doctor's got a flossy car," I said. Brown threw his spotlight on it and we saw the plaque, G.B.

"British car," Tom said. "They have hailed somebody passing by."

Brown was sounding his horn staccato. Tom and I leaped down and tried the gates. All were locked, and there was no chance of climbing the sheer terrace. Then a voice I recognized as Jasmin's, lower pitched than her sisters', called from the *perron:* "Monsieur Charles!"

"Yes. Are you all right?"

"Papa is better. Wait, I am coming."

We could hear her pattering down the drive. The little iron door was thrown open. Brig was the first through it, a gray, furry streak. I called after him: "*Cherche! Cherche! Prends-le! Tiens, tiens!*" One always *tuloyers* dogs. If any prowler still skulked thereabouts we should soon hear from him.

"But you come so quickly ——" Jasmin cried.

"Brig didn't loiter, nor did we," I said. "Anything new?"

"No. I have been on guard at the laboratory with your pistol, while the girls looked after poor papa. He seems quite recovered."

Tom started for the house, Brown at his heels. I paused to ask Jasmin a few questions. We were just inside the small iron door.

"About this attack," I said. "Just how was it made?"

"Papa and the girls were coming from Grasse, where they had been to the post office. It was a little after dark. Just before you get here, there is a wall on the side of the road —— You see?" She stepped outside the gate and pointed, then turned and caught sight of the other car that was standing in close to the sheer rock from which rose the terrace. "What car is that? Did you come in it, and Mr. Brown in his?" She had recognized their former tenant.

"No. Brown drove us," I said. "He was in the office when Brig got there. Who else is ——"

"Listen." She laid the back of her fingers against my lips—a familiarity that surprised me. I had yet a lot to learn about her. Then I heard a curious noise that seemed to come from somewhere overhead. A flight of narrow stone steps went from just inside the gates to the top of the terrace in a V-shaped flight, a landing at the apex, while the drive sloped up rather steeply between laurel-covered banks that gradually diminished in height to the level space before the *perron*.

The faint sounds we now heard were difficult to determine, but they were canine ones. There were little squeals and gurgles and pantings and rustlings. These sounds were at a considerable distance and even then smothered. I could not associate them with Brig, who had never been demonstrative on our meeting after my absence, and it was impossible that the dog would have greeted his new mistresses in such a manner.

It must be something else, I thought, as the baffling sounds ceased.

"What was that?" I whispered.

"I don't know. It sounded like a dog being choked."

"Choked?" Here was a different and more probable interpretation. Brig might have leaped on some able-bodied prowler who had managed to catch him in a strangle hold. That would account for the thin, muffled piping and the scuffling sounds.

I sprang for the steps and started up, taking three at a bound. Reaching the top of the terrace I found it to be smooth and level with overgrown flower beds and gravel paths between. A broad path of greensward led straight to the *perron* about two hundred yards distant, and I caught a glimpse of Tom and Brown entering the house. There was a marble fountain where this path emerged under the perfect arch of the tall trees, and the whole park and garden had been laid out in the formal fashion of Lenôtre. Some marble statues flecked with moss and black mold loomed starkly at intervals, and two of them that were in the open and brighter gleamed white in the brilliant flood from the moon.

As I stood there listening, Jasmin joined me. She drew close and said in a low voice, "Our poor Miro made sounds like that in his convulsion."

"Brig would eat only what was given him by the master," I said.

"Why not call him?"

I drew her back into the shadows. Then I gave the sharp listing whistle to which Brig was accustomed. For a few moments there was no response. I repeated it, and heard almost immediately a rustling back in the park where the shadows were black and impenetrable.

"Here he comes," I said, and at the same moment we heard the whine of a starter and the low purr of a powerful engine directly beneath. Then Brig crossed the path, approaching in a curious, reluctant way. The car beneath started ahead as the driver threw in the clutch.

We hurried to the edge of the terrace and looked over the stone parapet. The big car was already gliding away. There were two people on the front seat. They seemed to be wearing aviators' hoods, with masks and goggles.

I turned and ran back to the steps and down them. As I got into Brown's car and felt for the starter Jasmin slipped in beside me. There was a slither behind us, and looking back I saw Brig going over the closed door of the back seat in his fluent way.

"You wait here," I said to Jasmin.

"I'll not. I'm going with you. Hurry. They'll get away."

There was no time to argue. We surged ahead with swiftly gathering speed. I had driven a great many cars but never one like this, the last cry of perfection.

The car ahead had disappeared round a bend, but I had no doubt of overhauling it on the next tangent. The road was good right here and the speed gauge showed sixty, then seventy, then for a short burst got up to ninety-six kilometers, or a mile a minute. We sighted the car about a kilometer ahead, as it rounded another turn. Evidently the driver was giving it all it had, or all the road permitted with reasonable safety, and then a little more.

I realized then that if he held on for Castellane and beyond, sticking to the Route Nationale, we might hope to catch him with reasonable safety. But if he were to keep his distance and turn off some twenty kilometers farther on by the Touring Club route for Gourdon and the Gorge de Loup, then I would give up the chase, with Jasmin there beside me. That new hill road is full of hairpin curves and jumping-off places, and I doubted that Brown's car with its long wheel base could take some of the turns without backing.

Such a road race is about fifty-fifty speed and luck on the Route Nationale, depending on traffic and temporary obstructions that might let one car through and block the other. It is like the horse races on the deck of a liner, throwing dice with hazards. But on the little communal road the luck would be with the car that could go the faster without rolling down a few hundred meters into the valley of the Loup.

I was not going to take any such chance with Jasmin, merely because it looked as if the man on ahead had been party to patting her father on the head with a sand bag for some obscure reason. So, when presently he was obliged to slow to pass a tandem cart and I was able to slip through close on his heels, I tugged the pistol out of my pocket and tried to get his hind tires. This seemed the best chance of fetching him up. Shooting at his gas tank was risky to the woman, and unless the tank got pierced low enough to drain quickly it could not do me any good. But only a madman would race over that hill road on a flat tire.

But the attempt to rise up and shoot over the windshield while running the car at high speed was apparently a fluke. I emptied the pistol without landing on the target. Jasmin must have thought that I was merely trying to scare them into fetching up, for she said: "What desperadoes! They must believe that papa was killed and do not mean to be taken alive."

We tore along for several kilometers about two hundred meters apart. Then, coming presently to where the little G.C. road turned off for the picturesque old hill town of Gourdon perched high on the summit of the butte the car ahead did just as I had feared, turning off the Route Nationale to take this dangerous and as yet unfinished scenic road, constructed primarily for tourist traffic. I swung in after them with the intention merely to follow on no faster than safety might permit.

They began to lengthen their lead. Jasmin cried despairingly: "They are getting away! Drive faster!"

I fed the engine a little more gas, then presently, at a sharp turn, with a mist-filled valley shimmering in the moonlight far beneath, slowed almost to a stop.

"This one is too long to take these corkscrew twists at speed," I told her.

She read what was in my mind. "If it's because of me I'll get out."

"All right," I said, and slowed.

Once again she read my thought. "No, go on. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* You might forget that you were in a car, not in an airplane."

I laughed. "The betting is uneven. We want to find out who they are and what it's all about. But they think their liberty and perhaps their lives are at stake. They're half right."

All the same I did not precisely loiter, and perhaps one or both of the pair ahead may have been unused to this hill work, as their lead did not greatly increase. Also the direction of cars is geared differently, the low requiring more wheel. Besides, the advantage in a chase is always with the pursuer, who can gauge his speed. The road winding to the head of penetrating chasms, of which the steep sides were ancient olive-planted terraces from the very bottom, enabled us to sight the other car at frequent intervals. Above us reared steep, sometimes precipitous masses of bare, solid or broken rock, gleaming in the bright moonlight, and with black caves and fissures.

The worst was yet to come, I knew, after Gourdon, when the descent would be steep and with sharp unprotected turns into the Gorge de Loup. Evidently he had risked this road because he knew that with the speed we had shown before reaching it, he could not possibly hope to gain lead enough to get through the town of Castellane without our catching him. There would be the usual *cantonnier* across the streets, surface drains to carry off the water from torrential showers, and left there to enforce the speed limit of the commune. Signs warn the motorist of their presence: CANIVEAU—that is bad enough—or CASSIS, a break in the street level—that is worse.

Suddenly the car ahead slowed and stopped. It flashed into my mind that one of my bullets might have gouged a tire and weakened it so that it had blown out. With this idea came the disturbing one that my ammunition was exhausted. That was a tactical blunder, I now realized. I should have saved at least one cartridge.

We swept round the head of a gulch and approached the other car. As we drew near we saw that it was standing opposite a flight of the successive low terraces of fitted

(Continued on Page 90)

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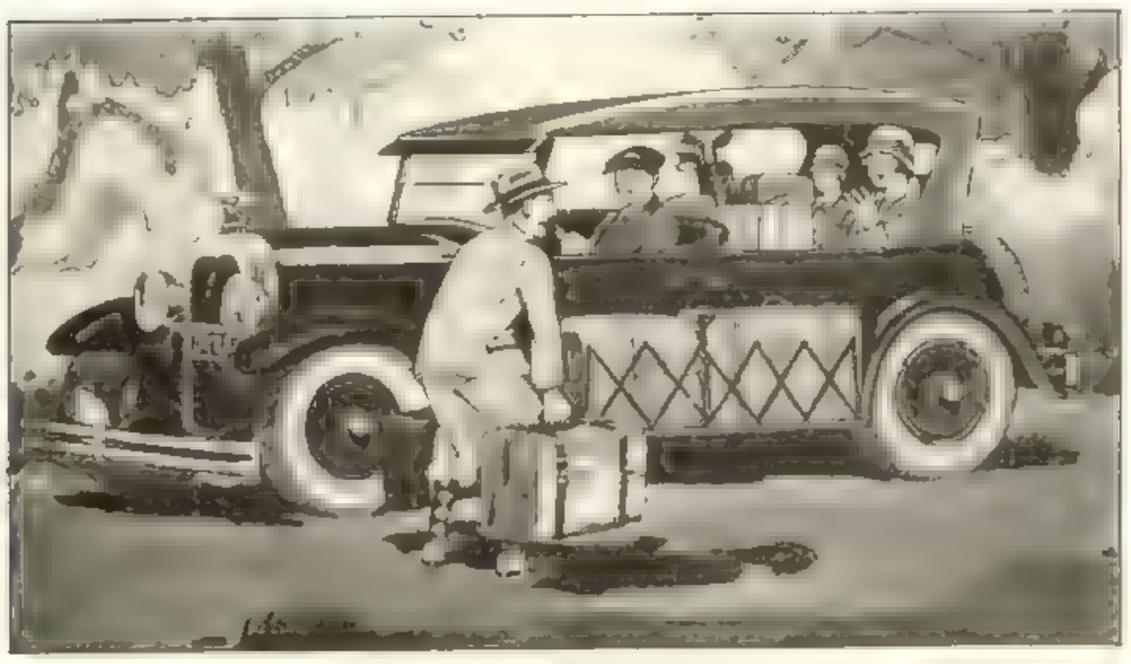

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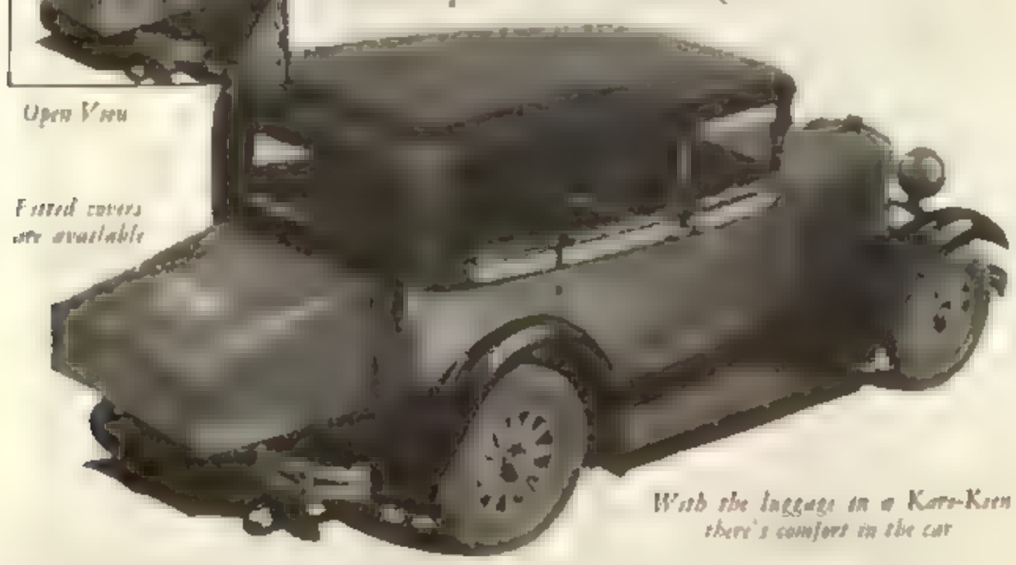

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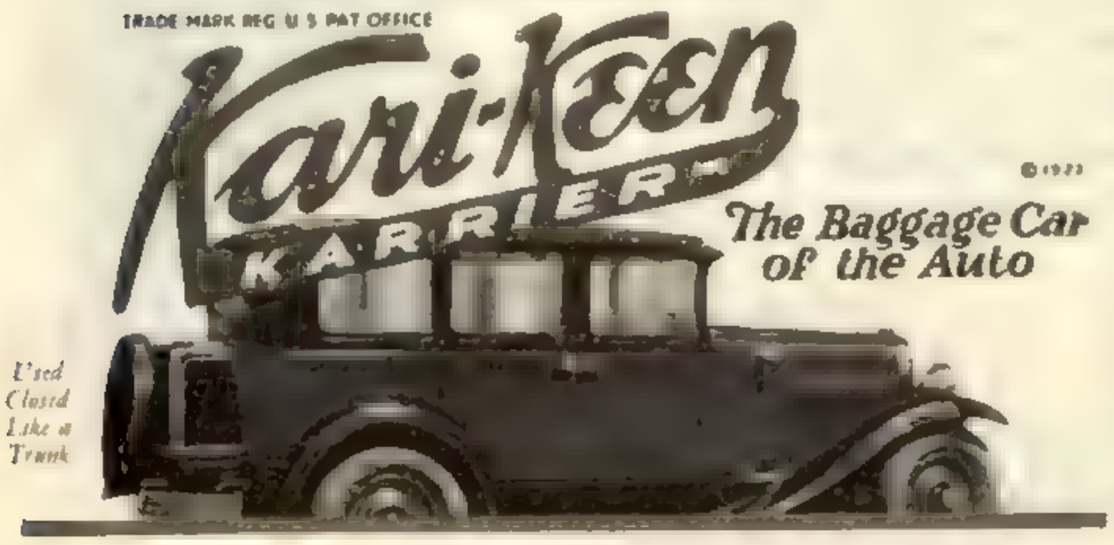



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stone where in ancient days there had been a productive olive grove. But age or neglect or some other cause had blighted it so that the gnarled old trees were barren, almost leafless, and should, but for sloth, have been long since hewn down and cast into the fire—or turned on a lathe into trinkets to sell to tourists.

We discovered then that the car was empty. The road had been cut through this ancient olive grove which was the same on the steep slope to the valley as above a series of titan steps, each of which was about five feet to the next even terrace, that may have been some forty feet in breadth.

Close behind the other car I braked and stopped. There came a slithering sound behind me and I glanced round to see Brig, about whom I had forgotten, sliding to the ground. Without waiting for an order, which was unusual, the dog went scurrying down the slope.

"*Tiens—tiens!*" I shouted after him. "*Prends-le—prends-le!* . . . Wait here," I said to Jasmin, and started down after Brig. But as I dropped onto the second terrace beneath the road the girl came scuffling down beside me.

I stopped. "This won't do, Jasmin. You go back to the car and wait."

"Look!" she whispered, and pointed down the hill.

I looked and saw an amazing spectacle. Or at least it was that for a brief moment before I got the sense of it. Three or four of the big flat steps beneath us a man and a woman had appeared from under the vertical façade of a terrace and were standing in the blaze of the moon. Brigadier, that soul and symbol of the highest traditions of canine fidelity, was leaping and fawning about the man with every expression of canine delight. His shrill pipings of ecstasy came up clear through the breathless air, not muffled and baffling from distance as they had been in the park of the Villa Laurier, but keen and rapturous. He seized the man's hand in what was evidently a tender, loving grip of his strong jaws and shook it gently, as another man might clasp the hand of a beloved friend from whom he has been long separated.

"So that was it," I said in a hushed voice. "Back there in the park. This bandit is Brig's old master."

Jasmin did not answer. She stood silently staring down. Then, without a word, she scrambled over the terrace edge to the one beneath. Fear had evidently been left out of this girl. She was determined to see at any risk who these people might be, or at least to make contact with them, whatever came of it.

I sprang down after her. The other two stood motionless, apparently waiting for us. There was something sinister about their stillness. I saw then as we drew closer that both wore hoods, with masks and goggles like aviators.

Jasmin and I came to the brim of the terrace above where they stood and stared down at them. They stared back in silence and complete disguise. They made a striking tableau on that stark hillside with the dark, misty valley beneath, low, rounded, shimmering hills beyond it, and far in the distance the moon-flooded Mediterranean.

"Who are you?" Jasmin cried, and her voice was not only clear and steady but had an angry note.

The man said something in a low voice to the dog, then pointed at me. Before I could realize what was going to happen Brig turned, made a rush, came up that five-foot wall like a cat up a picket fence. I stepped back instinctively, startled and taken all unawares. Before I could recover, Brig hurled his weight against me, the shock of it full on my chest. I lost balance, went over backward and found myself on the ground, Brig standing over me with his head aslant, low warning growls rumbling in his throat.

"*Brig, tu n'a pas honte?*" I cried, and started to scramble up. I was sure that he would never carry his early allegiance to the point of fastening his teeth in me, and that far I was right. The dog merely bore down on me again, jamming me back with his shoulder. I grabbed for his throat with both hands, but he dexterously evaded my grip. Then, as I rolled over and tried again to get on my feet, he seized one ankle, strongly but not painfully, and dragged that leg out from under me.

In the midst of this ridiculous struggle I became aware that the man and the woman had started back up the slope. The man passed close to me as I wallowed there, wrestling with Brig. I managed then to squirm round and grab the dog by one foreleg, just above the paw. His jaws fastened on my fist, but he did not bite hard enough to break the skin, though the pinch was painful. In some curious way he scraped my hand loose. Springing back, he stood watching me, and I could have sworn that he was laughing.

The man had turned to help the woman up the terrace, and both then quickly climbed to the one above. Jasmin's voice rang clear behind me: "Look out!" I spun round, sitting, to see that she had tugged a big stone from the façade of the terrace and was in the act of hurling it at Brig. The dog dodged it cleverly, then looked at her with his tongue lolling. Either he was laughing at the turn of events or else trying to kid us into thinking it was all a sort of game. I do not know, and never shall know. It was a sort of deprecating dog laugh, I suppose, to mask shame and remorse for what he felt himself compelled to do.

I sprang up then and started for the terrace. Brig let me up as far as that. He must have appreciated the danger of my grabbing him, and the superior advantage of grabbing me from behind as I tried to scramble up the five-foot façade. At any rate, that is what he did, tugging at my foot so that I slid back. I tried again, and this time it was my coat that furnished him his hold.

I was furious enough to have strangled him or dashed his head against a rock. Jasmin also was still trying to stone him off, but he evaded both our efforts with uncanny cleverness. Jasmin, despairing of my ever getting clear of the dog, started for the terrace herself. Evidently she was determined at least to identify this pair if ever she should see either of them again.

I made another try to scramble up myself, with a sudden rush. Again Brig leaped on me, high up this time, and seized the shoulder of my coat so that I was overbalanced and rolled down on my back. Brig released me and sprang clear of my grasp. I spun round to see Jasmin climbing up over the brink, one knee on it.

"Come back!" I called. "They might kill you!"

She turned her face toward me and in the bright light of the moon I could not miss its scornful look. "One of us has got to go," she said, "and your dog won't let you."

It sounded like a nasty crack and made me angry. Also the "your dog" suggested something to my mind. Brig was standing clear, watching me warily. I pointed to Jasmin.

"*Prends-le, Brig,*" I ordered.

The command may have taken him unawares, or perhaps he may have seen a chance to square himself. Whatever the dog psychology, his obedience was prompt. Perhaps he reasoned that he could manage to obey both masters if speedy enough. But the result was entirely outside of my calculations, and the worst yet to happen.

Jasmin was almost over the brim of the terrace, one knee on its edge, the other leg extended with a toe hold between the fitted stones. She had on the light, pretty but inexpensive sort of summer frock that has no great textile strength, the skirt a little longer than the fashion, as is apt to happen with a modest girl who may believe her legs to be more symmetrical than slender. Brig, glad to divide his attentions, perhaps, or to show me that my commands still had

(Continued on Page 93)

# WHEN WOMEN FLY

WHOSE sympathetic counsel did the Wright brothers seek when studying the first principles of flight? Whose but their sister's! . . . After Moisant won distinction in France, when France was leading the world in aerial pioneering, his pilot sister, too, added distinction to his name. . . . How many men are today the equal of Ruth Law at the top of her fame? . . . And when we speak of the brilliant flying of Eddie Stinson, isn't it only just to add that when Katherine Stinson was flying she was not only probably the most skilful woman pilot in the world but also at least the peer of most of the great men pilots?

Women do fly . . . and fly well! Their share in aviation is already a positive one. Their contributions are of real value and their inspiration has undoubtedly been a factor in spurring men on to greater achievements in the conquest of the sky. . . .

While man concerns himself with problems of engineering, and takes an artisan's pleasure in the mechanics of aviation and the organization of transport services, woman is swept aloft by the poetry of flight!

The spirit of modern woman is a free spirit that looks to the adventure of the skies with unreasoning exaltation. The spectacular drama and glamorous thrill of flight has caught her imagination. She may well picture herself as a Winged Victory or a dazzling Peri leaping into the empyrean while the world of fact sinks below in its clouds of dust and smog. See the part she takes in hazardous exploits . . . endurance tests, stunt flying and aerial acrobatics, perilous flights and reckless adventuring! Or go sometime to such an airport as Cleveland's, where a hundred thousand people may be gathered to watch the colorful pageant of the sky . . . and note the vivid part she takes there in the life and activities of the port!

Figures are not available to establish the proportion of women air-travelers compared to men; but a fair estimate of trans-Channel traffic from Croydon to Le Bourget puts the number at fifty per cent of men travelers. At the Ford Airport, and wherever Ford trimotored all-metal planes fly in regular passenger service, women are insistent passengers, and, after their first flight, thrilled enthusiasts.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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"Characterful Walls and Ceilings" is a fascinating new book giving the complete story of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile. Every home owner and prospective owner will enjoy reading it and gain inspiration from the dozens of attractive Upsonized rooms reproduced therein. The booklet, too, contains many helpful suggestions for those who take pride in their homes.

## *All the beauty of distinctive hand modeled plaster at a fraction of the cost*

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# UPSON BOARD

(Continued from Page 90

weight with him when not clashing with those of a superior, darted to the terrace, sprang high and gathered a good mouthful of Jasmin's skirt.

Fortunately she had a double grip of the wiry turf, as otherwise she might have got a nasty fall. As it was, Brig's heavy tug carried away the fragile outer garment at its points of attachment. Then, as if proud of this achievement, or perhaps to hide his embarrassment about it, Brig began to caper playfully with his trophies.

I was too aghast to move or speak. I dared not look at Jasmin, still clinging to the terrace. And at that moment there came a clear, sharp whistle from above. Brig stopped his prancings and cocked his head. Then, still holding Jasmin's dress as if to prove that he had carried out his orders, Brig went leaping up terrace after terrace, oblivious of my commands, exhortations and entreaties.

Jasmin sprang back down onto the terrace and stepped in front of me, a hand on one hip, her weight on one leg and the other flexed a little at the knee, the pose of a scornful beauty who is too angry to care or even to think about her appearance. I scrambled to my feet and started for the terrace. At the same moment there came from above the mocking laugh of a woman, then the sound of a car starting off. Our car, since the other had a tire down. The same idea occurred to Jasmin, and it did not help her state of mind. If the night had been dark instead of bright as day I might have seen sparks coming off her.

"There they go—in Mr. Brown's car," she said bitterly. "You must be proud of yourself and of your dog."

"Not very," I mumbled.

"I've read lots of dog stories," Jasmin said, "but never one that ended just like this."

"It hasn't ended yet," I said. "We can trace them by their car."

"It isn't their car," she snapped. "They stole it, probably from in front of the casino at Cannes. I think I know whose it is."

The same thought had suddenly borne in on me. "Smith's?"

"Yes. I saw it when he came to try to buy our property. It is the same make and it had a G. B. plaque."

"That's right," I agreed. "Smith told us that he had come from London and motored here. He plays baccarat at the casino. These bandits looked over the cars parked there and took the best."

"Where did you get that dog?" Jasmin asked. "How long have you had him?"

"It was a year last month." I told her how I had found Brig beside the road in the Estérel, and the date.

"That was the day before the Browns got out of our house and we moved in," Jasmin said. "This *voyou* was his old master, of course."

"Of course," I agreed. "I've always expected that Brig might meet up with him some day. But it never occurred to me that he might be a crook."

"After all," Jasmin said slowly, "a dog like that never knows but one real master. We oughtn't to blame him, I suppose."

"No, he hated to do it. He tried to pretend that it was a game. And he was careful not to grab hard enough to hurt."

She blazed out at me suddenly: "Why did you tell him to hold me?"

"So that I could get up to the road and tackle that fellow."

"He could have injured me," she said hotly.

"Not intentionally. I knew he had too much sense. He's like a dog I had as a boy. When I went away anywhere I'd leave him with Tom. But when I came home he took orders only from me. I could set him on Tom and he'd hang onto him in fun, growling as Brig did just now with me. But he wouldn't have bitten him for anything."

"Well," said Jasmin, "here we are in the heart of nowhere with a broken-down car. We had better start to do something about it."

She seemed entirely indifferent to her appearance so far as myself was concerned. What was better, she seemed to have forgiven me for having got her in such a fix. But after all, Brig had only proved what I'd claimed for him, and quite a lot besides.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

didn't know what to do with it. This letter has been around the world thirty-four times and this thirty-fifth trip will qualify it for a job in the Swiss Navy. Hence it is important that you do not break the chain, for if you do, you will not get your wish, even though you forget to make one. On the other hand, everyone who helps to keep the chain unbroken will be spared such misfortunes as drooling in public and being sent to bed without any supper. In fact the last man who broke the chain—a chap named Isaac Newton—got a D on his report card.

I am sure you will not break the chain but if you do, remember you can get it repaired at:

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WATCH AND CHAIN REPAIRER
"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

*DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:* You are hereby made a member of the Forest, Stream and Rivulet Nature Lovers' League. All you are asked to do is to make thirteen copies of this letter, mailing one copy to each of four lovers of Mother Nature, three copies in green ink—representing the young blades of grass as they shoot up from Mother Earth—and the other twenty-two copies in blue ink—representing the wonderful blue canopy overhead that we all so love and enjoy, except on cloudy days; which, after all, are only a part of Mother Nature's plan to give us rain as well as sunshine, that the roses may bloom and the trees may grow.

And now, dear brother, since you are a member of our league, let us tell you that this chain must be not broken, for ill luck is sure to follow. But, on the other hand, great good luck will be yours on the fourth day after you fulfill the requirements of your initiation into our league. On that morning, rise early, turn your head toward the east and see what happens. Should you have trouble in turning your head, rub your neck with a little of Buxbum's Balm, which you can obtain at your druggist's for a mere pittance. Then make a wish and before nightfall—when you should try turning your head toward the west—you will get your wish. Ah, yes, brother, your wish!

And now, brother, begging you not to break this wonderful chain, I am, yours, brother, in Mother Nature.

*Another Brother,*
—AL GRAHAM.

***Show Business***

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*wrote. . . .*
*"A searching, vital story. . . ."*
*"It sounds a new, compelling note. . . ."*
*"'Twill bring its author glory. . . ."*
*With not a single voice to pan*
*This masterpiece unique,*
*Before an empty house it ran*
*Three-quarters of a week!*

*And then there came another show;*
*Ecclesiastics whacked it,*
*Dramatic critics, high and low,*
*Effectively attacked it.*
*"A sickly tale. . . ." Deserves the ban. . . ."*
*"A weird dramatic freak. . . ."*
*The critics said—and lo! it ran*
*Three-quarters of a week!*

*—Arthur L. Lippmann.*

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# HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Continued from Page 23

doubled it up. He felt the little bones of it all over gently, carefully. Then, leaning forward swiftly, he kissed her wrist. He smiled up at her impishly, charmingly.

"Nice," he said, "but not for the violin."

At the tea hour that day there was the usual afternoon concert. The old gentlemen smoked and warmed their woolen golf stockings before the fire. The old ladies sipped their tea and tinkled their teaspoons and ate a great many small cakes and sandwiches. The girl violinist gave the concert, assisted by a strange young man at the piano—a long, thin, rather unusual-looking young man with a shock of black hair on end. The concert was a success. Miss Crewe seemed to be playing even better than usual. Miss Crewe was the girl violinist. Such a sweet, pretty girl, with a nice manner. Not at all a pushing girl. The concert, even without poor Mr. and Mrs. Bayne—appendicitis, my dear—ambulance—hospital—was even better than usual. There seemed to be a very special rhythm to the Barcarolle. One thought of moonlight on water, of voices across water, of kisses above water. One floated with the Barcarolle. One dreamed.

"Jove!" said the old gentlemen, applauding smashingly, making jokes. "Jove! A bit more of that and I'd have been seasick. Quite."

After the concert the girl violinist stood beside the piano turning over her music. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were very bright.

"It was you, you know," she said at length to the long young man on the piano bench. "You're wonderful. You could get a good job anywhere as assisting artist at the piano. I don't feel," said the girl, hesitating, turning over her music nervously, "that I can keep you on. This morning I didn't realize. I caught at anyone, but you're—you're too good for me."

"You do not like me," said H. Smith hopelessly, slumping suddenly forward on his piano bench. "We do not go—together."

"We go together so well that -that I'm frightened," said the girl. "And this isn't a question of liking or not liking. This isn't personal. This is business. I am talking business."

"Oh," said H. Smith, relieved, "you are talking business. But you are frightened. Why?"

"I don't quite know," said the girl, "but I feel as if—as if something might be going to happen. I have a chilly feeling all over. And my heart is beating."

"Doesn't your heart beat for Larry's music?"

"It never has," said the girl honestly, "although Larry's music is ——"

"Is what?"

"Very good in its way," she said lamely.

They looked away from each other when a voice floated down to them from above. They looked up at the usual blond girl with the waved head.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said the blond girl crisply, pausing on her way up the staircase. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

H. Smith rose from his piano bench and bowed. "Last evening, I think, at dinner," he said politely. "I hid behind the bouquet."

"You're to be the new pianist here?" The blond girl was smiling.

"Temporarily. Miss Crewe"—with his hand H. Smith indicated Miss Crewe—"is just deciding."

But the blond girl ignored Miss Crewe. "I'm Nancy Fraser of New York," she said. "Are you free mornings? We might do a round of golf together."

But it appeared that H. Smith did not play golf. He had tried to learn, but it appeared that he could not remember the ball. Games, to H. Smith, had so many limitations, so many rules, and there was always the ball. He found it simpler, pleasanter, when he went to walk, to leave the ball at home. The blond girl moved on up the staircase.

"Some morning," she promised cheerfully, "we will go for a walk together without the ball. And even on a piano your music is your music. It gave me chills up and down my spine."

"Let us go for a walk now," said H. Smith to Miss Crewe when the blond girl had gone, "away from these interrupters, these chatterers. We will look at the sunset and not talk."

"There isn't a sunset," said Miss Crewe, looking out. "There's fog."

"We will be lost in the fog and not talk," said H. Smith.

"All right," said Miss Crewe, going suddenly headlong herself. "I'll get my coat."

Her coat was warm and brown and not very new. A beaver collar came up about her chin. She had on a little tam, but below it her russet hair glowed. Her cheeks were flushed. Her brown eyes were very bright. She had powdered her adorable nose. As she came toward him across the lobby she was smiling at him. She wanted to go with him. H. Smith's heart gave a great leap toward her and then stood still. A man had risen from a chintz chair near the fire and was speaking to her. The fellow had his hand on her arm. She had stopped smiling. She looked crushed. Another interrupter, another chatterer. H. Smith thought of the South Seas, of desert islands, of Eskimos in their igloos. But probably there would be chatterers and interrupters even there. To get away from them thoroughly one needed a new world. The fellow was blond and young and good-looking. H. Smith didn't like his clothes or his manner or anything at all about him. He looked, with his hand on the girl's arm, as if he owned the girl, as if he owned the earth.

As they came toward him slowly H. Smith's heart skipped two beats and then sank like a stone. For this was Larry.

"Mary tells me you're musical," said Larry tolerantly, looking up at H. Smith, "that you've been helping her out today. Very good of you, I'm sure. Thanks," said Larry briefly.

By his tone, his manner, his hand on her arm, he made of H. Smith's helping out of Mary a completely family affair. He made of H. Smith himself an outsider, an interloper, an interrupter. He made even H. Smith's music undistinguished, commonplace music incidental to an afternoon concert at a hotel, transitory.

"Mary tells me you were going out for a walk. It's thick fog. I think she'd better not go," said Larry briefly.

"Surely at this stage of feminine development it remains for Mary herself to say," said H. Smith, for H. Smith was suffering.

"All right, Mary," said Larry. "At this stage of feminine development, shoot."

Larry frowned and jiggled his foot. Larry waited. H. Smith waited. After a moment Mary pulled off her tam.

"A walk isn't important," said Mary. "Of course I won't go."

"Tell him about this evening," said Larry.

"Larry has come over himself to help me out for this evening," said Mary brightly, looking up at H. Smith, "so we—we won't need -you."

"Tell him about the saxophones," said Larry.

"He—he has brought three of his orchestra men with him for this—for this evening," said Mary brightly, looking up at H. Smith, "and we will give them jazz—New York jazz. He's really wonderful. I've—I've known him all my life."

H. Smith looked down at Mary in silence. "Give me your hand," he said.

She gave him her hand and H. Smith looked at it, bent it back, turned it over. Then, stooping, he kissed her pink palm.

"You are lovely," said H. Smith simply.

He went out for his walk alone. He tramped through the fog for miles. He got wringing wet. He had come out without his overcoat or his hat. The fog in some places was almost impenetrable. He could hardly see his way, but he stalked through it headlong. He decided at last to take the train. He would walk to the railway station in the village. He would not go back to the hotel. He would send afterward for his luggage, for the music that he was arranging -Chinese music—reed pipes, drums, dust, flowers. He would not see her again. But the railway station, when he reached it, was dark, deserted and closed for the night. There were no trains.

In the morning the fog, like a bad dream, was gone. There was a breeze. The ocean was whipped cream on a jade plate. The poppies were dancers in yellow. H. Smith went for a walk. H. Smith was always going for walks. At Riga, at Shanghai, at Minneapolis—walks. The lounge, when he came back, seemed to be deserted. H. Smith was taking the staircase in his stride when a voice from below stopped him. He looked down over the railing into her upturned face, into her eyes, into her life—the Baynes, the concert, Larry. She had on a pink gingham dress. She was pale. Her russet hair glowed. Except for her eyes, she looked like a little girl.

"I need your help," she said.

H. Smith looked down at her in silence, and for a moment he hesitated. H. Smith was usually kind, but he had put in a night.

"Again?" was all he said, gently.

She flushed—a wave of color that, fading, left her whiter than before. "Tomorrow night is the concert," she said. "Three hundred tickets have been sold."

"Well?"

"I need you," she said desperately.

H. Smith looked up the staircase. Caution, wisdom, prudence—those three gray sisters—beckoned him from the top. H. Smith looked down the staircase into her eyes, into her life. She needed him. She needed him. What if he did suffer afterward? What if she was in love with a bumptious young cub? What if she married the bumptious young cub and lived with him and had babies and made a home for him? That was what she was created for—not for the violin; a woman, a mate. Created and patterned and raised to the nth power of attraction and finished with delicate care. Old Mother Nature at her careful work; Old Mother Nature now and then achieving perfection.

"Come over to the sofa," said H. Smith at the foot of the staircase, "and tell me all about it."

But when they reached the sofa and H. Smith slumped down into the corner of it and leaned his tired head back against it and looked at her, she didn't find it very easy to begin. She rolled her handkerchief into a ball. She looked at her shoes.

"I'm—I'm sorry about last night," she said at last.

"Oh, that's all right," said H. Smith quickly.

There was a pause—quite a long pause.

"Larry played the Rhapsody in Blue on his banjo, but people didn't like it much."

"Too familiar," said H. Smith soothingly, sleepily, looking at her in content.

"Larry said 'Not familiar enough.' He said they couldn't appreciate New York jazz when they heard it. He was cross. He said they were sitting on their hands. He said I had wanted to go for a walk with you. And I lost my temper. I told him they were sweet people, and appreciative and that I loved them. I told him I had wanted to go with you, and what of it. We quarreled."

"Good," said H. Smith sleepily.

"Good?" She looked at him, and then away. "I think Mr. Bayne's illness, and the responsibility here, and this terrible concert ahead, must be making me nervous or something. Larry had promised me

(Continued on Page 97)


TANTALIZING TEABERRIES

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I've got me a peach of a date!
I met him at lunch
And I have a hunch
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Joseph B. Graham
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Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 95)

to bring his whole band over and practically give the concert before we quarreled, but now I'm afraid that at the last moment he may not come."

"Isn't he reliable?"

"But musicians aren't, are they?"

"But musicians are. They keep faith with their public through storms, illnesses, deaths, anything. Can't you cancel the concert?"

"And be beaten? Never! Not if I have to give it myself. When the Baynes need the money so much—more now than ever. When three hundred tickets have been sold. When the Baynes have been like a father and mother to me. When this is my one chance of—of returning ——"

"Wait," said H. Smith. "Don't scurry me along. And don't sit up there on the edge of the sofa as if you were catching a train. Lean your head back here beside mine. Relax."

"Oh, if I could if I could! My head hasn't leaned back anywhere for days! It seems to be strung up on tight wires!"

"I'll give your concert for you," said H. Smith soothingly. "I'll do anything in the world for you. Lean back. Relax. Shut your eyes."

"But I haven't the time! I can't! My eyes are simply wide open. They can't shut. I didn't sleep at all last night."

"Neither did I," said H. Smith. "Lean back here beside me, Mary. I won't touch you. Forget the concert. Forget the Baynes. For a moment forget Larry. That's the girl. Think of the Largo—Dvořák—Opus 95. Think of The New World ——"

"I'm thinking of it," said Mary, leaning back, closing her eyes. "Why?"

"We're finding it," said H. Smith.

He telephoned the city twice that afternoon. He stayed away from Mary. That evening he played bridge with the blond girl and two indefinite stout shapes who resolved themselves after the game into a Mr. and Mrs. The usual music that evening was omitted. It was understood that little Miss Crewe was completely worn out and had been sent early to bed.

"Such a darling girl—Miss Crewe," said the feminine stout shape during the game. "I never fail to notice her skin. It's like that creamy flower with the perfume—what's its name ——"

"Play bridge, Maude! Play bridge!" said the masculine stout shape testily.

"Two hearts," said Miss Nancy Fraser of New York.

"Magnolia," said H. Smith.

In the morning life began again. H. Smith and Mary walked down to the village together and looked over the Town Hall. H. Smith worked the curtain up and down. It appeared that Mary was going to wear a green chiffon dress and silver slippers. Nearly four hundred tickets had been sold. They stopped in the village while H. Smith telephoned once more to the city. At the hotel they found that there was no word from Larry, but H. Smith said that was all right, that Mary wasn't to worry. In the afternoon Mary called at the hospital to see Mr. Bayne and tried not to worry. In the evening was the concert.

The old gentlemen wore their evening clothes. The old ladies wore gray laces and white satins and black velvets. Evening coats bloomed from the rows of chairs like flowers. The effect of white waistcoats was dazzling. The village people looked at the hotel people and grinned a little. The hotel people did not look at the village people at all. The asbestos curtain was down, and for a time it remained down. There were no programs, but everyone was good-humored. Everyone smiled at the funny old hall, at the hard chairs, at the cracked marble palace on the asbestos curtain. The old gentlemen made smashing jokes. The old ladies smiled mistily. It was a kindly audience, ready to be patient, to overlook, to applaud almost anything.

When little Miss Crewe came before the curtain at last and stood for a moment getting her breath, the applause was deafening. Everyone liked little Miss Crewe. Everyone loved to look at her, even in pink gingham, and tonight Miss Crewe, in floating pale green chiffon starred with flowers, in silver slippers, with her pale, lovely face and her russet hair and her great frightened brown eyes looking down at them—Miss Crewe getting her breath, rolling a chiffon handkerchief into a ball, was wonderful to look at.

"Spring, by Jove," said the old gentlemen, applauding Miss Crewe. "Spring"

"A Botticelli," said the old ladies, looking misty. "Primavera herself, the darling."

The applause was prolonged, but it dwindled when Miss Crewe held up her hand. The hall hushed into silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began little Miss Crewe bravely—"l-ladies and gentlemen: You all know the reason for this concert. They who planned it originally have met with illness, with misfortune. Some of the rest of us who have carried it on have experienced uncertainty and disappointment and worry and—and confusion of mind. It has been a very movable feast. When Mr. Bayne was taken ill and could not give the concert himself, we arranged to have the Larry Fleming orchestra take his place, but Mr. Fleming has been—detained—and—and others—others are substituting for him. I—I believe that you have a wonderful evening before you. I can say frankly that the program which you are to hear is—is a complete surprise to me, as are the artists themselves. It is an overwhelming surprise—to me. Sometimes, in out-of-the-way places, at unexpected times, one sees or hears or experiences something memorable, something tremendous. This is to be one of those places, one of those times. I thank you all for your kindness, for your coöperation, your support. Without you there could have been no concert. You—you are dear people. You are my friends, and it—it is the greatest happiness of my life to be able, this evening, to return—something of all this—to you."

People looked at one another after Miss Crewe had gone. The curtain remained down, but from behind it there began to be heard a buzzing, a thrumming, a humming like bluebottles against a windowpane, like bees in a drowsy garden. People looked at one another.

"That's no country band," said the old gentlemen to their wives. "I hear violins. It looks to me, my dear, as if we were about to have—music."

But for all the humming, people were not quite prepared when the curtain went up. A sigh floated over the hall. For the stage was crowded with men, with instruments, with racks, with music; crowded and yet arranged in established formation; a hundred men—maybe more, maybe less—in black and white; the group of first violins, the group of second violins, the violas, the cellos, the viols, the wood winds, the brasses, a piano, a harp, the tympana, the percussion—a great orchestra was assembled before them. The audience, unprepared, was too stunned to applaud when into the well of their silence strode the conductor—a long, thin, distinctive-looking young man in impeccable evening clothes—a shock of black hair—a bow to the audience and with a quick turn he faced the orchestra, collected every eye, mastered every eye and raised both arms high above his head.

"Aus der Neuen Welt," whispered the old gentlemen. "Without the score. The New World, by Jove."

"It's Mr. Smith," whispered back the wives. "It's Mr. Smith—at the hotel."

"Sh—sh-h-h! Don't whisper at a symphony concert. Let the man alone. In a minute, if I don't miss my guess, he'll swing us up to heaven."

He swung them into a new world—up—up—across oceans, across blue space. He held them, guarded them, took them with him, kept them safe. He opened locked doors. He warmed them, fed them, eased them, kept them safe. His beat was unfaltering, invincible, his rhythm the reflex sway of worlds in motion. He was cool, intellectual, stern, detached. He was warm, loving, human, kind. His violins sang their way up—up. His brasses, let loose, crashed up through clouds like a storm. His wood winds piped up fairy glades. He held the orchestra, the audience in the hollow of his hand. They were his to play upon, to do as he liked with, to exalt, to cast down, but he refused to cast them down. He carried them eternally up—up. He shared with them his vision of a new world.

Great music? It was marvelous music. People looked at one another, gasped, sighed, and at last found their hands. Applause crashed through the hall like a storm. They brought him back again and again. They couldn't bring him back enough. The orchestra stood with him to receive an ovation. The orchestra, nodding to one another, watching the doorway for him, tapped out a professional tribute of its own. Back he came again, again. The old gentlemen, unable longer to continue in their seats, stood up to shout their "Bravos." Several of the old ladies cried.

He walked away from them at last and stood for a moment in the little whitewashed brick hallway, backstage. . . . He wanted Mary. In all his life he had never wanted anything so much. He wanted to put his arms around her and hold her. He wanted to guard her. He wanted to take her with him, to keep her safe. He wanted to hang pearls about her lovely throat, from her lovely ears, to buy her clothes in Paris, to take her to Rome for Easter, to show her Kamakura.

"Have you seen a young lady in green?" he asked of a man in shirt sleeves.

The man in shirt sleeves had seen a young lady in green—she had stood in the wings during the music—but the man in shirt sleeves didn't see her now. It appeared that no one else had seen the young lady in green, so H. Smith, during the intermission, walked up and down the bricked alley behind the Town Hall, bareheaded, worn, distraught. . . . It was a great orchestra. He had demanded of them all they had, and they had given it. He had demanded of them more than they had, and they had risen to it. Three rehearsals, two concerts with him in the city, and they were his, to do as he liked with. And Jacques, for a manager, had managed well. Two telephone calls to the city and Jacques had assembled the orchestra, had got them on the train, had pulled them out of his hat like rabbits. . . . He wanted Mary. He wanted her so much that he could hardly bear it. To H. Smith, tramping up and down the bricked alley, the intermission was endless.

But with the first great chord of the Scheherazade after the intermission he saw that Mary was there again—a flutter of green in the wings, a flash of silver. She was there, the darling—she was there. He rose to the Scheherazade as he had never risen to it before. The Scheherazade, as he gave it that night, was sheer Oriental magic—Sindbad in his boat, the sea, the storm; the Prince, the Princess; Scheherazade telling her stories, weaving her web—magic

The news went over the hall that he had recently been guest conductor with the Philharmonic in San Francisco that Nancy Fraser had heard him there; that his name wasn't Smith; that he was undoubtedly one of the greatest conductors in the world.

At the end he gave them part of Tristan und Isolde, supreme music of love. At the end he was exhausted, but they brought him back again, again. When he came back for the last time he had Mary with him. He had her firmly by the hand. He seemed to claim her presence there, to bind her to him there. Flowers were passed up to him over the footlights and he gave them to Mary. Spring flowers all of them—sprays of white lilac, stalks of flowering peach, a garland of purple and yellow pansies that he hung on her arm. A telephone to the city and spring was here.

"My man is outside with the cat," he said to Mary in the whitewashed brick hallway backstage. "We will get away from all this."

Mary said nothing. She didn't look at him. She just held her flowers. She just stood when he stood, moved when he moved. She waited while he spoke to the manager, while he got rid of him. She followed his slow progress toward the street; orchestra men shaking hands with him—people—people. She stumbled a little as she came out of the brilliantly lighted space into the dark alley and he caught her by the arm. He guided her toward the car. He guarded her. In the darkness beside the car stood Larry.

"The Grand Duke of all the Orchestras and the simple village maid," said Larry, sweeping off his hat and bowing low before them. "Huzza! The populace. The inn. The fountain. The Maypole. The morris dance. The coach. Huzza! They're off!"

They looked at Larry. His white furious face stood out for them clearly against the shadows. They stood, H. Smith with his hand on her arm, she holding her flowers.

"And what, after all, is a concert for a lot of hicks?" demanded Larry furiously, suddenly cutting his comedy, suddenly turning ugly, snapping his fingers at H. Smith. "I could 'a' given them a concert tonight, but I didn't want to give 'em any concert. See? So I didn't give 'em any concert. I don't do," said Larry, "what I don't want to do."

They looked at Larry. They watched him push back his hat and swell out his chest. They did not recoil when he thrust his white, furious face close before them. They stood, H. Smith with his hand on her arm, she holding her flowers.

"I got a telegram here from Chicago," continued Larry triumphantly, pulling something yellow from his pocket and holding it up before their eyes with shaking fingers. "This lets me out of your hick concerts here. This lets me out. Thirty weeks in the swellest theaters west of Chicago—thirty weeks for Larry Fleming and his Jazz Joy Riders. I'm to wear white trousers and a red silk jacket. And when I get hot I can change to a blue silk jacket!"

"Larry!" said Mary, seeming to come back from somewhere, seeming to realize him partially. "Oh, poor Larry!"—seeming to realize him fully.

"Poor!" cried Larry, turning on her. "Poor? Say, do you suppose I'd take you to Chicago—a little hick—when the world's full of girls? When women call me up and send me mash notes like this—like this——" He pulled something white from his pocket and held it up before her eyes with shaking fingers. "'Curly locks' she calls me and she signs it 'Baby.' Don't you suppose I'm sick and tired of you and your Baynes and your hick concerts? Don't you suppose I'm fed up with your superiority and your coldness and your hick concerts? Engaged? Me? I'll say I'm not engaged. Did I ever give you a ring? Or try to save any money? Did I buy any dining-room sets? Did I rent any houses?"

They looked away from Larry—from his fury, his impotence, his envy, his hatred. They looked away from his emptiness, his weakness, his cheapness. They could not bear to look at Larry. They stood, H. Smith with his hand on her arm. They suffered for Larry with him, against him, because of him.

"I'll go with you to Chicago, Larry," said Mary steadily at last. "I'll marry you. I promised."

"Marry me?" cried Larry, with a sudden sob. "When you're in love with him? When he's in love with you? Marry me? Just because you promised?"

"But—but that can't be true, Larry," hesitated Mary. "It can't be. I've only known him three days."

"Girl—girl," said Larry, with a great sob, "don't you suppose I know?" And suddenly reaching forward, he took her in his arms. He held her close for a moment. He released her.

"Good-by, girl," said Larry. "Good-by. It's all right, Mary. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right—in Chicago."

(Continued on Page 100)

# *Sun-suit* by Jantzen

FASHION'S smartest attire for sun-bathing . . . for active swimming . . . the new *Sun-suit* by Jantzen! Permitting, with modesty, a maximum exposure of skin surface to the healthful ultra-violet rays of the sun. Matching the sophisticated lines of a smart evening gown so that there need be no conflict between sun-burn and social ambitions!

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(Continued from Page 97)

They stood after Larry had gone. Mary held her flowers. They looked at the darkness where Larry had been, where his white face had shone out for them against the shadows.

Mary and H. Smith looked at the darkness, but they saw Larry—his courage, his strength, his splendor. They had demanded of Larry more than he had in him, and he had risen to it.

The cliff road was white against the shadows. It lay upon the hills like a necklace of coral. The sky was lapis-lazuli. The poppies—those drowsy ones—were tucked up and folded away for the night. The poppies were asleep.

"Wait for us here," said H. Smith to the chauffeur.

The car drew up at the side of the road. H. Smith got out and held up his hand for Mary. Mary followed him. They walked away from the road, from the car. They walked over the poppy fields to the sea, he with his hand on her arm, she with her flowers. Her green dress brushed the poppies, but they did not stir. Her silver slippers were light among them.

"Over there," said H. Smith, pointing, "is China. Over there is Kamakura. I'll show you Kamakura. We will go to Rome for Easter. I'll buy you pearls."

But Mary didn't look at China. Or at Kamakura. She looked up at H. Smith, bareheaded and tall and distinctive against the blue.

"Are you cold, Mary?" said H. Smith suddenly, drawing in a deep breath, turning away from China, looking down at her.

"No. . . . Yes. . . . I don't know," said Mary, trembling.

There was a pause—quite a long pause.

"Give me your hand," said H. Smith.

She gave him her hand and he looked at it, bent it back, turned it over. Then, stooping, he kissed her soft palm, her delicate wrist, her arm with the garland of pansies upon it. He took her and her flowers into his arms. He claimed her, bound her to him. He was young, vital, headlong.

"Not for the violin," he said, "but for me—for me. To be my wife—my adorable wife. I am sick with my longing for you, Mary. I am jealous of the poppies that touch your dress. . . . Do you love me a little, Mary? Have you loved me from the first moment, Mary, when I was so rude, so rough, as I have you?"

There was a pause—quite a short pause.

"Yes," said Mary, trembling.

# CHARGED TO ADVERTISING

(Continued from Page 21)

crow. The state chemist was merely out of luck. So was Mr. Morgan. And, best of all, so was Mr. Oates.

So far as Colonel Botts was concerned, the case was a closed incident. But Mr. Oates still pondered. He had not been farm-raised for nothing. The situation was worth thinking about.

"Joe," he asked one day shortly after the disastrous rain, "have you ever figured just what effect this fertilizer is going to have on your farm this spring?"

Mr. Morgan grinned. "I'm figgerin'," he said, "on havin' th' best crops in th' county, that's all. With all that fertilizer in th' ground in my east pasture, even door knobs orter grow. I orter git a whale of a stand o' cotton an' cawn in that fertilized field by itself. Then I got my west pasture same as usual. I aim to git my dough out o' this railroad yet."

"Have you seen the county agent?" asked Mr. Oates.

"Not lately, I ain't," said Mr. Morgan. "He wouldn't know nothin' I don't."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Mr. Oates meditatively. "I think I'll go over and have a talk with him."

Mr. Oates was as good as his word. He talked with the county agent, and he emerged from the conference in high excitement. From the county agent's shack he sped back to his office and dragged down a big law book. His finger ran down the index and stopped at the words: Johnson Grass. Guy flipped the pages nervously and settled down to read. A half hour later he slammed the book, threw it on the desk with a bang and rose to his feet. The echo of the impact had hardly died away before he was in his battered little car, steering a straight course to the farm of Joe Morgan, Esquire.

Mr. Morgan was at first downcast, then hopeful, then dubious.

"Did th' county agent really say that?" he asked.

"He did," replied Guy, "and he knows his stuff too."

"Hell!" said Mr. Morgan dolefully.

"You aren't sunk yet," said Mr. Oates cheerfully. "In fact, maybe this is the best thing that could have happened. You'll lose the crop in your east pasture, but the loss of it will enable us to soak it to the railroad if my plan works."

"What can you git?" asked Mr. Morgan, reviving.

"What do you want?" asked Guy.

"Wal," said Mr. Morgan, "lemme see. Th' railroad fixed up th' right-o'-way fence themselves. Then them three cows that was killed was worth about forty apiece. That's one-twenty. An' I know I would've made two or three hundred dollars off th' crop in this east pasture. I done it last year."

"Would four hundred dollars satisfy you?" asked Mr. Oates.

Mr. Morgan's face beamed. "You tell 'em," he said briskly. "But are you sure what you say is th' law?"

"Absolutely," said Guy, nodding. "It's the law all right, and I'll bet two dollars to a doughnut that Botts never heard of it. How long since the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad built through here?"

"Three years ago," said Mr. Morgan darkly.

"Three years ago," said Mr. Oates reflectively. "That's all the more reason my hunch ought to be right. If you didn't know the law, then it's a cinch the other farmers didn't. You haven't had time to learn. And that's all the excuse this jerkwater railroad wants. They may know the law, but they'll evade it if they think they can pull the wool over your eyes. They can't bumfuzzle me, though—not while the old bean is working. I'll show these babies up."

Mr. Morgan took a mournful chew of tobacco.

"Now listen," said Mr. Oates; "this will be a cinch unless you spoil things yourself. Keep your mouth shut. If you spill the beans we're blowed-up suckers. But if you do just what I say we'll make this railroad look like little Ned in the Second Reader."

"You don't need to worry none 'bout me," responded Mr. Morgan earnestly. "I'm deef an' dumb from here on out."

*IV*

NATURE had won a lawsuit for Colonel Botts, or had, at least, kept him from losing one, and Guy's plan now was to enlist Nature in his own cause. When the growing season came on he made frequent trips to Mr. Morgan's farm, and each time came back more enthusiastic than on the preceding trip. His enthusiasm, however, was not contagious, at least so far as Mr. Morgan was concerned.

"How's she growing?" he asked Joe when his client appeared in his office late one June day.

"Growing!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan with bitterness. "Don't say that word to me. I'm just growed to death!"

"Got a good stand?" asked Mr. Oates.

"Call it good if you want to," responded Mr. Morgan dourly. "It sticks up like a duck blind in a lake. I can see my east field two miles 'fore I git to my pasture gate, an' it's flat land at that. Th' worst thing is my house is in that pasture. I'm skeered this business has gone too fer."

"Too far nothing!" said Mr. Oates enthusiastically. "The worse it gets, the better I like it. Let's go out and have a look."

An hour later Mr. Oates and his client approached the Morgan farm. Mr. Morgan hadn't exaggerated. His east pasture popped into view, a high ridge of waving green, long before Guy's chugging little motor had reached the town-site boundary. Guy whistled when he saw it.

"It's beautiful," he said enthusiastically.

Mr. Morgan turned a dull eye on his attorney. "Mr. Oates," he said plaintively, "if you'd been Johnson-grassed to death like I have, you wouldn't talk that way. It ain't beautiful, it's awful. It's like livin' in th' woods. What's more, it's gittin' worse. I've fit Johnson grass all my life, but I never had to battle no Johnson trees before."

He paused a moment and spat reflectively into the dusty roadway. The little car rumbled on.

"Over there," continued Mr. Morgan, pointing, "is where one o' my cotton patches is. Was, I mean." He indicated a head-high mass of shimmering blades.

"I planted cawn over there." He pointed out another patch of rank verdure that swayed merrily in the breeze.

"Them knocked-down places," he explained, "is cow trails."

Guy laughed.

"You can laugh if you want to," said Mr. Morgan reproachfully, "but I'm tellin' you th' danged truth. If you see any grass movin' much you can bank on it there's a skeered cow underneath it somewhere tryin' to find her way home. If this is farmin' I'm a rattlesnake."

"Never mind, Joe," said Mr. Oates cheerily. "Leave it to me and Mr. Blackstone. We know our okra. The railroad people haven't made a move yet; that shows they think they're safe. But they don't know what a snappy baby is galloping on their trail. Watch me do my stuff."

Mr. Morgan nodded dubiously and crawled slowly out of the car. Mr. Oates turned its nose back toward Cedarvale. "So long," he called cheerily to Mr. Morgan.

"So long," replied Mr. Morgan solemnly. He stood at his pasture gate for some moments, watching Mr. Oates disappear in the gathering dusk. Then he turned slowly and vanished bodily into the Johnson grass in the general direction of where reasonably good woodcraft would indicate his farmhouse to be.

*V*

WHAT the county agent had informed Mr. Oates was that the excess of commercial fertilizer probably would burn such portions of Mr. Morgan's crops as happened to be planted in the field adjacent to the railroad right of way. He had added that even if this didn't happen, Mr. Morgan would be in trouble just the same. This was because Johnson grass, the greatest pest of the Southern farmer, undoubtedly would be stimulated by the fertilizer as much as or even more than the crops. So that if the east-pasture crops were not ruined by burn, they would be choked by Johnson grass. Mr. Morgan was due for a financial setback either way.

It was this agricultural information that had revived Mr. Oates' hopes. The county agent knew what he was talking about. One entire side of Mr. Morgan's farm was choked with Johnson grass. So was the railroad right of way on either side of the tracks. Mr. Morgan had not been able to control his Johnson grass and the railroad hadn't tried to. Mr. Oates set out to capitalize this situation. There was law to cover the case.

Two days after his last trip to Mr. Morgan's farm Guy appeared before Judge Sinnot at the county seat of Fairfield and announced that he wanted an injunction to keep the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad from running its trains from a point eight miles east of Cedarvale to the terminus at Los Alamos.

"You want what?" asked Judge Sinnot in a bored voice. These college lawyers were always springing some newfangled problem to confuse the courts. Judge Sinnot wished the higher education were in Gehenna.

"A temporary injunction to prevent the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad from running east of Cedarvale," repeated Guy, smiling.

"Ain't it kind of unusual," asked Judge Sinnot dubiously, "for anybody to get an injunction to stop trains from running?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Guy easily. "There's nothing in law to prevent it. And this is an emergency; the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern is a public menace."

"How come?" asked Judge Sinnot, interested.

"It just happens," said Guy, "that there is a plague spot on its lines. You heard about the freight wreck on Joe Morgan's place when all the nitrate of soda was spilled last fall?"

Judge Sinnot grinned dryly and said he did.

"All right," continued Mr. Oates. "Well, as a result of this commercial fertilizer's being spilled on the Morgan farm and over the right of way, the Johnson grass is twenty feet high in that particular section. It is already going to seed. After it has gone to seed every train passing through that section will pick up those seeds and scatter them on other farms east. Pretty soon the whole country will be ruined by Johnson grass. And there's a law which provides heavy penalties for any railroad in this state that lets Johnson grass or Russian thistle go to seed on its right of way."

"Sure," said Judge Sinnot, "but the railroad can burn the grass."

"The railroad," said Guy, "hasn't shown any disposition to do so. It has been negligent. This injunction is to be granted temporarily only to force action. As soon as the weeds are cut I'm as willing as anybody for the injunction to be dissolved."

"I ain't so sure ——" began Judge Sinnot.

"Listen, judge," said Guy. "The farmers have their rights in this case. It's not common justice to let this city-slicking railroad ruin their crops and fields. It'll bankrupt the county and every farmer in the county. Moreover, if I'm not mistaken, one of your own farms is on the railroad below Joe Morgan's place. Think what'll happen to it."

"Can you make bond?" asked Judge Sinnot, sitting up suddenly.

"Right off," said Guy cheerily.

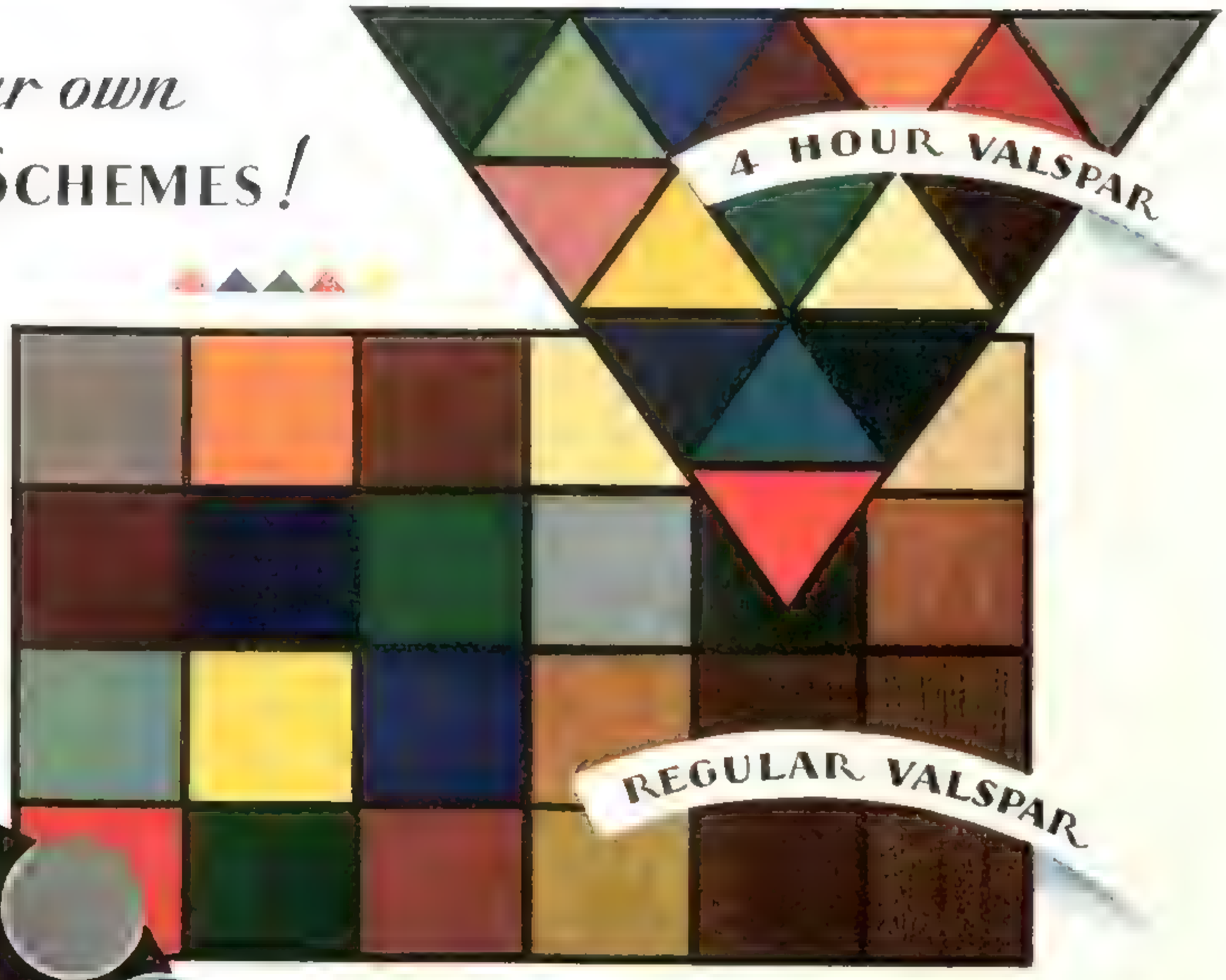
"I'll grant the injunction," said Judge Sinnot, "but everybody must understand that it is dissolved just as soon as the grass is cut. I guess it ain't right to put the whole community in danger. After thinking it over I agree with you."

With the process in his hand, Guy drove jubilantly back to his office at Cedarvale and there got busy on the long-distance telephone. By nightfall he had everything in readiness to show Colonel Botts a few of the complexities of the law.

One of the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad's fast freights was due at Cedarvale at ten o'clock. At a quarter to ten Mr. Oates was on hand, accompanied by Mr. Bud Connor, local constable,

(Continued on Page 102)

# *Create your own* COLOR SCHEMES!



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Dries in 4 hours!

Colors, reading left to right, are— Top Row: Palm Green, Nile Green, Holland Blue, Terra Cotta, Argentine Orange, Cardinal Red, Pearl Gray.

Second Row: Coral Sand, Jonquil Yellow, Jade Green, India Ivory, Tudor Brown.

Third Row: Slate Gray, Peacock Blue, Tile Green.

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**REGULAR VALSPAR**
***For Outdoors or Indoors.***
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Inside Circle (*Top*): India Ivory, Jonquil Yellow, Argentine Orange, Nile Green, Chinese Red. Center: Coral Sand.

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(Continued from Page 100)

and by Sheriff Andrews. At ten minutes to ten he sent Mr. Connor to Colonel Botts' residence with a message designed to make the colonel's hair curl. At ten o'clock sharp, just as the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern's crack freight pulled in, Colonel Botts arrived with blood in his eye. With him arrived a curious crowd, for news traveled fast in Cedarvale.

"What's all this about?" demanded Colonel Botts angrily of Mr. Oates. "What's th' idear o' draggin' a man out o' his house at this hour o' the night on some blamed tomfoolishness?"

"There's no foolin' about it," said Guy coolly. He nodded to Sheriff Andrews. The sheriff handed Colonel Botts a formal-looking document. Colonel Botts read it gloweringly in the half light.

"It's a injunction," explained the sheriff airily, "from th' county court. You can't run no trains east o' here tonight."

"Haw!" exclaimed Colonel Botts. "Whoever heard o' such a thing? It's plumb ridickilous!"

"Maybe so," spoke up Guy. "But if you disobey that injunction you and this whole train crew will be thrown in jail for contempt of court. Think that over."

Colonel Botts glared. He examined the document again, more carefully this time.

"You will note," said Mr. Oates helpfully, "that the operation of trains is enjoined only until the Johnson grass is cut from the right of way adjoining Joseph Morgan's farm eight miles east of here. As soon as the grass is cut the injunction is automatically dissolved."

"We won't pay no attention to this injunction," said Colonel Botts judicially. "It's unconstitutional." He turned on his heel and started toward the puffing locomotive on the tracks.

"Jist a minute, colonel," interrupted Sheriff Andrews coolly. "If you try to run that train I'll have to do my dooty."

Colonel Botts hesitated. Suddenly his mood changed. He laughed and handed the notice back to the sheriff. Then he sat down on the bench of the station and laughed again.

"All right," he said, guffawing; "we'll jist stand here all night then. And tomorrow an' th' next night. If we got to obey th' law we'll obey it. Put that in your pipe an' smoke it."

Sheriff Andrews conferred with Mr. Oates and stepped forward again. He shoved another document toward Colonel Botts.

"This here," he said, "is a telegram from th' railroad commission tellin' you you can't hold up traffic. You gotta move that train."

Colonel Botts' smile disappeared as if by magic. He scowled and rose. Guy stepped forward.

"You see, Colonel Botts," he explained, grinning, "I rather expected you to get stubborn about this thing, so I took the precaution of phoning to the commission at the capital. This telegram is the result. Your submission to this injunction would amount practically to a refusal to operate a common carrier, which, as you know, is against the law. But you have to obey the injunction just the same, or else you and all the officials of your railroad will be in contempt of Judge Sinnot's court."

Colonel Botts spluttered in his anger. "This," he said, "is the biggest bunch o' monkeyshines I ever heard tell of. First you say I can't run th' train an' then you tell me I got to."

"It's quite a problem, I admit," said Guy, smiling cheerfully. "Still there's a way out."

"How's that?" asked Colonel Botts sullenly.

"Simple enough," said Guy. "All you have to do is to get that Johnson grass cut off the right of way. Then the injunction is automatically dissolved. But if you run the train through before cutting the grass, every farmer beyond Joe Morgan's farm whose land is contiguous to the right of way will have a lovely little suit at law against your railroad. You know the penalty for allowing Johnson grass to go to seed on the right of way?"

Colonel Botts apparently did know. He scowled darkly. He beckoned the station agent to him. The station agent was apologetic, but certain of his ground. Colonel Botts rejoined the little group of which Guy and the sheriff were the nucleus.

"Let's settle this thing sensible," he said, addressing Mr. Oates angrily. "I'll have that grass cut first thing in th' mornin'. It just can't be done tonight because th' section foreman an' his gang have skeedaddled off somewhere. We got nobody to do th' work."

This was no news to Mr. Oates. He grinned slightly. It hadn't been such a hard job to see to it that Mr. Ike Johnson, section foreman, and his gang were absent for this particular night. Any good lawyer would have provided for this contingency. But his grin was short-lived; law and order must be observed, and solemnly at that.

"Nothin' doing," he said with emphasis. "I've got the farmers of this community to protect. That grass has to be cut before this train moves a wheel."

A dull purple spread over Colonel Botts' heavy features. It was against the grain, but he had to give way. He strode militantly to the locomotive.

"Git your train crew together," he said, addressing the engineer, "an' crawl on a couple o' handcars an' we'll go down an' cut this grass so's th' train can move. Shake a leg."

The engineer glanced pleasantly down at the colonel from his cab.

"Who? Me?" he asked, grinning. "Not a chancet! I'm a union man an' I never was hired to do no farm work."

Several others of the grimy train crew near the cab window nodded vigorously in agreement. Colonel Botts glared murderously and swung on his heel.

Guy stepped forward. "Colonel," he said, "maybe I can help you out of this mess. I'm always willing to cooperate with a fellow attorney. What you say if I get my client, Mr. Morgan, on the phone and have him get his own hands out to do the work for you? He's on the spot right now and can get the grass cut in a jiffy, so that this traffic blockade will be solved. What about it?"

Colonel Botts glared at Guy suspiciously. There must be something sinister behind Mr. Oates' proposal. But the colonel was suspended precariously between the devil and the deep blue sea, and capitulation was in order. He nodded sullen assent.

Guy was inside the station in two jumps. Colonel Botts followed more slowly. Five minutes later Mr. Oates had Joe Morgan on the line. There was a short conversation.

"He says he'll do it," Guy relayed after a moment, "but he wants pay for it."

Colonel Botts' heart dropped in his ample bosom like a piece of pig iron. He gulped.

"How much?" he blurted.

Mr. Oates went into further conversation with Mr. Morgan.

"Joe says," he reported, "that it's a bad night and that he doesn't feel well, but that he'll make a concession and do the work for four hundred dollars."

"What!" yelled Colonel Botts. "This is a infernal outrage! It's plain hijackin'! Tell him to go to th' devil! We won't be held up in no such manner. I ——"

A hullabaloo just outside the station caused him to pause. A second train had ground to a halt on the tracks outside the station. Traffic on the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern was becoming cluttered up with a vengeance. Colonel Botts opened his mouth again to complete his sentence, but was interrupted once more. The door swung open and a begrimed individual, with his cap tilted militantly over one eye, entered, waving his arms and expressing himself volubly. It was the conductor of the lately arrived freight.

"What's comin' off here?" he demanded angrily of Colonel Botts. "Git this train out o' the way. Slam her on a sidin' or something, but let me through."

Colonel Botts answered the conductor loftily. "They got a injunction against our runnin'. You can't git through till this thing is settled. Jist hold your hosses."

"Hold my hosses, my foot!" bellowed the new conductor, gesticulating angrily. "I got a load o' perishable freight that's got to go through. We'll all lose our jobs!"

Colonel Botts paled. He looked at Mr. Oates. Guy still held the receiver in his hand, his foot propping the heavy door of the booth open so that he could take in the scene in the waiting room.

"Well, colonel," said Guy, "time i money when you're phoning long distance. What shall I tell Morgan?"

"It's duress," bellowed Colonel Botts. "I won't pay."

"It's your own funeral," replied Guy. "But I'll give you one more chance. Make your mind up quick. Joe cuts the grass for four hundred or else you spend six weeks trying to explain to the railroad why an eminent jurist like you let things get into such a mess."

"They'll never stand fer four hundred dollars," groaned Colonel Botts. "Th' case is settled on th' railroad books."

"Sure," responded Mr. Oates brightly. "This is a personal expense of yours. But shake a leg; what's the answer? The whole question is whether your job is worth four hundred dollars to you. What shall I tell Joe?"

"Tell him to cut it!" cried Colonel Botts in a desperate rage. "I'll pay him!"

Guy relayed this information. Then he turned again to Colonel Botts.

"He says," he reported mildly, "that you can pay me right now—that he wouldn't trust you as far as he can throw a steer."

Colonel Botts, with a gesture of desperation, reached for his check book. His pen scratched; he tore the bit of paper from its folder viciously and thrust it at Guy. Mr. Oates examined the check judicially.

"All right, Joe," he sang out over the phone. "I've got the dough. Hop to it."

The receiver clicked on the hook. Mr. Oates let go of the door and paused inside the booth for a moment, wiping his perspiring forehead. Then he pushed the door open and stepped forth for a last word with Colonel Botts.

But the eminent attorney for the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern had had enough for one night. He was gone.

Three minutes later the two trains were also gone, puffing slowly down the track to give Mr. Morgan time to finish his agricultural labors before they should reach his farm. The crowd that had gathered at the station melted hilariously away. Only Guy and the station agent remained.

Mr. Oates examined the check once more, folded it carefully and tucked it in a leather card case.

"After all," he said to the station agent with a grin, "there's nothing like really knowing your stuff, is there? Good night."

"Good night," mumbled the station agent stoically.

### VI

EARLY the next afternoon Guy was more than ordinarily busy in his office. But the task which occupied his attention was not one of law. Mr. Oates worked with paste pot and paintbrush behind locked doors. It was Saturday, the day when farmers from all over the county came to Cedarvale, and Guy toiled feverishly to complete his job while there were still some hours of daylight left

At last his work was finished. He stood back and gazed at it with a grin. Then he opened the window sash wide and busied himself with a ball of twine and a tack hammer. Five minutes later a huge placard hung blatantly from his professional shingle. The placard was of stiff white cardboard. It was four feet wide and five feet deep. In its very center was

(Continued on Page 104)

MORE THAN
250 ITEMS

*Childhood and sunlight . . . .*
emblems of purity . . . . symbolic
of the wholesomeness, goodness
and purity of Monarch Foods.

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# MONARCH

SUPER-QUALITY FOODS – SOLD ONLY THROUGH INDEPENDENT GROCERS

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THE GREATEST
SINGLE TENNIS ACHIEVEMENT
IN TWO DECADES!

# Pennsylvania PRESSURE PACKED TENNIS BALLS

By "PRESSURE-PACKED", we mean three superfine, plugless Pennsylvania Tennis Balls, hermetically sealed in a red-and-green metal tube . . . the same air pressure *around* the balls as *inside* of them.

With this new, advanced method—exclusively of Pennsylvania origin—it is *mechanically impossible* for a Pennsylvania Tennis Ball to get soft . . . go dead . . . leak . . . or deteriorate while on the dealer's shelves.

And so, when you buy this ball-filled tube, you get three Pennsylvania Tennis Balls . . . *uniform* in bounce, liveliness, resilience, compression, weight and size—"PRESSURE-PACKED", *they can't be otherwise!*

On the court the ingenuity of pressure-packing will spring a revelation in your play. The ball rebounds truly . . . the speed can be judged more accurately . . . your service has more drive and sharpness . . . and you can place your shots with precision.

"PRESSURE-PACKED" Pennsylvania Tennis Balls cost no more than ordinary, unprotected balls. Why, then, paw through an open box of a dozen . . . bounce, bounce, bounce . . . for approximate liveliness when you can buy, at no greater cost, three balls-in-a-tube lively as the day they were made?

Ask your sporting goods dealer for Pennsylvania Balls . . . in the red-and-green tube. Pennsylvania Rubber Company of America, Inc. *Factories:* Jeannette, Pa.

*. . . And the ball is as superior as the packing!*

1 *Approved by the United States Lawn Tennis Association for all tournament play*

2 *Two piece outer construction . . . no plug*

3 *Heavy rubber cover of finest . . . cloth . . . vulcanized on . . . not glued*

4 *Some effect upon . . . must use . . . can't get in*

5 *Quarter made . . . in Pennsylvania . . . Check . . . more old stand . . . ards*

(Continued from Page 102)

pasted the check which Colonel Botts had given Guy for Joe Morgan the night before. And around the check above and below and to both sides, was printed a glaring message in militant black letters four inches high. The message read:

THIS IS THE CHECK
GIVEN BY COLONEL BOTTS TO JOE MORGAN
IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE SECOND LICKING AT THE LAW
ADMINISTERED TO HIM BY
GUY OATES
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Mr. Oates sat down at his desk and waited developments. They were not long in coming. A crowd formed below the window quickly and hilariously. Guy smiled as the swelling clamor betokened an increasing throng.

When the merriment below was at its height Guy heard a peremptory knock on his door.

"Who is it?" he called.

"It's me!" came back the unmistakable roar of Colonel Botts. "Lemme in!"

"I'm busy," said Guy.

"Lemme in!" roared Colonel Botts a second time.

"I'm sorry, colonel," Guy called out, "but I'm engaged. Anything I can do for you?"

"You take down that sign," bawled Colonel Botts, "or I'll have th' law on you! It's criminal libel!"

"Now, colonel," replied Guy soothingly, "be a nice little boy and go away. Didn't I tell you I was busy?"

"Lemme in!" demanded Colonel Botts hoarsely.

"Go chase yourself," said Mr. Oates.

Certain explosive noises without denoted that Colonel Botts was controlling himself with difficulty. "Are you goin' to take that sign down?" he demanded finally in a tone of desperately suppressed rage.

"No," said Mr. Oates cheerfully. "Take it down yourself if it bothers you."

A moment later the heavy footfalls of Colonel Botts could be heard as he made his way to the street. There was decision in every clump of his boots. Guy grinned and awaited the colonel's next move. It came quickly.

A sudden outburst on the part of the crowd caused Guy to peep cautiously over the window sill. Colonel Botts was pushing through the crowd with a ladder. Guy heard it grate against the board front of the building. Subsequent sounds indicated clearly that the colonel was ascending.

Guy stood up and stepped to the window just in time to meet him face to face.

"I'll show you!" bawled Colonel Botts, reaching forth precariously for the placard.

"One second, colonel," said Guy. There was something in his voice that caused Colonel Botts to pause.

"I just want you to understand this," said Mr. Oates measuredly. "If you take that sign away I'm going to have you prosecuted for theft over fifty dollars. That placard is worth four hundred dollars."

Colonel Botts leered evilly. "Haw," he said, "you jist think it is. It ain't worth nothin'. I've stopped payment on that check."

"Sure," said Guy calmly. "I thought you would all the time."

At this surprising remark, Colonel Botts, who had again reached forth for the placard, paused suddenly a second time. His face became more suffused than ever.

"You knew," he said viciously, "when you took that check from me last night that Joe Morgan had done had that grass cut the middle of th' afternoon."

"I knew Joe was anticipating the check some," Guy admitted.

"Wal, he's had his trouble for nothin'." Colonel Botts made another grab at the placard.

"Wait!" commanded Guy. "You're all wet. That sign is worth exactly four hundred dollars. I paid Joe Morgan that amount for the check this morning. My own canceled check will prove that in any court in the land."

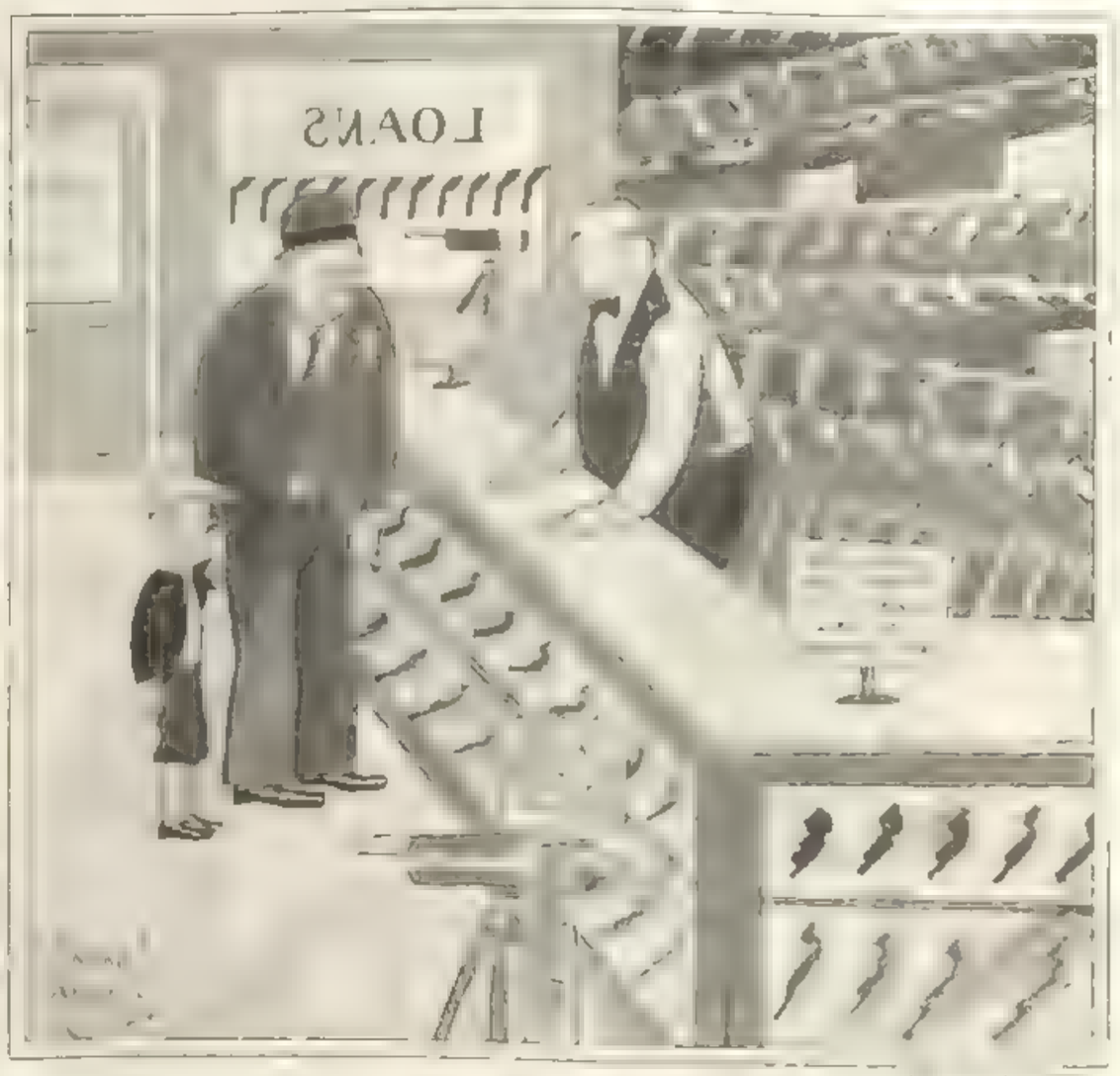
"You what?" asked Colonel Botts, suddenly pale.

"I paid Joe Morgan four hundred dollars for that check, bum as it is," repeated Guy coolly. "It's actually worth that to me. In fact, it's cheap at the price. The expense is charged up to advertising. Now take it down if you dare."

Colonel Botts' face grew apoplectically crimson. He glared murderously at Mr. Oates. Guy smiled.

"Now that the matter's all settled, colonel," he said pleasantly, "you can slide on through the window and I'll let you walk downstairs like a gentleman."

But Colonel Botts did not accept the invitation. He went down the way he came up and strode belligerently away, to the accompaniment of loud cheering by the delighted Cedarvalians.




*"Give Me a Couple of Boxes of Firecrackers." "Sorry, But We're Not Permitted to Sell Firecrackers. How About a Nice Revolver?"*

"...Home, the spot of earth
supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than
all the rest"

# The CASTLE of CONTENTMENT in the PRINCIPALITY of LOVE!

The sweet visions of this happy Wedding Day hold the dearest dream of all . . . the age-old dream of youth and love! . . . The Dream of Home! . . . trysting place of hearts and hopes united . . . that Castle of Contentment which a man protects . . . that Principality of Love in which a woman rules . . . but even married couples must be practical . . . winter months follow the Wedding March . . . home must be made secure against the rigors of storm and cold . . . cheeks that glowed with health in June must not languish for warmth in January . . . suffering must not dim those eyes that now sparkle with love . . . give your home, however simple or however fine, the blessings of radiator heating . . . Marriage is the promise of Perpetual Happiness . . . American Radiator Heating is the supreme Wedding Gift of Perpetual Summer!

You can own the home of your dreams. Consult your local Building and Loan Association; let them show you how. There is no obligation of any kind whatsoever.

If you will sign your name below and send it to the American Radiator Company, 40 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., we will send you particulars of our convenient plan by which you may have your home heated at a uniform temperature of 70° by an American Radiator Heating Unit at less than $75 a room!

My name is_____ My Address is_____ NSEP-1

My Wedding Day is_____

# BEAN HOLE BEANS!

*With the flavor of the Maine woods beans baked in the ground*

Beans baked in the ground! There is no flavor to compare with that of the beans baked this way in the Maine woods.

The big iron bean pot is filled with layer upon layer of beans, sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then it is buried for all night baking in the "bean hole"—an oven in the ground heated by glowing embers of pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known—a "baked-outdoors" taste, with a touch of fragrant forest air and a dash of wood smoke seasoning.

And now, think of it! You can have this same wonderful woods flavor, wherever you are! In Bean Hole Beans.

Bean Hole Beans are the first real reproducuon of the beans baked in the Maine woods lumber camps. The very same ingredients are used in them; they have that very same "baked-in-the-ground" taste.

Of course, you'll want some on hand; ask your grocer to send you several cans. He has them in two sizes—medium 15c, large 25c. (Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

VAN CAMP'S, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

*Makers of*

SOUPS CATSUP SPAGHETTI
KIDNEY BEANS CHILI CON CARNE
PUMPKIN KRAUT
and other Vegetable Products

*The first real reproduction of that famous baked-in-the-ground flavor*


# THE THROWBACK

Continued from Page 11

him into the gutter, but he submitted cheerfully to the first policeman on the scene, and later, in court, he grinned at the judge and explained his predilection for revolving doors so appealingly that the magistrate let him off with a warning.

"I declare," he confessed afterward, to the clerk of his court, "I sympathized with the fellow; knew exactly how he felt. I never go through a revolving door without having a ridiculous impulse to go around again

"I guess everybody does," the clerk agreed

Big Sam was arrested innumerable times. He was arrested for obstructing traffic when a Pekingese one day barked at his dog on Forty-second Street and the Great Dane retaliated with abuse in kind. He was arrested when he bought a toy automobile and tried to pedal it up Sixth Avenue. And he was arrested for walking down the sliding rubber hand rail of an escalator.

He was, in short, a merry child, with all New York for a plaything; and since along with these misdemeanors he also fought with persistent regularity, and with equally regular success, he was forgiven much. He might have been sadly spoiled, but Willie McCarr kept a hand on him Willie kept him out of Harlem, for instance, and he kept him away from liquor.

"Leave it alone, Sam," he said sternly. "The first drink of whisky you take, I'm through with you. Back to the swamps for yours."

"Boss," Sam pleaded, "licker never hurt me."

"Corn liquor?" Willie asked. "White mule? Maybe not. Niggers and mules get along together. But white man's whisky will do you, Sam. Leave it alone."

And if Sam had a law, Willie was its prophet. So Sam stayed sober, and he played with his new toys, and he fought like a leopard in the ring.

Willie managed that. He played unfailingly on Sam's love for finery. The opposing boxer might come into his corner in a resplendent bathrobe. "One like that for you, if you win," Willie would whisper in the Big Gun's ear. Or he might turn to threats: "You go home barefoot if you don't drop this boy, Sam."

Not that Sam needed urging He loved a fight. He loved the glamour of the ring—the blaze of the lights, and the shadows all around, where ranked rows of white folks sat waiting to see him annihilate his opponent. He loved the confusion of it, and the smell of liniment, and the grit of rosin under his feet, and the rich odor of new leather when the gloves were drawn on his hands.

During that winter he lost one fight on a decision, to a boxer who eluded him; he lost another to a milling fighter who, without doing any particular damage, nevertheless smothered all Sam's own blows. But his other fights he won, and not by decisions. When Sam won a fight, there was no argument about it. So the crowds loved him, and Willie McCarr and some others made a great deal of money, and Sam himself had all his heart desired.

One fight was very much like another to Sam. The night he fought Bart Donough was just another night—a great crowd filling the Garden to the brim, a blaze of lights above the square of canvas within the ropes, white faces turning to look up at him as he came down the aisle. Nor had he any understanding of the amount of shrewd planning, evasive promises and doubtful understandings which Willie McCarr had carried through to get Bart Donough into the ring. He only knew that Willie had promised him red silk sheets for his bed if he won, and the Big Gun meant to win, and briskly too.

Yet even Sam caught the new note in the roar that greeted him when he climbed into his corner; he heard the deeper thunder of the ovation which met Bart Donough as he came down the aisle. For this Bart Donough was a rising sun. The old champion, Jim Shay, was out. Paul Pritchard beat him once, and then for good measure again; Paul picked him to pieces at long range, never let Jim get set for one of those deadly blows which had brought him to the top. Then Paul, to prove he was a champion, whipped a good, willing slugger of his own selection, and retired. He was through with the ring. A good man, a clean man, and a man with a head on his shoulders, and he was through.

Paul was out by choice, and Jim Shay was out by virtue of two whippings So the throne was vacant, and Bart Donough came storming at the palace doors. There were other men in the mob on the palace steps, and they were all trying to get in, to make the throne their own. Once firmly seated, they might pick their opponents wisely and keep their preeminence for a while, but in the meantime they must profess, and even sometimes prove, a willingness to meet all comers.

Bart Donough did so profess, too loudly; and Willie McCarr nailed him for a match with Sam.

This was the night! The announcer was already on his feet His lips moved and his words blared from the amplifiers above his head:

"Bart Donough, the uncrowned champion! And in this corner, the Big Gun, Sam Morgan, the Georgia Cracker! Twelve rounds to a decision!"

Someone behind Sam screamed, "Crack him, Sam!" Sam grinned over his shoulder, and Bart Donough, across the ring, hunched on his stool, breaking the padding over his knuckles, watched Sam through shrewd slits of eyes. A moment later, when they came to the center of the ring for instructions, he trod on Sam's toes, as though Sam were not there. But Sam's toes had been trod on before. You could not knock a man out by stepping on his toes.

They turned back to their corners, a bell clanged, and Sam swung leisurely around. Then Bart came across the ring in one leap to clip Sam cleanly as he turned, and the Big Gun went down. The house screamed.

But it was easy to overturn Sam, if you caught him off balance A knockdown meant nothing to Sam. He had been knocked down before. Those things counted against a man in the decision, but Sam's fights seldom went to a decision. And this blow of Bart Donough's had not hurt him. His head was clear. He knelt with one fist on the floor, watching Bart in his corner yonder. Red silk sheets for his bed. Man, that was fine! At the count of eight he stood up easily and Bart came weaving toward him. Then Sam began to fight.

Bart was a compact, close-knit youngster. Sam was inches taller, inches longer in the arms, five pounds heavier. Bart was used to give weight, but not to such men as this Big Gun. Sam's flat flanks were roped and corded with muscles; his forearms were thick with them. That muscle which starts from an anchorage on the bone of the upper arm and runs along the lower arm to the wrist was incredibly developed. It swelled like an apple when his fists moved. And that is the punching muscle; there lies the quick, deadly, snapping blow.

Sam stood up and Bart Donough came weaving toward him. Bart was grinning, as he usually did grin when he fought. He came within long range, feinted once, and came in.

But that piston left of Sam's met him halfway. The eye, watching them, registered an instant when both were motionless; an instant when Bart's advance was checked, and so was the movement of Sam's left hand and arm. In this instant, Sam's whole body seemed focused in that left hand of his, as a pyramid is focused in its apex. (Continued on Page 109)

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 106

Then Bart's head snapped back and he recoiled fruitlessly. After a moment he came in again.

In that first round Sam was knocked down three times, but when the round ended, it was Bart Donough who panted as he returned to his corner. There was a cut over Bart's left eye, and his nose was crushed, and his mouth swollen. Sam could hit hard enough to stop an ordinary man, but Bart had proved long ago that he was no ordinary man. Nor was this an ordinary fight. As the round ended, a great roar filled the Garden; it quieted a moment later to quick, applauding ejaculations. Men leaned across the knees of their neighbors to speak excitedly to the men beyond. Even the policemen forgot to patrol the aisles on the lookout for smokers.

In an incredibly brief time the gong sounded once more. Three minutes of boxing is a long time; a minute of rest is nothing at all.

Bart dropped Sam again in the second round, but he paid a price for that empty success; and after the second round he did not again knock the Big Gun down. In the fourth, Bart himself missed a wild swing and slipped to the canvas, and toward the end of the fifth round he sagged to his knees again, when one of Sam's blows landed just above the short ribs on the left side.

At the end of the first minute of the sixth round he was out on his feet. A tough man, this Bart Donough. His hands hung against his thighs. Sam's last blow had swung him half around; and he groped and staggered, trying to find this antagonist who was destroying him. A tough man, and a brave one, and a fighter. He was still pawing the air with fruitless blows when the Big Gun fired his big shot

An instant later, Sam, leaning in his own corner, his arms along the ropes, watched the referee's arm pump up and down. Red silk sheets for his bed! He grinned contentedly.

Then he went to carry Bart to his corner. "Man, da's a tough boy," he said sympathetically. "Shame to see him cut up dat way."

One of Bart's seconds snarled something, but Sam said good-humoredly: "All right! All right, suh! But fix him up comfo'table. He's a mighty good boy, he is!"

Then Willie McCarr, rushing across the ring, had him by the arm. "Come away from there, Sam!" he ordered.

"Yas-suh," Sam assented, and grinned with delight. "Got to go see dem red silk sheets, boss. Gwine sleep mighty sound tonight, suh."

Willie was in the utmost good humor. He gave Big Sam fifty dollars in actual cash and spoke vaguely of money in the bank besides. But Sam was not interested in money. He slept next day till noon.

There was no champion of the world, but the Big Gun might lay claim to that title, and none could with authority deny his claim. So, during the next six weeks, the wires were hot, and here and there men got together in lofty offices to discuss what was to be done. Willie McCarr laid low and said nothing. The apple would drop into his hands; he had only to wait for the fruit to ripen before it should fall.

Paul Pritchard was somewhere in Europe. The cable companies delivered to him long, urgent messages, full of dazzling figures. Five hundred thousand, seven hundred. But Paul's replies were brief; they consisted in one sufficient word.

Yet someone must whip the Big Gun. The supremacy of the white race was threatened, because one good-humored, overgrown child with a dark skin could use his fists. Some men blamed Willie McCarr. It was, they suggested, treason, or lese majesty, or mayhem, or a kindred crime, to summon from the Georgia swamps a darky who could whip the world—at a moment when there was no white man in the seat of the champions. With the championship in safe hands, it would not so much have mattered; but with the throne vacant, a great colored fighter was a danger to the game. Twelve months before, boxing had been on the road to becoming the best paid of all professions; now it bade fair to slip back into the ruck of disrepute again.

There were even some editorials about the situation. Luther Madison, who, in a ringside seat, was a madman pounding his neighbors till they were black and blue, wrote sardonically in the Star:

> Again we must find a White Hope, it appears. Because a huge negro can use his hands, the forty-eight states must be searched for a white man who can use his better. There are even press gangs out searching for fistic talent in the Argentine, England, Scandinavia. The race is in danger and must be saved!

And Philip Marr, of the Reporter, who never went anywhere without his soda mints, came to the verge of poetry. He wrote:

> Here is a man out of the childhood of humanity; a fine animal with a soul of a lovable boy and the body of a panther. You can imagine him meeting a saber-toothed tiger, his fist against the tiger's tooth and claw. Against him no one who has been infected with civilization can hope long to stand. He may be knocked down, for that is a matter of equilibrium, but he would fight better on his back than on his feet if you let him, as the panther does. He may be knocked down, but he cannot be whipped, because his soul knows no defeat except death. He is out of that world in which to be beaten was to be devoured. No man fighting for a cut in the gate receipts can ever whip him. He is a throwback to the gods who sired the race; he is an avatar!

Thus the papers. But Sam, fortunately, could not read. No delusions of grandeur entered his good-humored head. He was having too much fun. Willie McCarr had put a revolving door in the gymnasium for his particular benefit. Also, he ran the elevator there to his heart's content, and he acquired gorgeous raiment and wore it till he saw something he preferred.

So he went his cheerful way while the wires buzzed and there was much talk to and fro. Till by and by the fruit ripened and dropped into Willie McCarr's lap. Jim Shay, the greatest fighter of them all, the man Paul Pritchard had boxed out of a championship, agreed to come back and fight the Big Gun.

Willie was so exultant at this consummation that he gave Sam a hundred-dollar bill and told him whom he was to fight. This latter did not matter, for a fight was only another fight to Sam. But the hundred dollars was a mistake, as Willie was to find.

Jim Shay would fight the Big Gun. "But not for the championship," he said stubbornly. "Keep that talk out of the ballyhoo. Put it in the contracts that if I want to, any time, I can withdraw. This is just a fight, see? Maybe I can take him; maybe not. But don't lay it on too strong beforehand, or I won't go through."

"You'll take this coon with a punch," they assured him flatteringly.

"Yeah?" he asked. "Well, nobody else did. He can be hit and knocked down, but he won't stay down."

"None of them can hit like you, Jim," they urged. "When you put 'em down, they stay that way."

But Jim Shay shook his head. "Do your talking after the fight," he insisted, "or I won't go through."

Willie McCarr made no protests at this attitude. He could afford to wait; so he held his tongue. But the golden future he foresaw worked upon his nerves, and he began to show the tension. He talked to the Big Gun, earnestly and seriously, about the importance of the fight that was to come.

"This boy's tough," he told Sam. "You'll have to fight better than you ever did before. But if you come through, you can buy the finest clothing store in town and move your bed in and live there, see? This is the big jump, Sam. After this, you can slide the rest of the way."

"Yas-suh," Sam cheerfully agreed. "I'll fight him."

"You've got to lick him, see?" Willie insisted.

"I fights better with some corn in me," Sam suggested hopefully. "You ain't seen me fight, boss, till you see me that way."

Willie held up a broad, flat palm. "That's out, Sam. You can't train on whisky. I've seen it tried."

"Boss," Sam pleaded, "some o' dat white mule, suh? Man, I 'uz raised on dat"

"Can't get that in New York, Sam," Willie reminded him evasively. "And you couldn't handle what they have up here. Boy, you do as I say. Sam, you got to win this fight."

"Yas-suh," Sam agreed. "But sposin' ef I do, boss."

"What do you want?" Willie countered. "Name your own ticket."

"One o' dem unifo'ms, blue wid gold trimmin's on it, and to stand outside one o' dem whirlin' doors. Da's de ticket, boss."

Willie chuckled, lifted an assenting hand. "You said it, Sam. I'll have the uniform made before the fight. If you win, you can wear it home; if you lose, I'll throw it in the trash barrel. O.K.?"

"Yas-suh!" Sam agreed, and licked his lips delightedly.

But in the course of the weeks before the fight, Sam began to acquire by infection some of Willie's nervousness. He had to be at his best to whip Jim Shay, and he brooded over the matter. The big man lost his old cheerful grin; his white teeth no longer flashed so easily. He was trying to decide what to do. And with that astonishing adaptability which he had more than once evidenced, in the end he found a way.

He was to fight Jim Shay on a Friday night in July, at the Yankee Stadium, and the fight was a sell-out a week before. Willie McCarr was very busy, and it may be that he somewhat relaxed the vigilance with which he watched over Sam. But Sam had always been free in the mornings; he liked to stay lazily abed till noon, and Willie had come to expect this of him.

On the Thursday morning before the fight, however, Sam did not lie abed. He rose early and dressed and slipped out of the hotel. It happened that just at this time Sam was affecting the garb of a sober man of business. He wore a light gray suit, a dark blue shirt, a lavender tie, tan shoes and a panama. So when he drifted into the Pennsylvania Station he was not so conspicuous as usual, and no one paid him any particular attention.

He had come to meet a train, and now he made his way to the information counter. The man whose attention he at length attracted was a pale-haired little individual in a neat blue suit, and he wore a red-and-blue tie. He may have been five feet eight, and in his clothes he must have weighed a hundred and forty pounds. His name was Lucey.

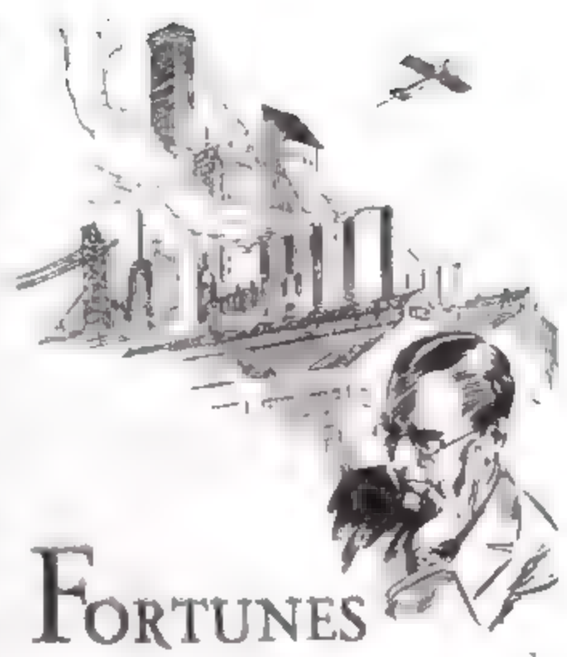
This man looked at Sam thoughtfully and Sam leaned across the counter and presented his problem. "Whur does I have to go to meet de Savannah train?" he asked.

At the sound of Sam's soft, blurred speech, Lucey's eyes faintly softened, with an old and weary loneliness. No Northern darky this. Lucey himself was from Tennessee; his forbears had dwelt there a hundred years, and in Virginia a hundred years before. Lucey's father was born in a great white-pillared house in the midst of many acres, but Lucey's son was born in a hospital and stayed there two weeks before he could be removed to the small apartment which Lucey was able to provide.

Lucey was a long way from home, and long roads have sometimes strange things at the end of them. But whatever the end, the beginning stands unchanged.

He answered Sam briefly. "Track 14," he said. There was nothing in his speech to make it clear to Sam that this little man was folks. But even if there had been, Sam might not have heard, for he was fascinated by Lucey's red-and-blue necktie.

(Continued on Page 111)

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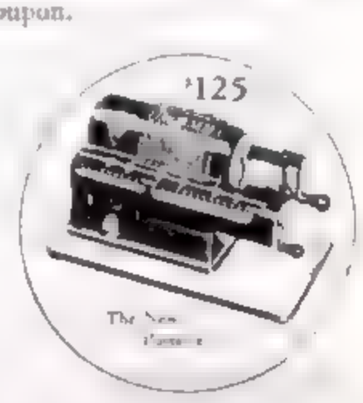


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(Continued from Page 109

He wanted that necktie, and up north here he had found that many impertinences might be forgiven him.

"Boss, whur d'you git dat necktie?" he asked approvingly.

Lucey colored slowly; he looked Sam in the eye

"Nigger, get away from here," said the information clerk.

Sam chuckled with delight. This was almost like home.

"Yas-suh," he said cheerfully, and he drifted gently away.

He met the train. That hundred dollars which Willie had given him made possible what now came to pass. Sam had treasured the money. Willie had furnished him with charge accounts, and he had small need for cash; he had kept the money for a fit occasion, and it served him now.

He stood watching the passengers file through the gates, till his eye lighted at last upon a familiar countenance; the broad, black visage of little George Smith. No man ever had a more loyal friend than George. He trudged through the gates, lugging a capacious leather bag in his hand, and Sam singled him out, gripped him by the arm.

"You got it?" he asked, with no word of greeting.

"In de bag," said George.

"You walk behind me," Sam directed. "Da's more fittin'! Come along!"

They followed the emerging passengers to the taxi loading platform; they boarded a cab. Sam directed the driver to go outside the station and park; and then he fumbled in the bag and drew out of it a gallon jug, securely corked. He tugged out the cork with strong fingers; he sniffed hungrily at the distinctive aroma which spread upon the air; and he tipped the jug to his mouth for a long draft. And smacked his lips contentedly.

"Jug, I been lonesome sence I saw you," he murmured, "but I'm happy an' contented now. Dat Jim Shay gwine have a rough evenin' tomorrow night. Yas-suh."

"I ain' tetched it," said George suggestively.

Sam wagged his head. "George, I need dis here mighty bad. Myself!"

And he tilted the jug again.

It was months since Sam had tasted strong waters. Even had this not been the case, he would hardly have kept a measure now on his consumption. But as it was, he exceeded his allotment sadly, and half an hour after he met George at the train he began to have ideas. He decided to go back into the station.

George tried to dissuade him. "You'll be gwine tuh sleep in half an hour, Sam," he urged.

Sam nodded amiably. "I'll sleep purty ef I git dat red-and-blue necktie," he insisted, and he opened the door of the cab.

George laid a hand on his arm, but that turned out badly. His head was still swimming when he picked himself up from the floor of the taxi in time to see Sam disappear into the wide portals of the terminal.

A moment later Sam once more approached the information desk. He was full of an overflowing good humor, his veins swimming genially. He circled the counter till he found Mr. Lucey. Lucey was ruffling through a time-table, seeking some information for a bulky man who harried him with questions, but Sam thrust this individual easily aside.

"Suh," he said —"please, suh, gimme dat tie you-all got on, will yuh?"

Lucey stared at the big darkey, and his face blazed, and his eyes froze.

"You're drunk, boy," he said. "Get out of heah!"

Sam's senses were bemused; else he must have caught that accent and been warned. "I'm gwine tuh be," he agreed, chuckling. "But please, suh, ef'n you-all could lemme have dat tie."

The bulky man, with a snort of anger, had turned to the next clerk. Sam's elbows occupied four feet of counter; he sprawled in front of Mr. Lucey. "Please, suh," he begged.

Lucey, with whom civilization had for a generation had its way, looked around for an officer. That was the sensible thing to do, for all this itch in his fingers. But there was no officer in sight, so he said again: "Get out of heah!"

"Please, suh, da's a mighty purty tie," Sam insisted.

There was a woman behind Sam, trying to get to the desk. Lucey repeated sharply: "Clear out!" And to this woman in his most gracious tone: "And what can I do for you, madam?"

Big Sam turned half around toward her. He could not see the woman clearly, but he tried to explain to her. "Jes a minute, ma'am," he urged. "I'm fixin' to git a necktie off'n dis here gemmun."

Lucey looked right and left. But he was not looking for a policeman now. There are avatars and avatars! Lucey was looking for a baseball bat, or a good hickory oar, or even a cane. But in default of these, a man must use what he has. He reached across the counter and smote Sam on the ear. Sam reeled a little backward, and Lucey jumped up on the counter and kicked Sam, hard, amidships. Sam buckled in the middle, and Lucey dropped lightly to the floor and hit Sam again; this time on the chin.

The blow acted as a precipitate on the alcoholic fog which bemused Sam's senses; this fog thickened into mist. The world vanished behind a gray blanket that turned black. Sam toppled like a tree, and a moment later the Big Gun, the Black Peril, the uncrowned champion of the world, lay snoring helplessly upon the marble floor.

By that time two or three officers arrived. Lucey bade them take the débris away, but one of them had seen Sam fight, recognized him now. He stared at Lucey with awed and bulging eyes; he said huskily:

"Say, you know who that is that you jumped, Mr. Lucey? That's the Big Gun. The best fighter in the world."

Lucey looked at Sam curiously and he brushed his hands together. "Pshaw!" he said, quite good-humored now. "He's no Big Gun! He's just an old-fashioned plantation nigger, full of white mule." And he added, for his ancestors had not only disciplined such folk as Sam but tended them:

"He's going to be a sick darkey by and by. Make him as comfortable as you can!"

Then he resumed his place behind the information bar, in time to tell a man in a hurry where he would find the next train for Baltimore.

The newspapers had the story on the street in an hour, and Jim Shay promptly exercised the cancellation clause in his contract.

"No sense in the fight now," he pointed out. "Just a laugh, if I win or lose!"

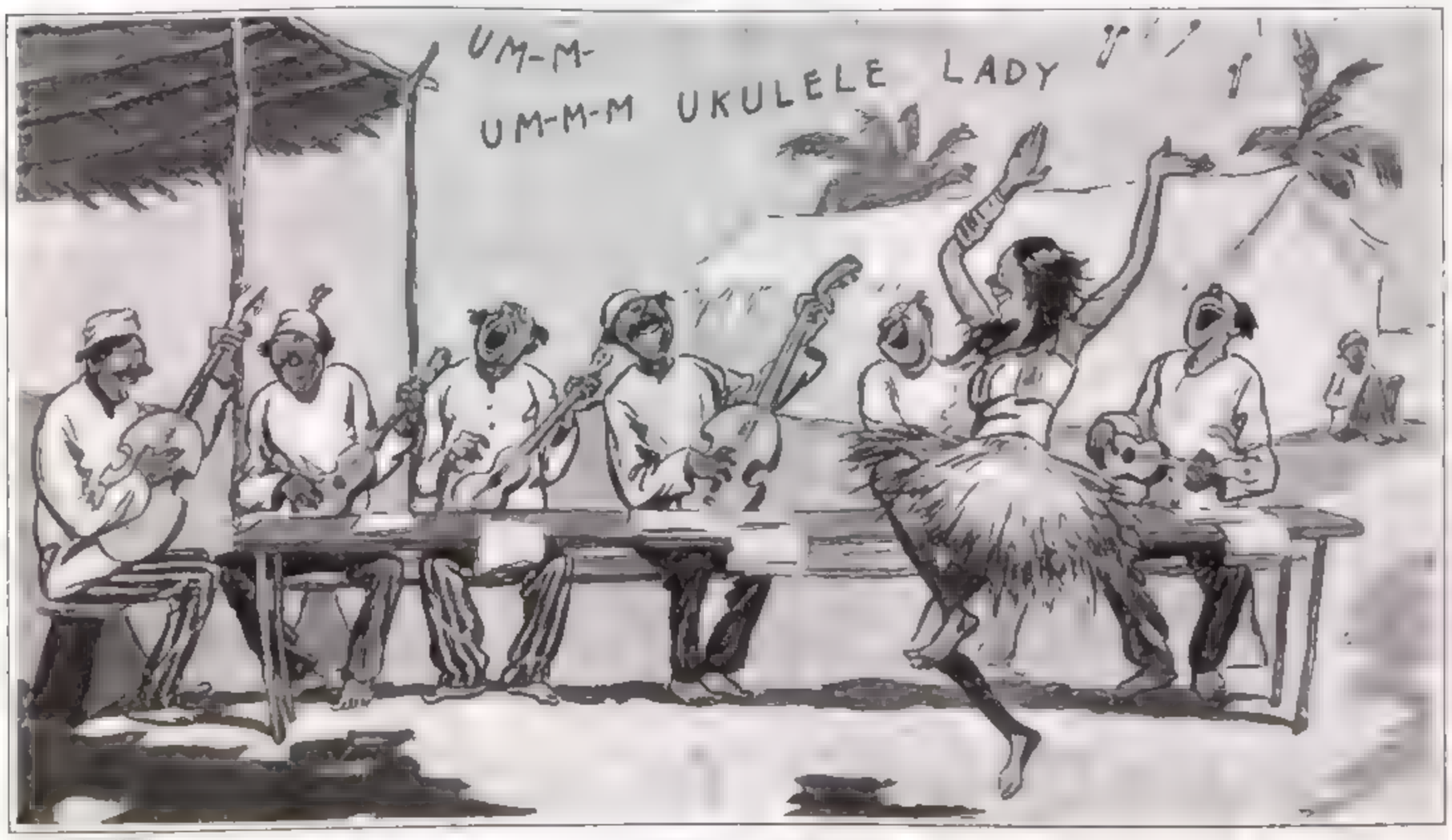
And Willie McCarr saw his dreams collapse. So the Big Gun, who single-handed had menaced the supremacy of the white race, went back to his swamps again.

Willie saw him, a year or two later, when he drove north once more. "In the chain gang, right where I found him," he told Joe Devine. And he added in resentful tones: "Say, I'd have made that boy a millionaire. And he blew it all for a second-hand necktie!"

"I spose he wanted another chance, eh?" Joe guessed wisely. "Wanted to come back up here."

Willie shook his head. "Fact is, I put it up to him," he ruefully confessed. "But he was doing sixty days this time, and he said he'd rather stay. Work a little every day, and plenty to eat and a place to sleep. He thinks he's sitting on the world!"

And he added, like one by whom the truth is half perceived: "I heard the lucky stiff singing as I came away."

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*Rates commence at four dollars*

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PHILADELPHIA

*Chestnut at Ninth Street*

Horace Ed[illegible] Managing Director

# THE BLACK CAMEL

(Continued from Page 32)

The chief laughed. "I might," he said.

"Lock me up until morning," the beach comber went on. "Don't let me go into the street with all this money on me. I might be held up, or possibly—possibly —— What I mean is, put me in a safe place overnight, and the chances of getting rid of me tomorrow will be a lot better than they look right now."

"With pleasure," nodded the chief. "Come with me."

Smith waved a hand at Charlie Chan. "Remind me in the morning, inspector. I owe you a dime—ten cents." He followed the chief from the room.

Charlie turned to Fyfe. "You are now in demand at playhouse. I am deeply grateful for all you have told."

"Mr. Chan, if you could only keep this thing about Shelah from reaching the public."

Charlie shook his head. "I am so sorry, but I fear same cannot be done. The matter has vital connection with her murder."

"I suppose it has," Fyfe sighed. "Well, anyhow, you've been mighty decent to me, and I appreciate it." Chan bowed him out.

Left alone, the detective stared thoughtfully into space. He was standing thus when the chief strode again into the room. For a moment they regarded each other.

"Well," the chief said, "so Tarneverro's story was a lie. And you've based your whole investigation on it. It's not like you, Charlie, to be tricked like that."

Chan nodded. "If I had time to do so, I would droop my head in shame. However, I choose now to forget the past. From this point on, my investigation takes new turn."

"What do you mean—from this point on?" his chief demanded. "The case is ended—don't you know that?"

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. In the morning Shelah Fane tells Tarneverro she killed Denny Mayo. Mayo was his brother. In the evening she's found murdered. What could be simpler than that? I'm going to arrest the fortune teller at once."

Charlie raised his hand. "No, no; I advise against that. You forget his alibi, solid as stone wall, not to be shaken."

"We'll have to shake it. It's evidently false. It must be. Either those old people are lying to save him, or else he tricked them as he tricked you."

"I do not think so," Chan said stubbornly.

"What's the matter with you, Charlie? Losing your grip? We never had a clearer case than this. The little matter of the alibi ——"

"Something else too," Chan reminded him. "Why did Tarneverro say he would call me down the beach to arrest a murderer? His words stick in my mind and will not be unlodged. I tell you firmly, this problem not yet solved."

"I can't understand you, Charlie."

"Only one thing made clear by Mr. Fyfe's interesting story. I know now why Mr. Tarneverro did not wish me to open letter written by Shelah Fane. He feared I would learn at once his tale of séance with the lady was false in details, and house of cards would tumble about his ears. Fortunate for him, letter, when finally opened, was so worded as to add strength to his lie. 'Please forget what I told you this morning. I must have been mad—mad.' Then he knew that blow struck in the dark was not needed, after all. Must have wished to give himself a few resounding kicks." Chan paused. "Yes, Mr. Tarneverro has muddled me with his deceit from very start. Still, I do not believe him guilty of murder."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" the chief demanded. "Just sit here and twiddle your thumbs, with me to help you?"

"I am no thumb twiddler," replied Chan with spirit. "I propose to act."

"On what? We have no more clews."

Charlie took the diamond pin from his pocket. "We have this." He handed it over. "Will you kindly oblige by making study of same?"

The chief examined it. "The pin itself is broken in the middle, isn't it? Half of it seems to be gone."

Chan nodded. "Indubitably gone. And when we find that missing end our case is solved."

The chief looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"How was pin broken? When watch was smashed murderer wished to provide further evidence of struggle that might make smashing of watch more probable. So he tore off orchid flowers and trampled them beneath foot. When he ripped off flowers, pin unfastened and came with them. No doubt it lay on floor, point uppermost. Perhaps that point drove deep into heel of murderer's shoe and broke off there. Did this happen, and did it go unnoticed by killer? It might. If so, there may be telltale scratches on polished floors of house at Waikiki. I speed there at once to look for same."

The chief pondered. "Well, there might be something in it, at that. I'll give you a chance to find out. Go along, and I'll wait here for news."

In the doorway Charlie encountered Kashimo. The little Japanese was worn and dispirited. "Have combed town twenty, maybe fifty, times. Mr. Smith no longer exists."

"A fine detective you are," growled the chief. "Smith is out there in a cell now. Charlie found him."

Disappointment and distress showed in the eyes of the Japanese. Charlie paused at the door and came back. He patted the little man's shoulder.

"Cheer yourself up," he said kindly. "Be good boy, attend all meetings of Y. M. B. A., and you will yet win success. Nobody is perfect. Take look at me. Twenty-seven years on force, and I am nowhere near so clever as I thought I was."

He walked slowly from the room.

### XXIII

CHARLIE rode out to the beach for what he hoped would be his final call at Shelah Fane's house. The moon had not yet risen, the sky was purple velvet pierced by ineffectual stars, the flowering trees hid their beauty somewhere in the calm, breathless dark. Twenty-four hours ago, in this same period of impenetrable night before the coming of the moon, the black camel had knelt at Shelah Fane's gate.

Though he knew now the secret in the woman's past, knew that she had done a grievous wrong, he still thought of her with the deepest sympathy. She had never stood in court to answer for her crime, but she had suffered none the less. What torture those three years must have been! "Perhaps in the end I may even find a little happiness. I want it so much"—thus she had written in her last pitiful note. Instead she had found—what? The black camel waiting to carry her away into the unknown.

Whatever the motive behind her murder may have been, Chan reflected, the act itself was heartless and cruel. He was firmly resolved that the person who had killed her should be found and made to pay. Found—but how? Would the little pin resting in his pocket come nobly to his aid? He hoped desperately that it would, for it was his sole reliance now.

The banyan tree's shade was like ink on the front lawn of the huge, rambling building that had been the famous star's last home. Chan parked his car, switched off its lights, and leaped nimbly to the ground.

Jessop, serene and dignified as ever, let him in. "Ah, constable, I was rather expecting you. What a pleasant evening to be abroad. Mild and fragrant, I should call it, sir."

Chan smiled. "I am too busy man, Jessop, to have concern with perfumes of the night."

"Ah, yes, I presume your time is fairly well occupied, constable. Is there—if I may make bold to inquire—any news regarding the homicide?"

Chan shook his head. "Not up to present moment."

"I regret to hear that, sir. The young people are on the beach—Miss Julie and Mr. Bradshaw, I mean. Whom did you wish to interrogate?"

"I wish to interrogate the floors of this house," Chan told him.

Jessop raised his white eyebrows. "Indeed, sir. My old father used to say that walls have ears ——"

"Floors, also, may repeat a story," Charlie returned. "If you have no inclination for objecting, I will begin in living room."

He pushed through the heavy curtains. Diana Dixon was sitting at the piano, softly playing. She got up.

"Oh, hello," she said. "You want somebody?"

"I want somebody very much," Chan nodded. "At the end of trail I hope to find him—or her."

"Then you haven't yet discovered who killed poor Shelah?"

"I have not. But subject is unhappy one. Why are you not on beach? That is place for youth at this hour."

Diana shrugged. "What's the beach without a man? And there aren't enough to go round, evidently."

"A situation rare in your neighborhood, I will wager," Charlie smiled.

"Oh, a change does us all good." She watched him as he stood there, looking impatiently about the room. "What are you going to do now? I'm so thrilled by all this ——"

"Now I am going to be unbearably rude," he replied. "I find myself in uncredible position of wanting to dispense with your company. Will you kindly wait on the *lanai?*"

She pouted. "I hoped you were going to ask me to help you."

"In such charming company as yours I fear I could not keep mind on work." He held open the French window. "As a very great favor, please."

With obvious reluctance she went out, and he closed the window after her. He did not wish to appear undignified in the presence of a witness, and it was his intention now to be undignified indeed. He turned on all the lights in the room and, with some difficulty, got down on his knees. Taking a magnifying glass from his pocket, he began a scrutiny of the highly polished floor wherever it was uncovered by rugs.

For a long time he crept about, until his knees ached. But he did not mind that, for his efforts were richly rewarded. Here and there he encountered numerous little scratches which had been, without doubt, recently made. He breathed hard and his black eyes shone with satisfaction.

Suddenly a brighter idea struck him. He scrambled to his feet and hurried to the dining room. The table, he was happy to note, was the same size it had been on the previous evening. Jessop was putting away silver in the sideboard. He turned.

"I observe," Chan remarked, "that you have not yet reduced size of dining table."

"I couldn't, sir," replied the butler. "All the leaves are already out. The former occupants of this house, it would appear, were of a most hospitable temperament."

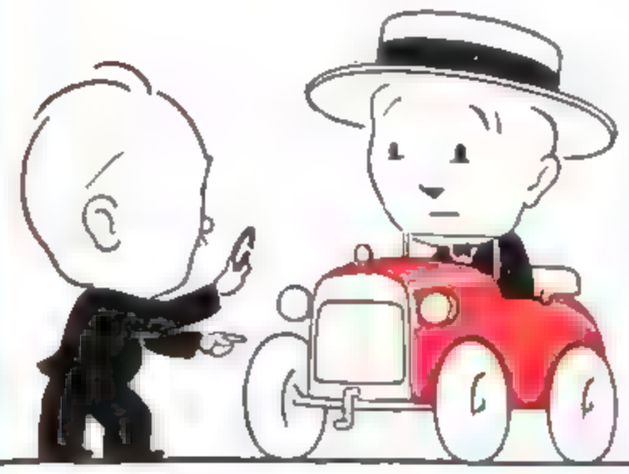
"Just as well," nodded Chan. He was pleased to see that the big table stood on the bare floor; the room was without rugs, save for a small one that lay in the doorway. "Do me a great favor, if you will, Mr. Jessop. Kindly place ten chairs about this board, in identical positions they occupied last night."

Puzzled, Jessop obeyed. When he had finished, Charlie stood for a moment in deep speculation.

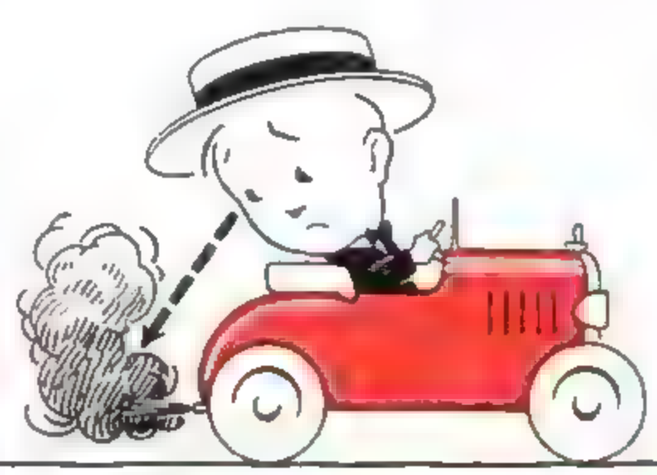
(Continued on Page 114)

# No More Trick Rings

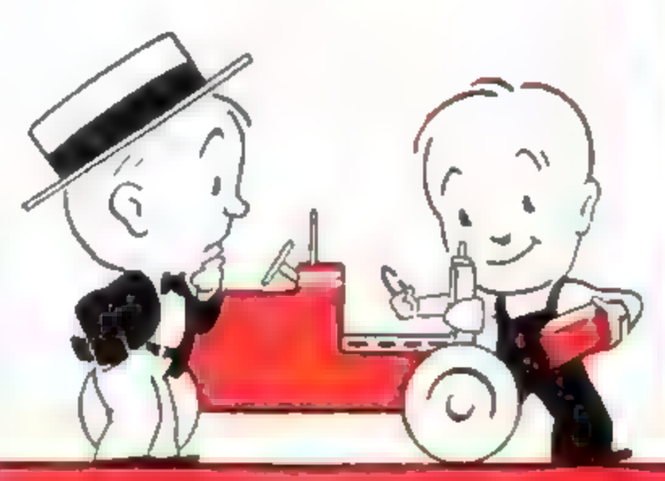
I've had my share of grief with things
Proclaimed as "cure-all" piston rings



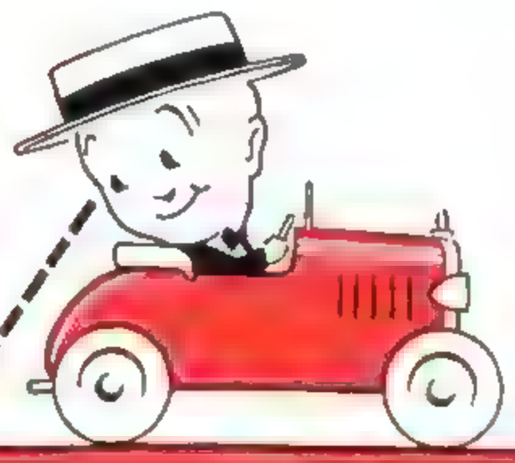
I gave each one a thorough show
But all I reaped was costly woe



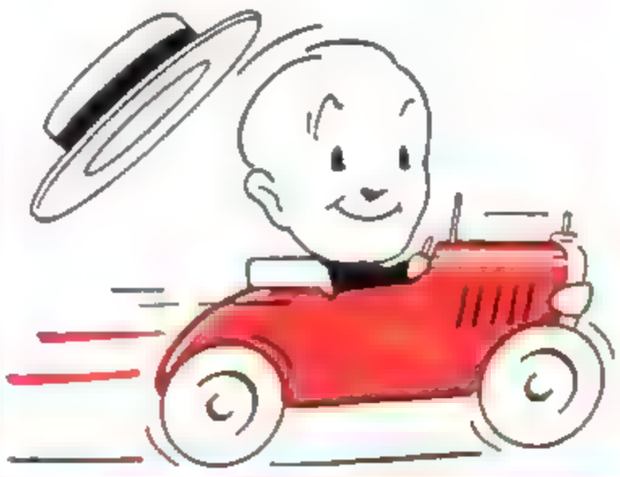
And then I had my Lucky Day
When PERFECT CIRCLES came my way



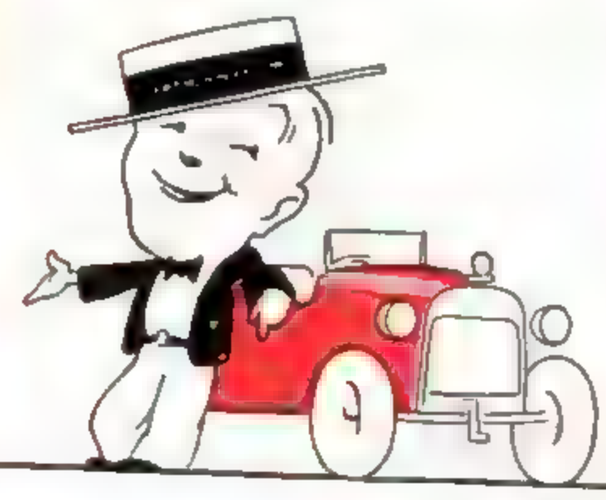
Devoid of any fancy frills,
They cured a lot of chronic ills



They stopped oil-pumping there and then
And made my motor young again



What PERFECT CIRCLES did for me
They'll do for you... buy them and see!



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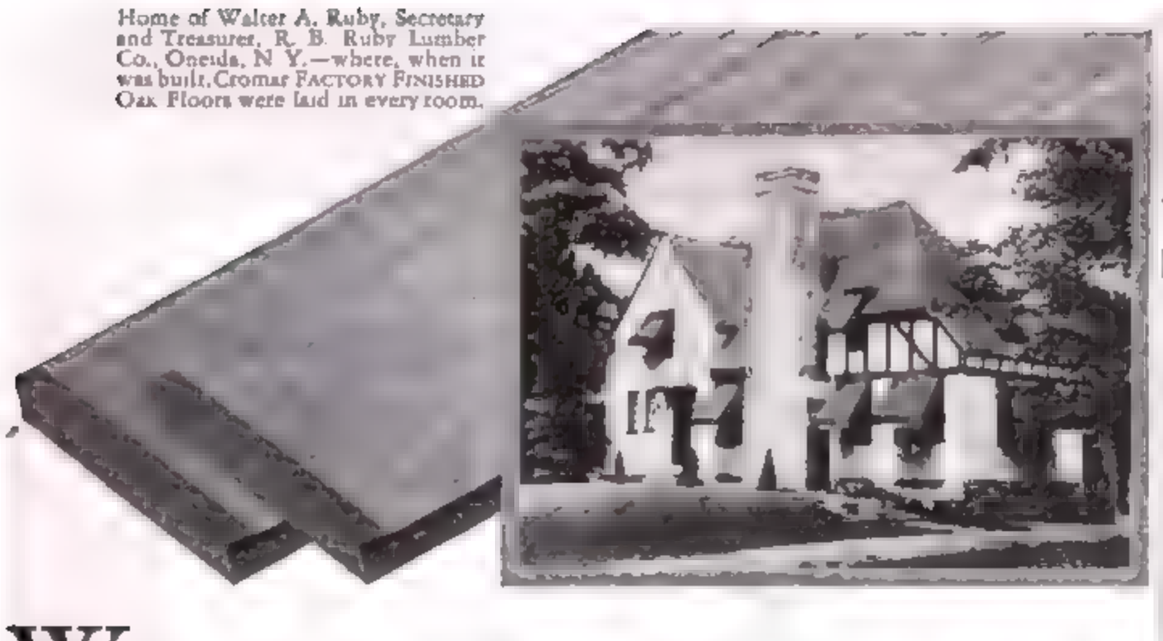

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CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING


*Continued from Page 112.*

"They now stand just as they did when you served dinner guests with coffee, some twenty-two hours ago?"

"Precisely," the butler assured him.

Without a word, Charlie pulled back a chair and disappeared beneath the table. One by one, mute evidence of his activity there, the chairs were pushed away, while Jessop stared with an amazement rarely seen on his imperturbable face. With a flash light added to his equipment, Chan made the long circuit. Finally he came up as though for air.

"Were place cards used for last night's dinner?" he inquired.

"No, sir. It was a rather informal affair, and Miss Fane told me she would seat the guests herself."

"Then when they came in here for coffee, they sat in no prearranged order?"

"Oh, no, sir. They just sat anywhere their fancy dictated."

"Is there chance you happen to remember who sat in which place?"

Jessop shook his head.

"I'm sorry, constable. It was a somewhat disturbing evening. I was a bit unnerved, I fear."

Charlie laid his hand on the chair at the right of the one the hostess would no doubt have occupied. "You cannot, then, tell me who it was reclined here?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Chan. One of the gentlemen, I fancy. But I—I really don't know."

Charlie studied a moment. "Thank you so much. The telephone is in the hall closet, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. I will show you."

"No need to trouble," Chan told him. "I will find it."

He went out to the hall, and shutting himself in the hot cubby-hole under the stairs, made numerous calls. Finally he rang up his chief.

"Inspector Chan speaking," he said. "May I humbly suggest that you bring one other good man with you and come immediately to house of Shelah Fane?"

"Something doing, Charlie?" asked the chief.

Chan pulled the door shut as far as it would go. Little beads of perspiration began to pop out on his forehead.

"Pin is about to lead us to success," he replied in a low voice. "On floor of living room repose plenty fresh scratchee. What is more, during time of investigation last night, guests who expected to enjoy dinner sat down round dining table for abbreviated repast. Floor is bare beneath table, and in front of one chair—and only one—more scratches are in evidence."

"Who sat in that chair?" the chief demanded.

"The murderer of Shelah Fane," Chan answered. "The name I do not yet know. But I have just now summoned to house six guests, who, with three already here, make up complete list. When all are assembled we lead them to dining room and ask them, please, to sit where they did last night. Chair of dead hostess was at head of table, facing door to hall. Note who sits down in chair at right of hostess. Same will be person we so hotly seek."

The chief laughed. "Going to make a big drama out of it, eh, Charlie? Well, that's all right with me, as long as it means success. I'll be with you pronto."

Chan returned to the hall, mopping his brow. He caught a glimpse of the coat tails of Jessop, hastily disappearing through the curtains of the dining-room door. With an idle step he moved along, and came finally to the *lanai*, where he encountered Miss Dixon.

"Living room is again at your disposal." He bowed.

She rose and came toward him. "Did you find what you were looking for?" she asked eagerly.

He shrugged. "Who in this world finds what he looks for? Success—what is it? A bubble that explodes when touched by human hand." And he strolled off toward the beach.

At his right, as he crossed the lawn, lay the pavilion, dark and empty tonight. Close by the sea, seated together in a beach chair intended for one person only, he came upon Julie and Jimmy Bradshaw. The boy rose quickly.

"Why, it's good old Charlie!" he cried. "Honolulu's noted sleuth! How are you and what's the news?"

"News seems to be that spell of Waikiki Beach is still intact," Chan answered. "I am so sorry to interrupt this touching scene."

Bradshaw held out his hand. "Shake, Charlie. You're the first to hear about it. I'm going to be married. And oh, yes—Julie is too."

"Plenty good news," returned Chan heartily. "May you have half the happiness I wish you; the full amount would be impossible."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Chan," Julie said.

"You're a great old scout," Bradshaw remarked. "I'll miss you. I'll miss this beach too."

"What is that? You leave Honolulu?"

"Oh, sure."

"You depart from this lovely spot, about which you have written one million words?"

"I've got to, Charlie. Have you ever stopped to think about the effect of all this languid beauty on a young man's character? Devastating, that's what it is. On this crescent beach, fanned by the warm breath of the south, and so on—what happens to him? He droops, he stagnates, he crumbles. No more coco palms for me. Redwoods, Charlie. Do you know about the redwoods? They brace you up. They're my trees hereafter. A big lumber-and-sap man from the West—that's going to be my rôle."

Chan grinned. "You have failed to win Miss Julie to your views on Hawaii?"

"It looks that way. Sold it to fifty thousand tourists, but not to the girl I love. That's life, I suppose."

"When you go from here you will leave much beauty behind," Charlie said. "But you will also take much beauty with you, since Miss Julie goes along."

"Which remark, Mr. Bradshaw," Julie laughed, "should have come from you."

"It would have, presently," he answered.

Chan stood staring at the rising moon, the curve of lights along the whispering shore. The sad music of Hawaii came drifting up from the Moana courtyard.

"To be young, in love, and on this beach," he said. "What greater happiness than that? Taste it to the full. It happens once, then time moves on. Moment comes when gold and pearls cannot buy back the raven locks of youth."

"Why, Charlie, you're getting sentimental!" Bradshaw cried.

Chan nodded. "I think of my own courtship on this shore—so long ago. How long, you wonder? I am now father of eleven children. Judge for yourself."

"You must be very proud of them," Julie ventured.

"As proud as they will permit," Chan answered. "At least, I have done my part to link past with future. When I move on, leaving eleven offspring, can any man say I have not been here? I think not."

"You're certainly right on that," Bradshaw assured him.

"May I speak with you in private for a moment?" Charlie said.

He walked with the boy back toward the lights of the house.

"What's doing?" Bradshaw wanted to know.

"Plenty will be doing at any moment now. Within the hour I tell you who killed Shelah Fane."

"Good Lord!" the boy gasped.

"First, I suggest a task for you. Miss Julie was Shelah Fane's dear friend. Go back and break news gently to her that it was Miss Fane who shot Denny Mayo. Same is now established beyond all doubt."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. Impart news gently, as I request. Then blow will not hit her with such cruel

*(Continued on Page 117)*

*Unseen . . . hidden underneath . . .*

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HYATT Journal Box: sectioned view at left, shows bearing in place. Box as applied to trucks under passenger cars, shown at right.

(Continued from Page 114)

force as in crowd of people. It will be unhappy shock for her, but she will soon forget. She has your love."

"All I've got, Charlie. Say, this is pretty considerate of you. But then, you think of everything."

"Within my limitations, I try to do so. When news is broken, both of you are to come at once to living room."

"We'll do that, Charlie. Thanks."

As Chan entered the great room, Diana Dixon was greeting Martino, Van Horn and Jaynes, who had come down from the hotel together.

The detective noted with satisfaction that all three were in dinner clothes—was it too much to hope they wore the same shoes as on the previous evening?

"Hello, inspector," Martino said. "We came as soon as we could make it. What's in the air?"

"A little experiment," Chan answered. "Perhaps our case is *pau* tonight."

Jaynes was lighting a small cigar. "*Pau*—you mean finished? By Jove, I hope so. They're holding a cabin for me on tomorrow's boat. I rely on you, inspector."

"We all do," added the director. "I want to get off myself. Huntley, you and I might take that boat too."

Van Horn shrugged. "Oh, I don't care if I never leave. I was looking at that beach comber last night. Shouldn't be surprised if he were the happiest man among us."

"Going primitive, eh?" Martino smiled. "I suppose it's the influence of that part you played down in Tahiti."

"It's the thought of the artificiality of Hollywood," responded Van Horn.

"Spoken like a true Californian," remarked Jimmy Bradshaw, entering with Julie. "Would you mind if I quoted you on that? Famous picture actor prefers Honolulu's simple ways to the fevered swank of the film colony."

"You do," returned Van Horn grimly, "and I'll deny I ever said it."

"Alas," grinned Bradshaw. "All the movie actors' best lines have to be left out of their interviews."

Wilkie Ballou and his wife came in. The former wore a linen suit, with white shoes, and Charlie was troubled. If Ballou took the chair that was waiting for someone in the dining room, then his case might be far from proof even now.

"What's it all about?" Ballou demanded. "I was going to bed early tonight."

"Poor old Wilkie can't stand excitement," Rita remarked. "As for me, I love it. Hello, Diana; what have you been doing today?"

The curtains parted and Tarneverro stepped noiselessly into the room. He stood for a moment, staring about, a rather worried look in his dark eyes.

"Ah, yes," he said. "We're all here, aren't we?"

Jaynes got slowly to his feet, walked over, and proffered a case. "Good evening," he remarked. "Will you have one of my cigars?"

"No, thank you," Tarneverro answered blandly. "I don't use them."

"So sorry," replied the Britisher. "I rather thought you did."

Charlie stepped hastily between them. "Will you be seated, please? We are all here, yes, except my chief. We wait few minutes for him."

They sat down. Rita, Diana and Julie chatted together in low tones. The men were silent, staring into space.

Presently there was a clatter in the hall and the chief strode in. After him came Spencer, big and competent-looking. Chan leaped up.

"Ah, chief. Now we may go forward. I have explained that we desire to make small experiment. You know some of these people."

Wilkie Ballou shook the chief's hand. "I'm glad to see you here," he remarked, with a glance toward Charlie.

"Mr. Tarneverro is also known to you," Chan continued, oblivious. He introduced the others. "Now we will all proceed to dining room," he finished.

"What? Another dinner party?" cried Rita Ballou.

"A peculiar dinner party," Chan told her, "at which no food will be served. Come this way, please."

They filed out, solemn and ill at ease now. The presence of the chief and the burly policeman in uniform had served to impress them with the seriousness of the situation. Not unnaturally, they were asking themselves what all this meant. Was it a trap?

Jessop was on duty in the dining room, grave and dignified. He waited, ready to seat them at the barren table with the same poise as though it had gleamed with silver, been snowy with linen.

"We are now about to make request," Chan said slowly. "I would remind you that this is important moment and you must think deep before acting. No mistake must be made. Will you kindly sit down at same places you occupied at this table last night?"

A little chorus of dismay greeted his words. "But I was so excited, I don't remember!" cried Diana, and the others echoed her. For a moment they milled about, puzzled and uncertain. Then Jimmy Bradshaw dropped down at the foot of the table, opposite the empty chair of the hostess.

"I sat here," he announced. "I recall it perfectly. Julie, you were at my right. Mr. Van Horn, you sat at my left."

Julie and the picture actor, with Jessop officiating, took their places.

"Mr. Ballou, you were here beside me," Julie said, and Chan heaved a sigh of relief as the Honolulu man sank into his chair.

"So I was," Ballou remarked. "Thank you for remembering, my dear. Diana, you were at my right."

"True enough," Miss Dixon agreed, and Jessop held her chair. "And, Val, you were at my right."

"Of course," the director nodded, and sat down. One side of the table was now completely filled, but it was not the side that interested Charlie.

"You were across from me, Rita," said Diana. Mrs. Ballou took her place.

Two chairs, aside from the one at the head of the table, remained vacant, with Jaynes and Tarneverro left to occupy them.

"I believe, Mrs. Ballou, that I had the honor of sitting beside you," remarked Tarneverro, and took the chair at her right.

"So you did," Rita agreed. "And Mr. Jaynes was on the other side." She indicated the chair at her left—the portentous chair before which were tiny scratches such as might have been made by a broken pin protruding slightly from the heel of a shoe.

"I fancy we have it now," smiled Jaynes innocently, and sat down.

There was a moment's silence. "You are seated just as you were last night?" Chan inquired slowly.

"We are not," said Huntley Van Horn suddenly.

"Something is wrong?" Charlie asked.

"It is. Mr. Tarneverro is at my left now, but last night Mr. Jaynes was in that position."

"Why, of course!" Rita Ballou cried. She turned to Tarneverro. "You and Mr. Jaynes have exchanged places."

"Perhaps we have," the fortune teller answered amiably. He rose. Jaynes also got up, and took the chair at Rita's right. After a moment's hesitation, Tarneverro dropped into the fateful chair. "I fancy we're all set now," he remarked calmly. "Jessop, you may serve the soup."

Charlie and the chief exchanged a look and moved away from the neighborhood of the table. They went into the hall.

"Tarneverro," said the chief softly. "I knew it. Take a look at his shoes."

But Chan stubbornly shook his head. "Something is very wrong here," he insisted.

"Wrong, nonsense! What's got into you, anyhow, Charlie?"

"Extremely wrong," Chan continued. "You cannot convict a man with an alibi such as his. All broken pins in world would not avail."

"Then the whole thing's a flop, according to you?"

"So far, yes. But I do not despair. Permit me that I think a moment. There is some explanation of this. Ah, yes. Come with me."

They returned to the dining room. The group about that barren table looked at them expectantly.

"Kindly hold positions just as at present," Chan said. "I come back before I am missed."

He stepped through a swinging door into the kitchen, and they heard his voice in low converse with Wu Kno-ching, the cook. They waited in silence; even the obviously innocent appeared to be anxious and uneasy.

Presently Charlie returned, walking with unwonted briskness and with a grim look on his face.

"Jessop," he said.

The butler stepped forward with a rather startled air.

"Yes, constable?"

"Jessop, after these people departed last night, others sat at this table?"

The butler had a guilty look. "I'm extremely sorry, sir. It was not quite in order. I would not ordinarily countenance it in a well-run house, but things were rather at sixes and sevens, and we had had no dinner; so we just sat down for a bit of coffee. We needed it badly."

"Who sat down?

"Anna and I, sir."

"You and Anna sat down at this table after the guests had gone? Where did you sit?"

"Over there, where Mr. Martino is now seated, sir."

"And Anna—where did Anna sit?"

"She sat here, sir." And Jessop laid his hand on the back of Tarneverro's chair.

For a moment Chan was silent, staring at the butler with unseeing eyes. He sighed heavily, as one who after a long journey sights the end of the trail at last.

"Where is Anna now?" he asked.

"She is in her room, I fancy, sir. Upstairs, at the rear."

Charlie nodded at Spencer. "Bring this woman at once," he ordered, and the policeman disappeared. Chan turned to the table. "Our little experiment is ended. Please step back to living room."

They got up and filed silently across the hall. Charlie and the chief waited at the foot of the stairway. The chief said nothing, and Charlie also seemed disinclined to speak. Presently Spencer appeared at the head of the stairs, accompanied by Anna. They descended slowly. His eyes like black buttons in the half light, Chan faced the woman. With cool unconcern, she returned his stare.

"Come with me," he said. He led her into the living room and stood for a moment looking at her feet. She wore high black shoes, in keeping with her sober uniform. The right one, Charlie noted, seemed somewhat thick about the ankle.

"Anna, I must make very odd request of you," he said. "Will you be good enough to remove right shoe?"

She sat down and began slowly to unlace it. Tarneverro came forward and stood at Chan's side. The detective ignored him.

He took the heavy shoe from Anna's hand, turned it over, and with his penknife slit the rubber heel. A little half-inch length of gold pin lay exposed, and with a gesture of triumph he lifted it out and held it up.

"You are all witnesses," he reminded them. He turned to Anna. "As for you, I fear you have been grossly careless. When you stamped those orchids under foot, you failed to note this telltale evidence of your act. Ah, well; but for such brief moments of neglect we would get nowhere in this business." He gave his attention to the shoe. "I note braces built along the sides," he continued. "Meant to protect weak ankle, I think. You have had an accident, madam?"

"My—my ankle was broken long ago," she replied, in a voice barely audible.

"Broken?" cried Charlie quickly. "When? How? Was it dancing on the stage you broke that ankle? Ah, yes, it was. Madam, I think you were once the wife of Denny Mayo."

The woman took a little step toward him. Her eyes were hard and defiant, but her usually dark face was white as Waikiki's sands.

### XXIV

CHARLIE turned to Tarneverro. In the deep-set eyes of the fortune teller he saw a reluctant admiration. He smiled.

"I have been plenty dense," he said. "This woman is on the scene by no coincidence. When you set up as lifter of the veil in Hollywood, you needed—what? Spies—spies to scatter about the place and bring you morsels of gossip regarding film people. Your brother's wife had suffered accident, she was no longer able to work at profession, she was penniless and alone. You sent for her. What more natural than that action? You helped her to position that she might help you."

Tarneverro shrugged. "You have a remarkable imagination, Mr. Chan."

"No, no, you flatter me!" Charlie cried. "It has just been proved I have not imagination enough. Only one claim I make for myself—when light at last begins to stream in, I do not close the shutters. Light is streaming in now. Anna's task was not alone to bring you trivial information; she was also to assist you in solving matter of Denny Mayo's murder. Was that why you placed her with Shelah Fane? Had you already some suspicion of Miss Fane? I think so. Yesterday morning, in your apartment, actress confessed her misdeed to you. At once you inform Anna that victory has come. You are in high spirits. Your own intention is honest one—you plan to hand Miss Fane to police. Otherwise you would not say to me what you did in Grand Hotel lounge last night. Then what happened?"

"You tell me, inspector."

"Such is my purpose. You learn that Shelah Fane is murdered. Without being told, you know who did the deed. The position is hard one for you, but mind works fast as usual. You invent false story about your seance with Shelah Fane and boost me off on wrong trail at once. You talk about mythical letter Miss Fane was to write for you. Then, to your surprise and dismay, you find real letter was written. It may wreck plans at once, so you strike me down and obtain epistle. Needless act, as it turns out. You rage about, destroying photographs of Mayo to conceal relationship with him. You seek to befuddle me by involving innocent parties. Oh, you have been busy man, Mr. Tarneverro. I might forgive you, but I find it difficult to forgive myself. Why have I been so stupid?"

"Who says you've been stupid, Charlie?" the chief asked.

"I do, and I remark same with bitter force," Chan answered. "My little duel with this fortune teller should have been finished long hours ago. Matter was clear enough. I knew he employed spies. I gathered—though I paid not enough attention to fact—that someone had been spying on Miss Fane in Tahiti and on returning boat. I learned that Anna here bought bonds—matter which might indicate more income than simple wage as maid. I listen to Tarneverro's alibi and feel certain he did not do murder himself. What, then, explains his actions? Natural inference for good detective would have been that he protects someone else. Who? I read in newspaper that Denny Mayo had wife. I discover Mayo was Tarneverro's brother, and I hear that Mayo was slain by hand of Shelah Fane. Later—crowning touch I am told Mayo's wife encountered accident and can no longer follow profession. Do I put two and two together? Do I add up simple sum and get result? No, I fumble around, I flounder like decrepit fish; finally I slide into happy harbor of success."

(Continued on Page 120)

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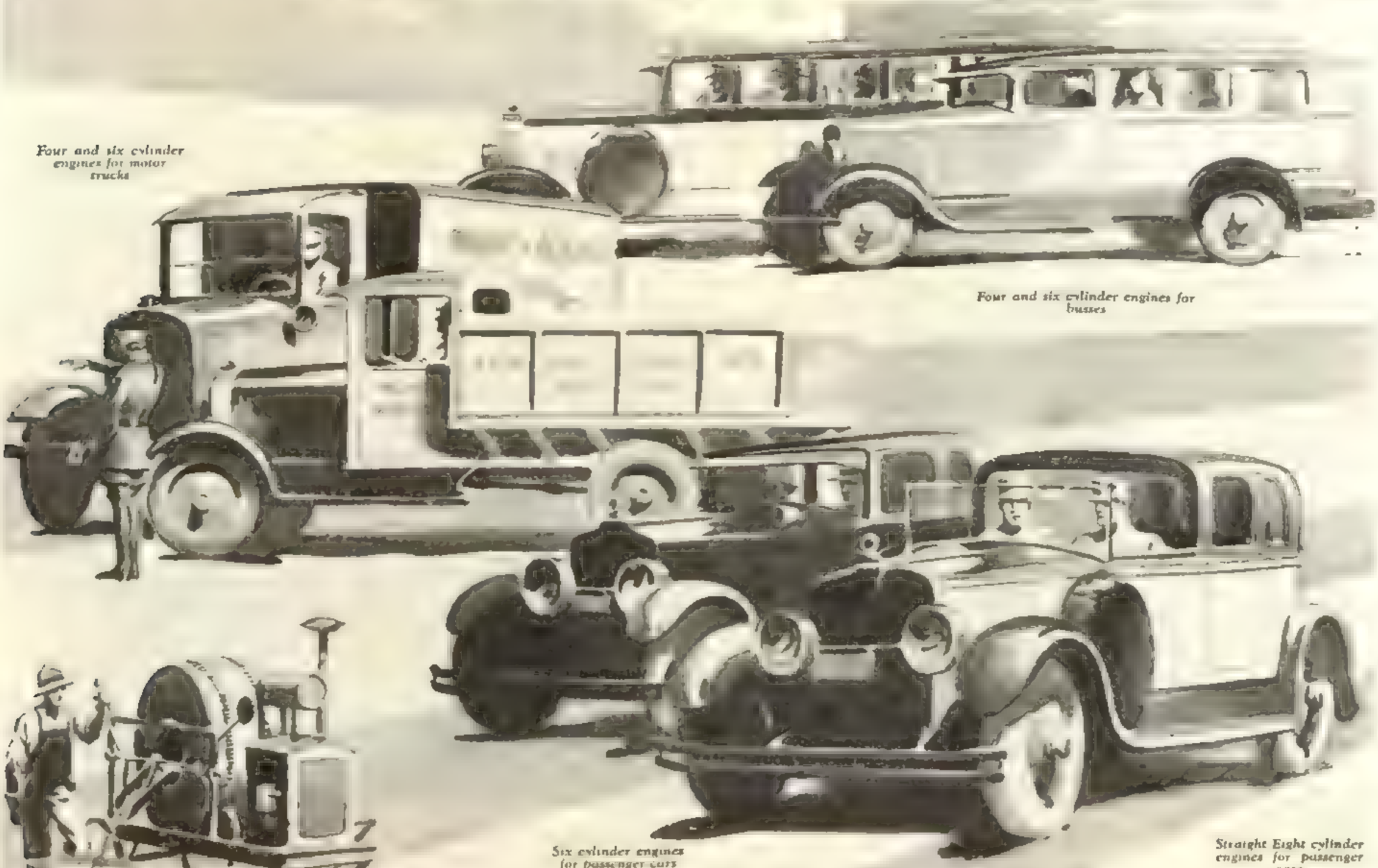

*Four and six cylinder engines for motor trucks*

*Four and six cylinder engines for busses*

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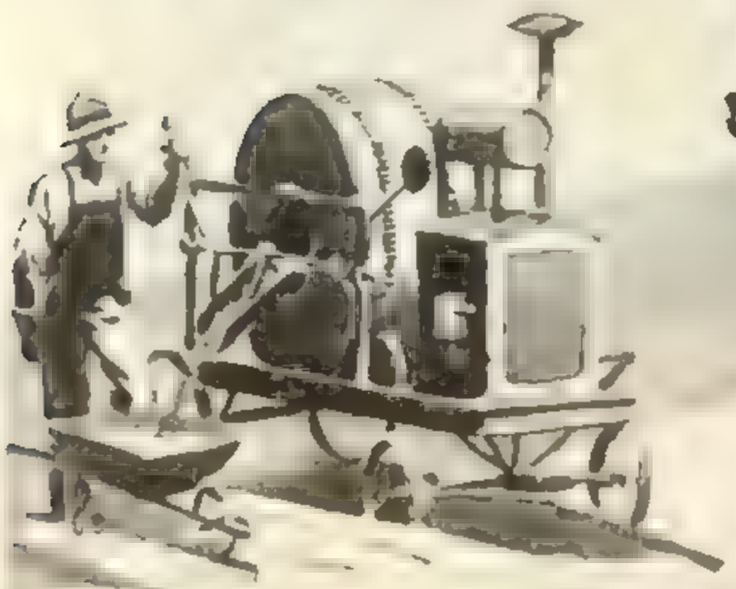

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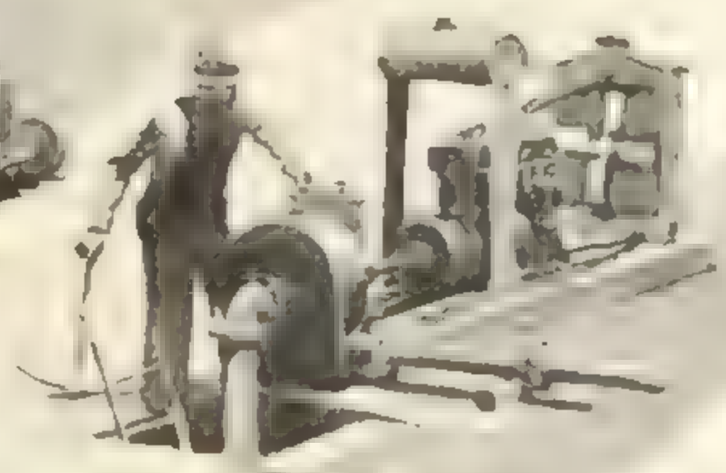
*Four and six cylinder engines for ditch digging and dredging machines*



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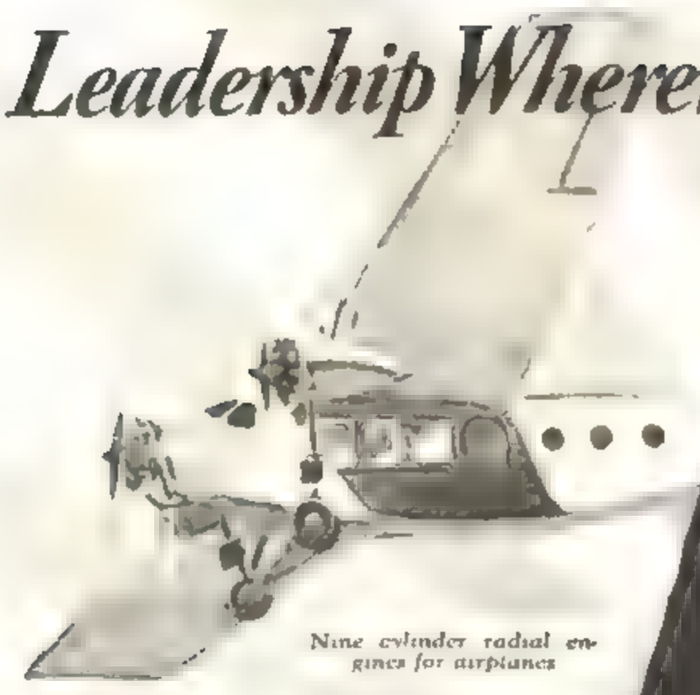

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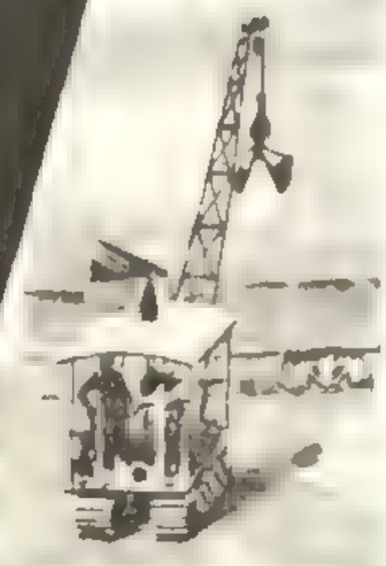

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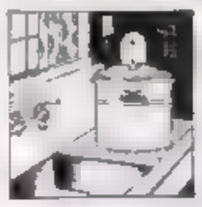

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*(Continued from Page 117)*

He turned suddenly on Anna, standing pale and silent before him. "For I am in that harbor. It is true, is it not, madam? You killed Shelah Fane!"

"I did," the woman answered.

"Don't be a fool, Anna!" Tarneverro cried. "Fight it out!"

She gestured hopelessly. "What's the use? I don't care. I've nothing to live for. It doesn't matter what becomes of me. Yes, I killed her. Why not? She ——"

"Just a moment," the chief broke in. "Anything you say, you know, may be used against you."

"You're a little late with that, chief," Tarneverro said. "She should have a lawyer."

"I don't want one," Anna went on sullenly. "I don't want any help. I killed her. She robbed me of my husband; she wasn't content to take his love, she ended by taking his life. I've had my revenge and I'm willing to pay for it. I intend to plead guilty and get it over with at once."

"Fine," approved the chief. He saw the territory saved the expense of a long trial.

"You're mad, Anna!" cried the fortune teller.

She shrugged. "Don't mind me. I wrecked all your plans, I fancy. I spoiled everything for you. Forget me and go your way alone."

Her tone was bitter and cold, and Tarneverro, rebuffed, turned away from her. Charlie offered her a chair. "Sit down, madam. I desire to make brief interrogation. It is true that Tarneverro brought you to Hollywood?"

"Yes." She accepted the chair. "I'll take it from the beginning, if you like. While Denny was acting in the pictures I continued to dance in London music halls. I was doing well when I had that accident—I broke my ankle, I couldn't dance any more. I wrote to Denny about it and asked if I could come to him. I didn't receive any answer—and then I heard he had been killed.

"Arthur—Denny's brother here—was also playing in London at that time. He was kind to me—loaned me money—and then he told me he was going out to the States to learn who had killed poor Denny, if he could. After a time he wrote that he had set up in Hollywood as a fortune teller, calling himself Tarneverro. He said he needed help—that he could use me if I was willing to go into service. I had taken a position as wardrobe mistress with a manager for whom I used to dance. It was hard work—and the memories—I longed to get away from it all."

"So you went to Hollywood," prompted the chief.

"I did, and I met Tarneverro secretly. He said he would place me with Miss Fane. He advised her to get rid of the maid she had, and sent me round the same day to apply for the position. He had discovered that Miss Fane and Denny were once very close friends, and he thought I might be able to get on the trail of something in her house. He suggested that I change my appearance as much as possible—my way of doing my hair. He feared that Denny might have shown her pictures of me. I followed his instructions, but it was an unnecessary precaution. Denny—he must have lost my pictures—lost them or thrown them away. Miss Fane engaged me and I was successful in the post. You see, I'd had maids myself. For a year and a half I was with her, helping Tarneverro. But I could discover nothing—nothing about Denny, I mean.

"Yesterday afternoon Tarneverro and I met on the beach. He told me Shelah Fane had confessed to killing Denny—confessed it in his apartment that morning. He wanted to get a repetition of that confession with a witness to overhear; he planned it for last night in the pavilion. He would talk with her there alone, and I was to be in hiding somewhere about. Then he proposed to send for an officer.

"I returned to this house, almost beside myself with hatred for the woman who had wrecked Denny's life and mine. I got to thinking, sitting alone in my room. Tarneverro's plan began to look so very foolish to me. The police? I knew what one of your American juries would do with a woman like Shelah Fane—a beautiful, famous woman. They would never convict her—never. There were better ways than the police. I—I kept on thinking. I'm rather sorry I did."

Her eyes flashed. "No, I'm not. I'm glad. I planned it all out. Last night, during the party—that was the time. Plenty of people about—plenty of people who might have done it. I planned the alibi of the watch. I remembered it from a play in which Denny once acted. I was in the kitchen from twenty minutes before eight until ten after the hour. Jessop and the cook were there too. At 8:15 I located Shelah Fane in the pavilion; she was waiting there—waiting to make a good entrance on her party—as she always did. She was like that.

"I went to her room and got a knife—one she had bought in Tahiti. I wanted something to wrap it in—a handkerchief—a big one. The door of the blue room was open. I saw a man's clothes. I went in and took the handkerchief from the pocket of the coat—Mr. Bradshaw's coat, I think it was."

"Ah, yes," remarked Jimmy Bradshaw grimly. "Thanks for the ad."

"I went to the pavilion," Anna continued. "She didn't suspect. I came close to her ——" The woman buried her face in her hands. "You won't make me tell that part. Afterward I broke the watch in the handkerchief, put it back on her wrist. But there was no other evidence of a struggle, so I tore off the orchids and trampled them under foot. I went out and buried the knife deep in the sand. I heard voices on the beach. I was frightened. I ran to the house and went up to my room by way of the back stairs."

"And the handkerchief?" Charlie inquired. "You gave that to Mr. Tarneverro when he arrived?"

"Just a moment," said the fortune teller. "Anna, when did you and I last talk together alone?"

"On the beach, yesterday afternoon."

"Have we communicated with each other since that moment?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Have I heard you say before that you killed Shelah Fane?"

"No, you have not."

The fortune teller looked at the chief. "A little matter," he remarked, "that I am rather keen to bring out."

"But the handkerchief ——" The chief turned to Anna.

"I dropped it on the lawn. I—I wanted it to be found there." She glanced at Bradshaw. "It wasn't mine, you know."

"Very thoughtful of you," bowed the boy.

"On the lawn, precisely," said Tarneverro. "Where I picked it up."

"And put it in my pocket," remarked Martino. "By the way, I haven't thanked you for that."

"Do not trouble," Chan advised him. "You were not the only one Mr. Tarneverro honored with his attentions."

The chief went over to the woman's side. "Go upstairs," he said sternly, "and get ready. You'll have to go downtown with us. You can tell that story again at the station." He nodded to Spencer to accompany her.

The woman rose, her manner sullen and defiant, and went from the room with the policeman at her side.

"Well," said Ballou, "I guess we can all go now."

The chief gave a sign of acquiescence. Wilkie and Rita left first, followed by Martino, Van Horn and Jaynes. Before leaving, the latter stopped to shake Charlie's hand.

"Thanks," he remarked in a low voice. "I shall make my boat. And on this boat—and all others in the future—I shall try to keep my head."

Diana went quietly up to her room. Chan turned to Julie.

"Go back to beach," he said gently. "Look up at stars, breathe clean fresh air, and think of future happiness."

The girl gazed at him, wide-eyed. "Poor Shelah," she whispered.

"Shelah Fane's troubles over now," Chan reminded her. "Do poor lady great kindness and forget. Jimmy here will help you."

Bradshaw nodded. "I certainly will." He put his arm about the girl. "Come on, Julie. One more look at the coco palms, and then we're off for the Coast, where trees are trees." They moved toward the French window. Bradshaw smiled at Chan over his shoulder. "So long, Charlie. I've got to go now and tone down my adjectives so they'll fit California."

They went out, and Chan turned back into the room to find his chief staring speculatively at Tarneverro.

"Well, Charlie," he remarked. "What are we going to do with our friend here?"

Chan did not answer, but thoughtfully rubbed his cheek. Tarneverro, seeing the gesture, smiled.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I've made you a lot of trouble, inspector. But I was in a horrible position—you can realize that. Should I have handed Anna over to you at once? Perhaps—but as I told you last night, I saw immediately that I was responsible for the whole affair. Innocently so, of course, but none the less responsible. I ought never to have told her, but I wanted a witness. If only I had kept my discovery to myself."

"The man who looks back sees his mistakes piled up behind," Chan nodded.

"But I never dreamed Anna would lose her head like that. These women, inspector."

"They are primitive creatures, these women."

"So it would seem. Anna has always been a strange, silent, unfriendly person. But there was one bond between us—we both loved Denny. When she proved last night how desperately she loved him—well, I couldn't find it in my heart to betray her. Instead I fought my duel with you. Fought to the limit of my ability—and lost." The fortune teller held out his hand.

Chan took it. "Only the churlish are mean-spirited in victory," he remarked.

The policeman in uniform looked through the curtains.

"Right with you, Spencer," said the chief. "Mr. Tarneverro, you'd better come along. I'll talk to the prosecutor about you. But you needn't be alarmed. We're not inclined to spend much money over here on chance visitors from the mainland."

Tarneverro bowed. "You're very encouraging."

"You got your car, Charlie?" the chief asked.

"I have it," Chan told him. The chief and Tarneverro went into the hall, and presently Charlie heard the front door slam.

He stood for a moment looking about him at the bright room where his work was *pau* at last. Then, sighing ponderously, he stepped through the curtains and picked up his hat from a table in the hallway. Wu Kno-ching appeared suddenly from the dining room.

Charlie gazed into the beady eyes, the withered yellow face of his compatriot.

"Tell me something, Wu," he said. "How was it I came upon this road? Why should one of our race concern himself with the hatreds and the misdeeds of the *haoles?*"

"Wha's mallah you?" Wu inquired.

"I am weary," sighed Chan. "I want peace now. A very trying case, good Wu Kno-ching. But"—he nodded, and a smile spread over his fat face—"as you well know, my friend—a gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials."

The door closed gently behind him.

(THE END)

# New Zealander *takes the stump* for his favorite pipe-tobacco

Ashburton, New Zealand
December 8, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest in a recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post a letter from an appreciative Australian smoker of Edgeworth tobacco.

I can assure you however that Australia has by no means a monopoly of Edgeworth enthusiasts. I am one of them myself, and New Zealand appears to possess quite a large number of them. Quite recently a spirited correspondence engaged the columns of one of our leading newspapers, the controversial subject being "who has smoked Edgeworth longest?" In fact a stranger to New Zealand at the time might have assumed that the bulk of our population was composed of octogenarian smokers of Edgeworth.

I have noticed that those who smoke this fine tobacco of yours appear to possess a vice (or is it a virtue?) in common. That is that they are continually inducing, or attempting to induce, other smokers to get the Edgeworth habit.

Good luck to your fine tobacco.

I am
Yours faithfully,
(*Signed*) H. C. McDonald

*Shades of Sherlock Holmes! Mr. McDonald gives us a clue for tracking down lovers of Edgeworth!*

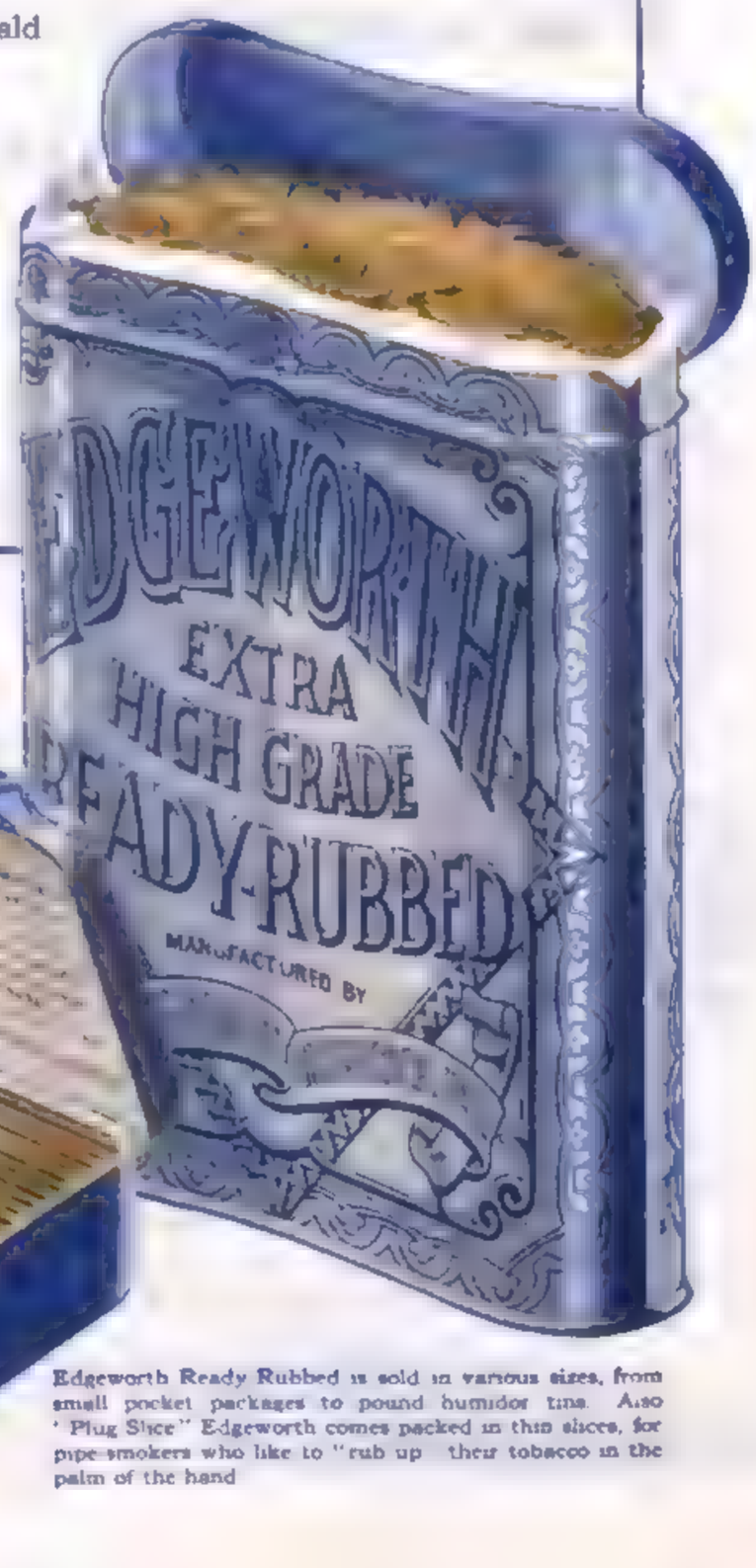
THERE are certain sure-fire clues on the books of Scotland Yard—an Irishman is marked by his brogue; a French chef by his cooking; a Swiss by his yodel.

And now from far-off New Zealand comes Mr. McDonald, who has discovered the telltale clue for tracking down the ardent Edgeworthite. Apparently, he says, once a smoker tries Edgeworth he becomes a crusader to its cause.

A shrewd observation, Mr. McDonald—but then pipe-smokers have a happy faculty of seeing clearly through any proposition.

Pipe-smokers as a rule are calm, thinking men. They are the kind of men that win cases in law courts, that perform delicate surgical operations successfully, that think straight in Board meetings. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply can't be hurried into nervous jumpy decisions.

(*All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine —unpaid and unsolicited*)



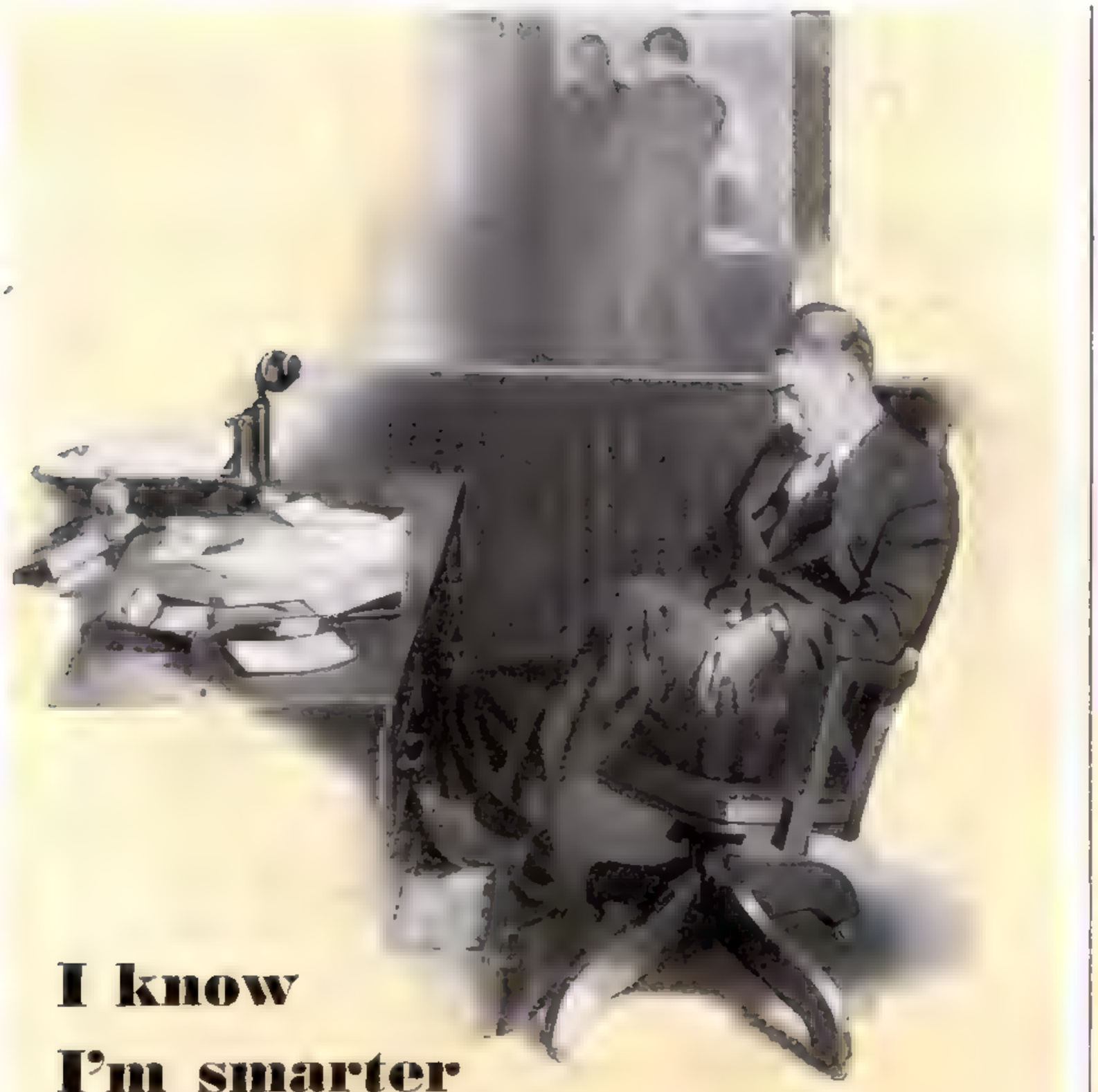

Two forms —same blend —both for your pipe

15¢

Try this *FREE* offer

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you, *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco, so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth Ready Rubbed is sold in various sizes, from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand



# I know I'm smarter than they think I am

There's one thing I'm tired of. When I start to say something the other men go right on talking. I never seem to get a chance to say even the stuff that I know is worth while.

I'm not a dumb-bell. I'll bet there's not a man in the office who knows his job better than I know my job.

I know my job a lot better than Walter Powers and Jim Perkins do theirs. The reason they are listened to is that trim, unwrinkled look of success they have.

The trim, unwrinkled look of success that makes people listen!

At least that's one thing I can get—the trim, unwrinkled look of success that makes people listen.

*Advantages of the Valetor method of clothes pressing are listed in the column to the right.*

## *New Facts about Clothes Pressing*

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

### *ODORS REMOVED*

*Arm-pit* and *trouser waist-band* and *center seams* are freed from offensiveness. The odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by heat, steam and vacuum.

### *NAP RAISED*

Clothing comes back to you soft-dried; never hard, never damp. The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.

### *GERMS KILLED*

Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures at about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills the disease germs of influenza, common colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases.

### *MOTH EGGS DESTROYED*

This method of pressing destroys moth eggs and larvae which may lie within the weave of woolen goods. The eggs of other insects and the insects themselves are also destroyed.

### *VACUUM DRYING*

Dry heat, harmful to fabrics, is not used in the Valetor method. Garments never have a stiff, *boardy* finish. They have the soft-dry, luxurious feel of new clothes. They are ready to put on instantly.

### *CREASES LAST LONGER*

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

### *CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES*

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crêpe or satin frock soft and fresh.

### *AVAILABILITY*

The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not, write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation,
105 Fourth Avenue, New York City

*In Canada: Canadian Hoffman Machinery Company, Limited 91, Don Roadway, Toronto, Ont., Canada*

***The *VALETOR sign on the window of an establishment means:***

*In this place your clothes pressing will be done with modern pressing equipment.*

*In this place the people who press your clothes have specialized information on the care and pressing of the various materials and garments.*

*Please write us to send you the free, helpful booklet entitled "He Thought It Was a Fool Idea."*

**The word "Valetor" is a trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office for use in connection with pressing machinery manufactured and sold by the U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation. Its unauthorized use by others is unlawful*

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# OLYMPIC DAYS

(Continued from Page 18)

Whether the paper tearers were in the first Olympic show that I saw I do not know, but they made a deep impression on me, though even then I thought the act was a dull and boring one. But the Leonzo Brothers sang Alice, Where Art Thou? as the paper fell from their deft fingers, and there issued from their far less gifted throats:

*"The boyds sleepin gentlee,*
*Sweeta Luna gleamith bri-ight,*
*Her rays tinge the forist,*
*And all seemsa glad tonight.*
*The windsa sighin by me,*
*Coolin my Phoebe Brown,*
*The stream flows as ever,*
*Yet Alice, wheah awt thou?"*

But paper tearing, even in those days, it seemed to us boys, belonged to the What-of-It? school of vaudeville achievement. The professional paper tearer has expired; even in my Olympic days he was picking at the counterpane. All the paper-tearing acts I ever saw were placed in bad spots. They usually came on at about 12:30 and 1:45; and again at about 6 and 7:30. They were supper-show acts. They were deadly serious, and I disliked them. I used to wonder who was the best paper tearer in the world—I found out later, thanks to Houdini—and what good it would do him if he were, or what pleasure he might disseminate. My most frequent seat mate at the Olympic was Arthur A. Loeb, now a life-insurance agent in Chicago, as I am reminded four times a year. And after the paper tearers had torn their first piece—lacy, intricate and symmetrical—and exhibited it to a small and apathetic audience, one of us—we still fight as to who originated a philosophy so profound—said, "We believe you can do it, Leonzo; we'll take your word for it." So it became, in the limits of the younger Armour Institute set, the way to express disapproval or to show boredom at the orator or singer or acrobat or other pretentious believer that his *tour de force* might interest us. We said it about all merely acrobatic acts and all child wonders who knew, if somebody in the audience asked, the population of Saginaw, Michigan—and I can still hear that infantile treble parroting its Sev-en-ty-two Thou-sin, Sixa Hund' and Fifty-one. I hated that child so much that I hope I have Saginaw's population, according to the census of 1890, wrong; so that if that child reads this, she will come to the conclusion that her work was futile, and if she is thinking of making child wonders of her grandchildren, she may ask herself: "Is it, after all, worth it?" We Believed She Could Do It.

### Well, You Get the Idea

And dramatic sopranos also we took on faith; nor had we doubts about the ability of professional whistlers, from Mrs. Alice Shaw down. For whistlers always trilled and curlicued, generally off the key even in tunes like I'm Dreaming Now of Hallie, which nobody knew was Listen to the Mocking Bird until the whistler got to the chorus, which she then would so embellish and embroider after the word "bird" that the orchestra had to wait for what seemed hours to me while she gave dozens of bird imitations and mating calls, *a cappella*. We believed she could do it after the first note; we got the idea.

Perhaps that was why I laughed so immoderately, twenty years later, when Harry Watson, doing a burlesque pugilist training act, stepped out and announced, "Skippin' de rope ten thousand consecka-tive times." Watson skipped three or four times, and then said to the audience, "Well, you get the idea." It was a one-minute criticism of all the tiresome exhibitions—athletic, literary, musical—in the world. And when Mr. Mack tells Mr. Moran—correct me if it's vice versa—that as to piccolo playing, even if it was good, he wouldn't like it, I laugh longer and louder than anybody else, for it is our old We-Believe-He-Can-Do-It philosophy—done, I admit, with more drollery than we were capable of.

There was one paper tearer, however, whom I heard of later. Playing the Olympic one of those early afternoons was Tearer the Great. He tore paper to the tune of Kathleen Mavourneen, and later gave some expository imitations of the magician Hermann the Great. From Mr. Charles K. Harris' book, After the Ball; Forty Years of Melody, I learned that Tearer the Great later became Lafayette, billing himself always as The Great Lafayette. I saw Tearer the Great—a Holey Tearer, we used to call him—and I saw Lafayette, and it never occurred to me that they were identical. Lafayette's act became a little too elaborate for our taste, though I remember his burlesque of Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese magician, and of John Philip Sousa, as excellent pieces of parody. In May, 1910, he and his trained lions were burned to death at the Empire Palace Theatre, Edinburgh.

### Far From Apron Strings

Free association, as the psychoanalysts call it, indulged in since I began to think of these things which it rejoices me to have remembered, has revealed to me that the Olympic shows were not my first excursions. When I began going to the Olympic I already was an old man of going-on-fifteen, and I went openly, coming home to tell my parents every detail of every show. I still can do a fair imitation of Lew Fields, Billy Van—the blackface one—and Bert Williams as of 1897. But there were shows before that. At the Trocadero Hall, on Chicago's downtown lake front, I saw, probably before the World's Fair, two acts that charmed me greatly; one was a blackface musical team called Wood and Shepard, and the other was a young woman who combined my eleven-year-old standards of beauty, piquancy, roguishness and gracility. She wore a blue dress, daringly up to her shoe tops, and she sang a song whose burden was that she was a musical polyandrist. In each stanza she addressed—too lovingly, I thought—a different member of the orchestra; and at the refrain the addressed member played the onomatopoetic part, solo. How the stanzas went I have no recollection, but there were, it seems to my memory, half a dozen of them, with refrains like:

*I can't resist you, sir,*
*When your instrument you play,*
*For your rooty-tooty-tooty,*
*On your beauty little fluty,*
*Has charmed my little heart away.*

and to the orchestra leader, who also played the violin:

*With your riddle-diddle-diddle*
*On your funny little fiddle;*

and so on.

Unrestrained association evokes many images of my pre-Olympic days—memories of the Dime Museum. In 1893 and 1894, boys in the seventh and eighth grades had one afternoon a week of manual training; the girls, I think, had an afternoon of sewing. Our Douglas School room was assigned to the basement of the Jones School, Monday afternoons. The Jones School was situated downtown, in what we considered—and justly—a tough district. It was in the First Ward, whose aldermen at that time were Mr. John J. Coughlin and Mr. Michael J. Kenna, much better and more widely known as Bath House John and Hinky Dink. To us somewhat effete boys from Grand Boulevard and Forest Avenue the Jones School and its vicinage were romantic heaven.

There was the unchaperoned trip downtown, immediately after luncheon. The class work began at 1:30, but we used to get downtown early. I am hazy as to whether we got there early because we enjoyed the work—the sawing, the planing, the sandpapering, the chiseling, the fitting of dovetail joints—or because by arriving early we could avoid contact with the tough kids of the Jones School. It is as though the sheltered darlings of Park Avenue had to pass by a bunch of San Juan Hill gunmen. I do recall vividly that we had several contacts with the Jones kids, and that either we were not so soft or they weren't so tough. The actual fights I remember were draws; and one day we played Pom-Pom-Pull-Away with them with no casualties to the Douglas boys. But we didn't call the game Pom-Pom-Pull-Away. In my senescence I have seen mention of this noble game in print, but I never saw it printed in my youth. We called it Pom-Pom-Pete-Away, and we used to shout, "Pom-Pom-Pete-Away; if you don't come, I'll pull you away." As I remember how we played it on the cement floor of the Douglas School basement, I have nothing but contempt for the modern effeminate game of football.

But at the end of our manual-training period—3:30 P.M.—there we were downtown, a lot of twelve or thirteen year old boys, our nearest apron strings being at least four miles away. Within about a block of the Jones School, there were, over on State Street, the Park Theater and the People's; devoted, I think, to burlesque and vaudeville, and beyond our means. One of the boys who had visited the Park Theater told us that some of the girls wore tights and most of them wore dresses up to their knees, and that the boxes were curtained, and that rich men used to sit in the boxes and the girls would come and sit with them, and sometimes the girls would let the men kiss them. What percentage of truth there was in all this I never found out. I hadn't thought about it since then, and now I suppose most of those rich men are dead, or if living—as we were taught to believe in those days—they are now in the almshouse, a Miserable Example to All Who Lead Dissolute Lives.

### Only a Dime, Ten Cents

But there were the London Dime Museum, at State and Congress streets, and Kohl & Middleton's Globe Dime Museum on State, near Van Buren Street. Kohl & Middleton's was our favorite. I couldn't go every Monday, as I didn't have the dime, ten cents, the tenth paht of a dollah; but on alternate Mondays, by walking five miles to my home, I managed to underwrite a visit.

What enchantment, what allurement of beauty and horror there were for me at Kohl & Middleton's! How fair the Circassian Beauty! How dreadful Zuleika, the Ahmless Wondah, as, for five cents, she would write your name with her feet! How horrible to me was the Rubber-skinned Man, as he used to pull his skin away and snap it back—snap! snap!—and how frightened I was of the man who threw flaming knives at his wife! I was horrified at Mexican Frank—"he jumps on brokin glahss with the bare feet." And there was the man who had you—not me; I was afraid of his uncanny ability to read my inmost thoughts—sit on a red velvet seat and "guess on or within five pounds of what you weigh, or it costs you nothing—not one red cent."

Tell me, ye winged psychologists, why are these impressions so deep?

And not only upon me. Sit around some evening with a few other old gentlemen and see how well they remember the ballyhoo talk of their dime-museum days—the barkeroles, as the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes of Ithaca used to call them. Mr. Fuertes' mimicry was so good, and his memory so accurate, that he was exactly like the Kohl & Middleton barker. "And heah," Louis used to remember, "impohted from the

(Continued on Page 126)

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WHEN you put Ken-Rad tubes in your set, you take the first step toward good radio reception . . . because Ken-Rads are always standard quality—made to conform exactly to the tube specifications accepted as standard by leading radio set manufacturers.

If you value the pleasure your radio gives you—if you want true tone quality, clear reception and complete satisfaction—put in Ken-Rads—in every socket of your set. Every type does its job well—every tube is individually tested before it leaves the factory. Ask your dealer for Ken-Rads.

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# Women will on the safe, new,

## Suction Type no-wringer EASY

This new, improved model is more compact. Many inches shorter and lower than any previous no-wringer EASY Can be used in the smallest kitchens. Handsomer in appearance. Safety controls are even simpler than before. An 8-pound washing capacity as compared with 6 pounds for most washers. Three suction cups move up and down and around—sixty-six times a minute—flushing air, soap and water back and forth through the clothes. Entire texture of the clothes is thoroughly cleansed in an incredibly few minutes. This is the vacuum principle of washing on which the fame of the EASY Washer is built

## Agitator Type no-wringer EASY

A startling new washing principle in agitator type washers developed by EASY engineers. Bottom of this new EASY agitator has washboard corrugations. As clothes pass over them in a spiral movement vacuums are created. This produces suction, flushing soap and water through the clothes. Mesh of the cloth is thoroughly cleansed while agitator fin washes the surface. Amazing washing speed is obtained by this new EASY method without harmful shortcuts. An 8-pound washing capacity—2 pounds more than average. Controls are simpler and fewer than those on any wringer-type washer.

### DEALERS

EASY offers a plan of making money that will command the immediate interest and respect of your banker. Let our representative tell you about the opportunities in your locality. Write us today.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP., Syracuse, N. Y.
I am interested in the EASY franchise in my locality.

*Name* .....

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EASY

# save millions

## *no-wringer* EASY *Washers*

## at lowest prices ever offered

EASY now offers the choice of two proved methods of washing—suction type and agitator type.

Both new washers have the famous EASY centrifugal Damp-Dryer. Both are *safe*. Both are wonderfully efficient. Both are more compact—shorter and lower than any previous no-wringer EASY. And both sell at the lowest prices at which any no-wringer EASY Washer was ever offered.

**How EASY extracts water without squeezing or distorting the clothes**

This simple test will show you how EASY extracts water without putting the least strain on clothes

Dip a handkerchief in water. Now hold the handkerchief by one corner and whirl it rapidly in a circle. Watch how the water flies from the handkerchief. This is caused by centrifugal force

EASY damp-dries clothes by this simple law of nature. You place the wet clothes in the basket inside the damp-drying tub. Then close the lid and turn the lever. As the basket turns, the water leaves the clothes just as it flies from the handkerchief you whirl in your hand. There is no squeezing, twisting or pulling. The clothes rest easily in the basket and do not move as all revolve together. *Nothing moves but the water as it comes out of the clothes*

### THE MODERN METHOD

In the centrifugal Damp-Dryer, EASY engineers have found a far better method of extracting water from clothes than the old-fashioned wringer—and it has revolutionized washing.

The EASY Damp-Dryer is located in a separate compartment or tub. Instead of hand-feeding clothes piece-by-piece into a wringer, you merely transfer a whole tubful from the washing tub to the damp-drying tub. Then drop the Damp-Dryer top and push a lever.

*No more torn clothes*

In less than two minutes, the EASY Damp-Dryer whirls the water out of this big batch of clothes—ready for sun-drying.

This famous EASY damp-drying principle puts absolutely no strain on fabrics. No torn, twisted or stretched garments! No broken buttons!

Think of the millions it will save EASY owners by making their clothes last longer.

### *The* Extra *things* EASY *does for you*

Just look at the extra things EASY does for you. Here are but a few of the reasons why EASY can do a complete washing from basket to line faster than any other washer—why it is easier on you and your clothes.

Wash tub and Damp-Dryer operate independently—hence the EASY handles two batches of clothes at one time.

The EASY Damp-Dryer speeds up sun-drying by taking out more water than wringing does.

It leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems do not drip. In bad weather, the clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day.

Bulky things like blankets and pillows that will not go through a wringer are perfectly damp-dried by this method. Clothes come out free from deep, hard creases. Ironing is easier.

Rinsing also can be done right in the Damp-Dryer without handling the clothes until ready for sun-drying.

Even the water is emptied for you electrically by these new EASY Washers. A power pump does this burdensome job.

### *A Week's Washing Free*

Test the no-wringer EASY Washer in your own home—on your own clothes. See for yourself what an amazing improvement it is. Then if you like it, you can pay for it on EASY terms. Call your nearest EASY dealer for a free demonstration—or mail the coupon below to—

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP.
Syracuse, New York

*Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity*

THE SAFE
WASHER

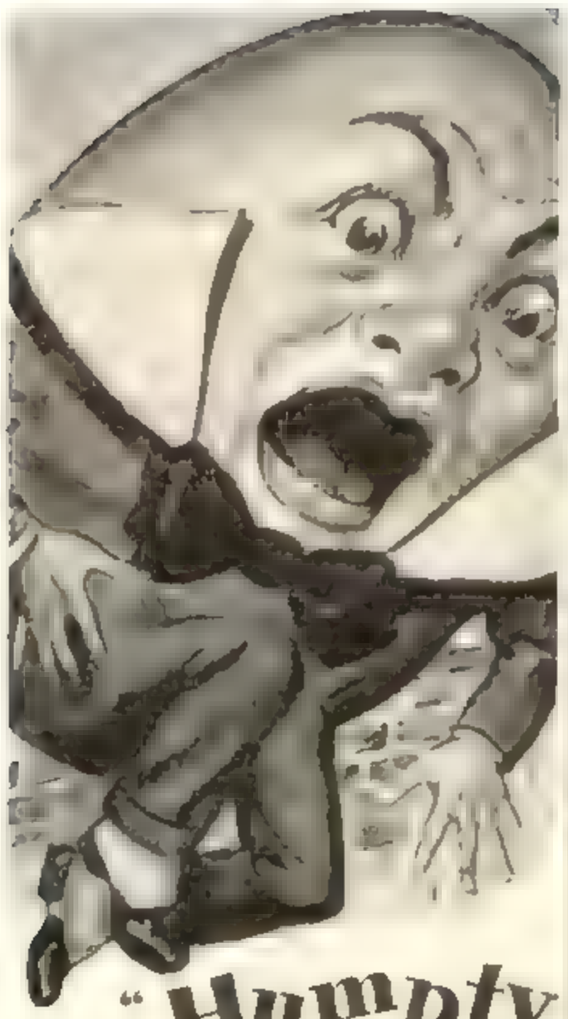
**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please have your nearest dealer bring the new, no-wringer EASY Washer marked below to my home for free trial. It is understood that if I decide to keep it, I can pay on EASY terms. ☐ Suction ☐ Agitator.

Name

Street City



"Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

"AND all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again." *Today*, however, many broken articles are quickly "put together again" with DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape. It is constantly used in thousands of homes, garages and factories. Makes instant, permanent repairs of wiring on Electrical Household Appliances; Auto Ignition Systems; repairs leaky Garden Hose; Tools; Athletic Equipment, etc. Saves time, annoyance, money.

The DUTCH BRAND trademark on any product means quality. Look for it on Tire Repair Kits, Tire Cut Filler, Gasket Shellac Compound, Rubber Cement, Aluminum and Gold Paints—and 23 kindred products.

Go into the nearest Electrical, Radio, Motor Accessory, Hardware or General Store and get a roll of DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape *today*. For 5, 10, 20 or 35c you buy a big lot of *protection*. Find out—*through use*—why DUTCH BRAND is widely used by Big Industry as original material.

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Manufacturers Rubber and Chemical Products
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MOTORISTS!

Put the All-Purpose Tire Repair Kit in the side pocket of your car. A truly "all purpose" repair kit for punctures, blowouts and inside casing breaks. Contains rubber cement; tube patching stock, Patch Kutter, Tire cut Fiber and Plaster Cord Patch. Sold by Garages and Accessory Dealers—or mailed direct postpaid, upon receipt of 75c.

Vanitex Rubberized Fabrics

The ... trademark ... a product of ... Van ... which appears on each ... of the ... fabrics and ... is a guarantee ... and ...


*(Continued from Page 123)*

Islind of Samoar, the Tattooed Man. Three thousand mahks tattooed upon this youmin bod-dy; every mahk a drop of blood, and every drop of blood a tear! . . . Me and Him, the long and short of it, ha-ha! Me weighing eight-ty five pounds and being six feet sevin inchis in heighth, and Him, weighing four hund-drid and fiftah-foah pounds and being three feet and nine inchis in heighth. They box, and those who have seen them say they are very ludicriss indeed." And last but not least "the Messahs Zeemro and Millah in feats of physical legerdemain upon the horiozontill bars, the flying rings, and the Japanese perch."

Hear Mr. Marc Connelly tell about his Coney Island barker vaunting: "Sir Ed-oo-ard, the man with a face of stone. He will not laugh; he will not smile. Mock him, scoff him, jeer, jest or jape. He will not move a mussill of the face. Sir Ed-oo-ard believes that laughter, like grief, pain, sorrow or any other emotion, can be controlled by the mussills of the face. Should any lady make Sir Ed-oo-ard laugh, he has a standing offer to forfitta ten-a thousand-a dollars or marry her."

### *A Life That Hardens One*

Hear Mr. Clarence Knapp, former mayor of Saratoga Springs, New York, remember his frightened fascination upon hearing, in his youth, about "BUR-mah—BUR-mah, the Ostrich Girl. THIS little woman swallows tacks, nails and bits of glahss without evident hahm to her di-gestive orgins. This M-a-a-hvelous gift of hers has mystified the medical profession in all pahts of the wohld. . . . LO-lah, the Queen of Orientill Dahncehs. For yeahs this littil lady has delighted the courts and rulahs of the far East-a with her strange, unusual, unique, and fantastic Terpsichorean gyrations. Every time-a the tom-tom beats ONCE, LOlah's mussills jump twice. . . . Well, sir, how did you like it? 'Wonderful!' That's what they ALL say."

Now and then I have printed things in the paper about what I recalled of the dime museums. Once when I was indulging in what Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, who apparently had no adolescent days, calls my reminuisances, it seemed to me that almost everybody had spent years in dime museums, so many and vivid were the memories. Of course, as all that anybody who runs a daily column in a newspaper has to do is to say that Admiral Grant had a hard summer at Valley Forge, or make some other slight factual error, and you get enough stuff to last you for three months, what with the by-product of the correctors of the correctors, and so on. And even when you are right, the boys with memories like to show off and to test the accuracy of their powers. Nobody, I ought to add, enjoys it more than I do. But of all those who contributed to that memory book, the best, I thought, were Mr. Roy L. McCardell and the late Harry Houdini. Mr. McCardell remembered:

"The dime museums had their fascinations for me too. Huber's Museum on Fourteenth Street, Doris' Museum on Eighth Avenue, but, best of all, the old Globe Museum on the Bowery, when I was on Puck, at Houston and Mulberry streets around the corner. Here at the Globe Museum I forgathered with and was the close personal friend of George, the Turtle Boy; Laloo, the East Indian Enigma—a small girl's head grew from his body—and once, in a pool game at a resort near by, in which George, the Turtle Boy, and Laloo were playing for the Human Curiosity Championship, Laloo pushed the 10 ball in the corner pocket with his elbow, and the indignant Turtle Boy snapped at him, 'If you do that again I'll kick your sister!'

"I was honored with the girlish confidences of Emma Shaler, the Ossified Girl, who confessed to me that 'the life hardened one.' And I had a necktie knitted for me by Lilith, the Legless Lady; was guest of honor at the birthday party of the Murray Triplets; and I am the friend to this day of Madam Rosa, the Bearded Lady, to whom I used to lend books, such as Rosa Nouchette Carey's Not Like Other Girls. And I used to take the Peerless Corinne, Circassian Princess and Sword Swallower, to old Maria's to dine, where despite her professional proclivities, I am pleased to say that the Princess' table manners were beyond reproach.

"I have drunk with Enoch, the Man Fish, and have heard Billy Wells, the Iron-Skull Man, complain—after twelve shows a day, where at each show a Belgian block was cracked on his head with a sledge hammer—that he had worn a new derby the night before and that it had given him a headache.

"I took George Auger, the Welsh Giant, as my guest to the banquet of the American Publishers' Association at the Waldorf-Astoria. This banquet was presided over by the late Col. George Harvey, and Auger's presence gave him opportunity to make what, as far as I knew, was the only *jeu d'esprit* of his career. He alluded to Auger as 'another big party.'

"At the Globe, in the theatorium, I have led the claque for Carrie Stanley, and for that grand old Bernhardt of the Bowery, Fanny Herring, in The Dumb Boy of Manchester, The Ticket of Leave Man, Camille, and Little Sure-shot, the Pride of the Prairie.

"But the best introduction of a human curiosity to an appreciative public that I ever heard was Professor Langdon's of that most famed of ophidian dietists, the Original Bosco:

"'La-dees and Gentlemen! Permit me to call your attention to the world-renowned, justly celebrated, only and original Bosco, the Snake Eater. He eats them alive! He bites their heads off! He grovels in a den of loathsome reptyles! An exhibit for the edUcated, AND a show for the sensitive and refined.'"

And Houdini, who during the years I knew him escaped from everything but doing a kindly act, wrote:

"For a number of years I played the various Dime Museums* of America, and have often sat at the table with Unthan, the Legless Wonder, who would pass me the sugar, and the Fat Lady, Big Alice, would obligingly sit at the edge of the table so as to give poor little Emma Shaler, the Ossified Girl, plenty of room."

### *Houdini's Secrets Endangered*

"Jonathan Bass, who was announced as his own living headstone, did not become the cemetery ornament he threatened to be. Blue Eagle, the man who broke boards over his head to show the solidity of his cranium, is running an embroidery shop in New Jersey. Mexican Billy Wells, who had cobblestones broken on his head, is soliciting for a photograph gallery. Billy Diamond, the great hypnotic subject for the Kennedy Brothers and Stanton, died in about 1920, and in his last letter to me said that diving on concrete floors in Dime Museums was not beneficial to his body and that all the tests he had undergone at the hands of the hypnotists had undermined his health.

"At the old Moore's Museum, Colonel Goshen, the Giant, was so tall that I was always afraid that he would look over the top of my cabinet and see how my tricks were performed. In those days I did not have sense enough to put a cover to the cabinet.

"I was what is known as a working act and was supposed to entertain the spectators while the freaks were waiting for their performance. On the other hand, I gave forty-four shows at Kohl & Middleton's in Chicago, and Walter Stuart, the Legless and Armless Wonder, had an argument with F. D. King, the greatest paper tearer of this generation, who, to show he was on good terms with the audience, used to sell them a waterproof blacking. These two men had a fight as to who had to do the hardest work.

"Ben Turpin, the cross-eyed hero of the movies, played at the Chicago Museum, and he was then, as now, a happy-go-lucky actor.

"Old Hutch, the lecturer at Cook, Austin and Stone's, Boston, would eulogize you to the skies if you gave him a tip.

"When it came to introducing me, Langdon, of Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum, would say: 'Your attention toward this end of the hall. Here you will find a clever young man; he will mystify you if he can; escapes from everything; makes no bluffs . . . Houdini—look at him—the King of Handcuffs.'"

**Author's Note—Houdini must have had considerable reverence for those places, for he always spelled them with capitals.*

### *A Boy's Heaven in 1893*

But when I was in the audience at Kohl & Middleton's I didn't dream that the freaks were as human as I since have learned on such good authority that they were. To me they were half angel, half devil. I never attended any of the shows alone—that is, at least one other boy always was with me—so I never did buy a picture of either the snake charmer or the Circassian Beauty, although I wanted to when the lecturer said, "Remember, pictures of this little lady may be obtained by one and all for the small price of a single dime, ten cents. The little lady is still unmarried and all questions, properly asked, will be properly answered."

And I infrequently attended the variety show downstairs that alternated with the show of freaks. I thought they were poor shows, and I suppose, except for an occasional performer, they were pretty bad. The performers had to do ten or twelve shows a day, they were poorly paid, and their hearts, it seemed to me in those days when I thought nobody had so much fun and zest for life as an actor, were not in their work. But one friend of mine, who must have been five years older, remembers, about the variety show at Kohl & Middleton's, that a team called Murphy and Mack did "a pleasing specialty," and that each session was opened by a young man who said, "Before commencing our entertainment I would ask the gents to remove their hats, please." And one week this announcer doubled, singing a highly patriotic song whose chorus sounded like:

*Frayunce has the lellay;*
*Englund the rose;*
*Everybody knows where the she-amrock grows;*
*Scotland the thissul that blows on the lea,*
*But Amurruck kazemblumm's the soilil.*

But my visits to the dime museum occurred mostly during World's Fair time, when Imre Kiralfy's gigantic spectacle, America, which bored me excessively, was packing them in at the Auditorium, and so I hardly remember the Human Stepladder, the Peachstone Modelers, and Captain Miller's Indian War relics which were to be seen on one of my most exciting museum visits.

What World's Fair year meant to the nation politically, scientifically, and artistically, I have no idea. But I would be just as hard put to it to tell you what any year since then has signified to anybody except myself. Those were the days to be the only nearly twelve-year old Chicago boy who had a season pass to the World's Columbian Exposition. No teasing for half a dollar to go to the Fair. No excitement and worry as to whether the turnstile man would let me in for half price. I could go every day, twice a day, three times a day if I liked. And I certainly liked, on non-school days, between May 1 and October 31, 1893. . . . I think I'll write a piece about it.

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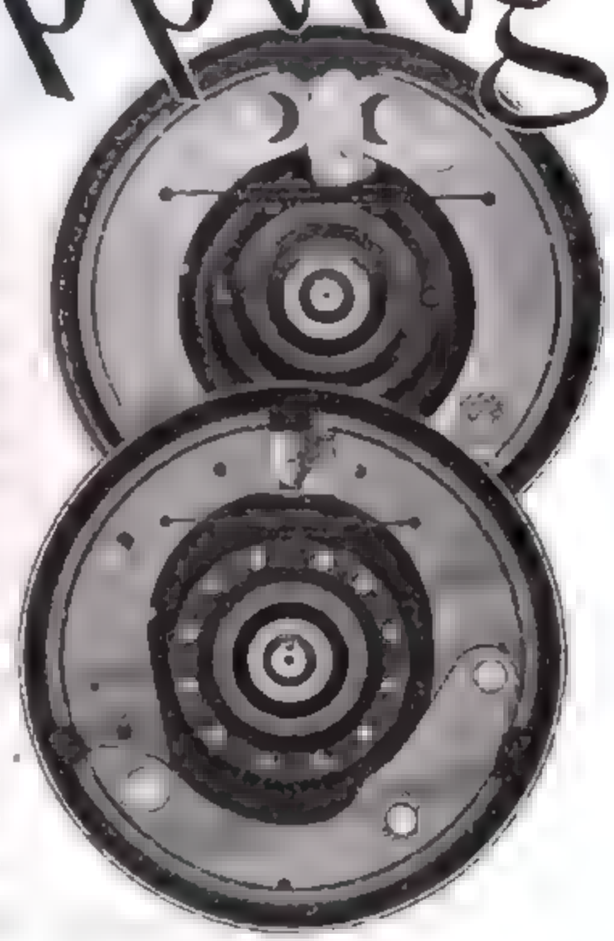

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# BENDIX

# GREASED PIG

(Continued from Page 19)

Furtively Alexander pulled an oracle from his chemise and consulted it.

"Kid," he then replied, "we will consider that a bet, hey-hey."

Thus it was settled. That evening, in the back room of a Macedonian speak-easy, the Bezonian toiled away, spreading grease on a pig, chuckling in his whiskers.

We may well imagine that Sawney's job of greasing was a clumsy job The grease probably chunked on the pig's hide, clustered in its hair. We may well imagine that Sawney merely covered the pig with grease, beginning anywhere, ending anywhere. We may even imagine that the Bezonian actually greased against the grain. But we cannot in fairness blame the man, neither may we chide his memory.

How was the nizy to know that in the twentieth century pigs would be greased after an established method, starting at the snout and going thence to the tail, sliding from the tail to the tummy, dropping from the tummy to the toes, swinging upward from the toes to the neck, and then working back, gradually, to the snout?

Still, inept as he must have been, Sawney had an idea. And the next day, when the pig was loosed before Alexander, and Alexander, bounding, took after it, Sawney won the treasury appointment he coveted. Alexander, true enough, caught the pig, but he required three full hours in which to turn the trick. The grease pretty nearly stopped the monarch cold.

If Alexander was a skilled pig chaser, Julius Cæsar was something of a gowk at the game. The Macedonian could have given the Roman a furlong's start and still outpigged him. Cæsar, it appears, was unable to get the knack of the thing. Once, indeed, he was heard to say, bitterly, while drinking wine, that "only a hoddy-doddy would chase a pig! Do you think Cæsar would chase a pig? All Gaul is divided into three parts! I would rather go on a bunny hunt!"

Nero, on the other hand, was an ardent devotee of the sport. Nero chased pigs as a boy, as a youth, as a grown man. And when he grew too pudgy to engage in lengthy chases he played the flute—it was a flute, you know—while others chased

### *Why Guinevere Was Wroth*

Alfred the Great chased pigs. And Arthur—Arthur of the Table D'Hôte—there was a pig chaser for you! When a tournament at Camelot ended, Arthur would call together, in the courtyard of the castle, those of his knights who still were able to get around, and a mad and merry time would be had.

Arthur's knights, naturally, did not chase their pigs in full armor. That would have been to make the business too difficult. Arthur's knights chased their pigs in their undershirts. Of their military accouterments they retained only their helmets, whereon they wore their ladies' favors. Thus, in the flurry of the chase, there could be no confusion.

Sir Lancelot admittedly was the best pig chaser of the Arthurian court. As he fought his jousts like a man possessed, rashing and feigning and buffeting about, so did he go after his pigs like a Fury. It is related that on one occasion Lancelot chased a pig into a forest and was gone three years catching it, bringing it back, at the last, in a cart. Guinevere, the legend tells, was wroth indeed, and openly remarked that Lancelot seemed to prefer chasing pigs to her pale and eager beauty. They made it up later, of course, but not until the pig had been served with a garnish of parsley. For a time it looked as if Alfred Tennyson would be deprived of a lot of inspiration.

Pig chasers recognize only five kinds of pigs. There are piggies, pigwigs, offodashies, wumples and shoats. Piggies are young boy pigs used mainly for grip practice. Pigwigs are a bit older, either boy or girl pigs, and are used in sectional tryouts Offodashies are mature pigs which have been chased for seven years or more, and, as the chasers say, are "chased out." Wumples are girl pigs used in sectional tryouts when boy pigs are not available. And shoats are girl pigs perfectly trained and taught, girl pigs of acumen and experience. Shoats, and shoats alone, may be used in championship chases. The use of any other kind of pig disqualifies the field.

Championship chases are conducted with an admirable simplicity. Sectional tryouts over, champions of the East, West, North and South gather at Miasma. On a lawn as velvety as a putting green ought to be, elimination heats are run off. The winner of the final, under the Nassau scoring, is crowned Grand Champion. There are no bothersome flights, no annoying complexities.

### *Oik! Oik! Oik!*

Following the Miasma event, which is held in the spring, when the pigs, as chasers pungently express it, are "in clover," the annual steeplechase is held. This affair is the most exciting form of the sport. Pig steeplechasing originated in the distressing experience of an English gentlewoman whose name, according to historians of the game, was either Impey or Glittle-Fenway. It appears that Dame Impey, or Glittle-Fenway, went to market, upon a day, to buy a pig. Purchasing the animal, she found, as she returned to the manor house, that the pig balked at leaping over a stile. Employing various clever stratagems she managed, finally, to induce the animal to jump. Neighbors, hearing of the incident, gave it some heavy thought, and shortly the first pig steeplechase was staged. Steeplechasing pigs, you may readily surmise, must be exceptional animals.

Harvey Flack, a champion in the late 90's, sought to introduce six-day pig chases to the talent, but for some reason or other the idea failed to click. Why it failed is not clear. Certainly it would have been possible to keep a pig chase going for six days by the simple expedient of teaming contestants and replacing tired pigs with fresh ones as the grind wore on. Purses for events of this sort might easily have been obtained from sows' ears.

The Miasma championship chase is an open affair. It has been won by professionals more often than by amateurs, as might well be expected, but the world's record for catching a shoat is credited to Finkey P. Menk, a simon-pure. As a matter of fact there is very little difference between amateur and professional pig chasers. The sole requirement of the P. C. A. A. is that amateurs may not write for newspapers.

The traditional cry of the pig chaser is "Oik!" Other sports have their "Yoicks!" their "Tally-ho!" their "Fore!" Pig chasing has its "Oik!" Adam didn't know this when he said "Come here!" to his pig. There were no traditions in Adam's day. Nonetheless, had Adam cried "Oik!" he would have had much more fun. The cry of "Oik!" is to a pig as a red petticoat is to a bull. Hearing it, the pig becomes furious, makes up its mind that it simply will not be caught, and then the little brabbler gives you a battle which without the "Oik!" you wouldn't get.

In championship chases the contestants are required to cry "Oik!" continuously. There is only one instance on record where a pig chaser caught his pig, won the crown and received the honors attendant upon his achievement without crying "Oik!" The man was Herman Stiffel of Westchester-Biltmore. Stiffel was a mute. He couldn't cry "Oik!" But as he chased his shoat he kept writing "Oik!" on a pad of paper, and thus the tenets of the sport were observed.

The pig-chasing classic of all time was that wherein Peter Hokey, a New Hampshire piano salesman, met James Swinnerty,

(Continued on Page 131


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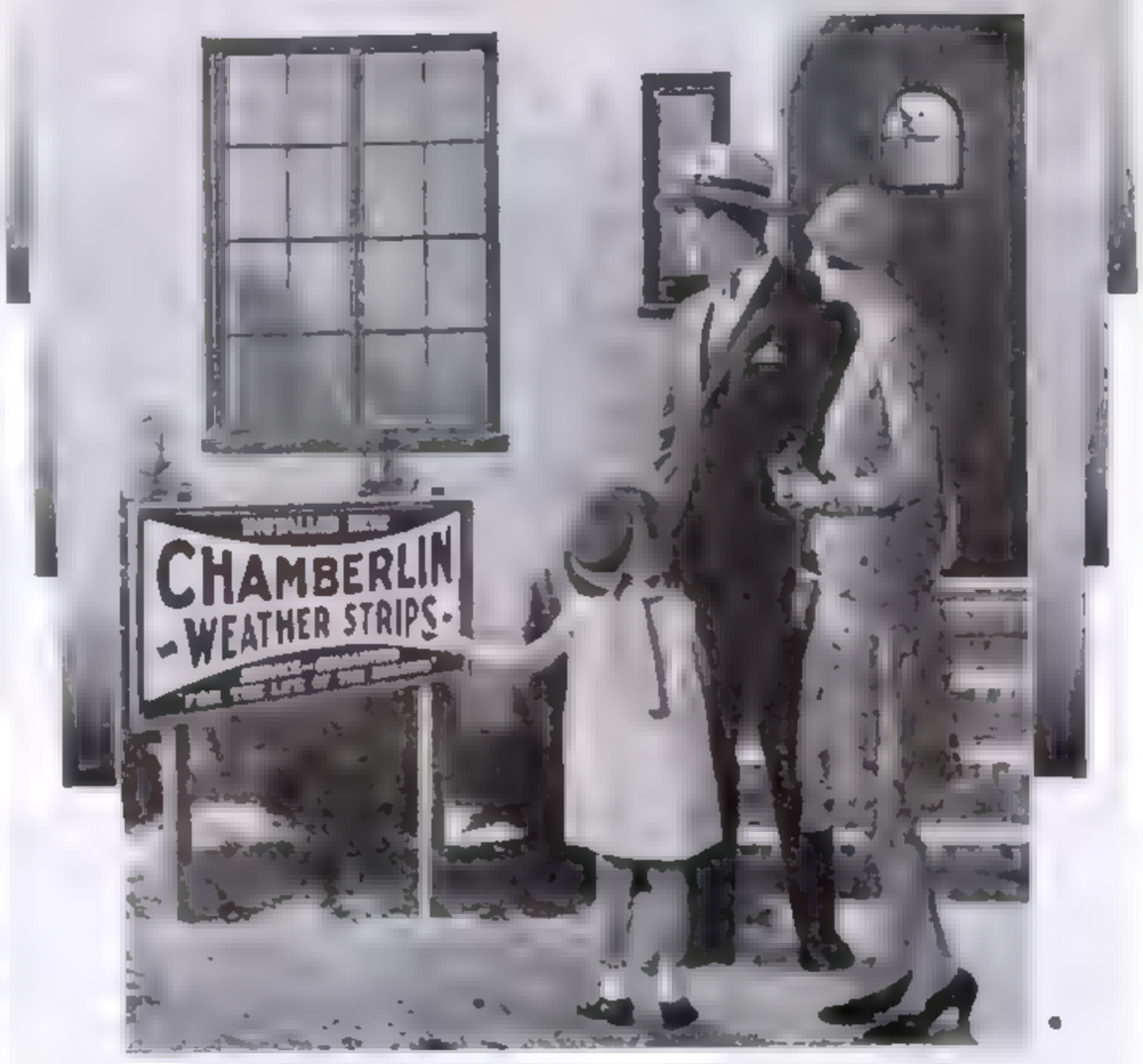


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Through organizations which he has developed, the White Fireman is uncovering even the most cleverly-laid arson plots. He is apprehending the criminals and bringing them before the bar of justice. The reports of his successes in detecting and capturing "fire-bugs" read like some of the great detective stories of fiction.

This is just one of the many ways in which the Loss Prevention Service supported by insurance companies (personified in this advertising by the White Fireman) is working for the best interests of the general public.


# The White Fireman intercepts the "fire-bug"

*WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.*

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PHILADELPHIA
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*write practically every form of insurance except life*

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers

(Continued from Page 129)

a Cornish piccolo repairer, for the championship of Alaska.

Hokey had come to Alaska to sell pianos. Swinnerty had been there for ten years, thinking he was in Southern California, with not a man in the territory decent enough to tell him of his mistake. Passing the time as best he could while waiting for the climate to arrive, Swinnerty organized a pig-chasing association, and shortly was its scratch man.

The pianos were not selling very well for Hokey. He decided, as a means of making money on the side, to engage Swinnerty in a chase. Swinnerty readily accepted his challenge, and the match was staged on the ice just outside Nome.

Hokey, it was agreed, would chase a shoat named Clara. Swinnerty would chase a shoat named Gertrude. Clara was possessed of much ingenuity, and Gertrude was no sap, herself. George Gulph, a mortician, acted as starter. Judges were Nuttsy-the-Kid and Snuffy-the-Hackman.

At the bark of Gulph's cap pistol they were off. Clara went north, Gertrude went west, Hokey and Swinnerty after them in stride. They backed and filled, cross-cutting, saw-bucking, chaddling, meedling and snuzzling, with neither man having any appreciable advantage. Out over the ice they roamed, their cries of "Oik!" becoming faint as whispers. Then back, with a rush and a slither, to the starting point.

Thus it went for a week. Spectators, lining the course, were in a ferment. Men, believing in Swinnerty, yah-yahed at Hokey, cried "Hokey cannot catch a potato, much less a pig!" Women fumed and fretted, but when Swinnerty and Gertrude dashed by, roses and anemones were thrown at their feet. Little children bawled. Beer was at a premium. Toward the end you couldn't even buy sawdust.

The more vulgar in the mob suggested that if Hokey were shot the match would be over, and three or four bullets were sent Hokey's way, none, however, taking effect. Then came the climax, the finish.

Hokey had his twenty-second wind. Swinnerty still had his first. Unleashing hidden power, an autonomic energy similar to that which carried Tunney to Fistiana's throne, Hokey leaped on Clara's back. At almost the same instant Swinnerty, with a superhuman effort, was astride Gertrude. The pigs paused for a second, and then, as if by a preconceived plan, they started east.

Away they skittered, into the darkling shadows of the Alaskan night, and the last that was seen of Hokey, Clara, Swinnerty and Gertrude was swallowed in the swirling waves of dreaded Baffin's Bay.

# CAPTAIN DOLLAR

Continued from Page 39

one. This price seemed high to his father at first; for on the Seattle line the passenger traffic was still light, cargoes from the Orient averaged less than 3000 tons, and on the outward voyages they carried little but flour and lumber. The thought of a fleet of passenger ships carrying such low-grade freight, especially now that he owned the ships, stirred Captain Dollar's fighting blood.

"I packed my grip," he told me, "and went north red hot, to see what I could do. At Seattle I got in touch with the high officials of every railroad coming in. 'Back us up and give us business!' I said. 'You'll profit by it, for we'll bring back more freight for you from the Orient.' They saw the point and did their best. Meanwhile we sent one of our ablest men out to St. Paul and Minneapolis to get flour and wheat products there and more general merchandise; and with another one of our men, I saw merchants in and around Seattle, urging every one of them to go more into foreign trade. We hadn't any time to spare, for our first ship sailed in sixty days; but by that time, I'm pleased to say, we were able to fill her with cargo without putting one stick of lumber aboard. And we kept it out of all those vessels, shipping it on our freighters instead. We made money on that first trip and those boats have paid well ever since."

### *Smooth as Silk*

But he felt that what they needed most was cargo from the other side; so in June, 1926, he went again to the Orient to get return freights for the new line. When he sailed with his wife on the President Grant, a big demonstration was made by the Seattle citizens, headed by the mayor of the city.

A local paper said of it:

"A great crowd cheered as she started for sea with airplanes droning overhead and amid a din of salutes from the whistles of the large and small craft in the harbor. Pretty girls from the Liberty Theater, dressed in the garb of sailors, cast off the lines as the big vessel left her berth."

To help stir the interest of American merchants in the Far East, he took out a party of newspapermen from all over the United States on a mission to investigate the Philippines for the President.

"I was determined," he told me, "to try to get more silk from Japan; so in Yokohama I went with our local manager to see the big silk exporters there." He called on fourteen of them that day, urging the savings they could effect through speed and punctuality. With his fast service by sea to Seattle and the rail connections east, they could get their silk to New York by that route faster than by any other. So the captain argued that day, but the inscrutable Japanese only smiled politely and would not commit themselves.

"On the way back to our office," he said, "I remarked to our manager: 'Well, we've called, and not a bale!' But he told me not to worry. 'This is going to bring plenty,' he said. And it did.

"Our next steamer homeward bound carried more than 5000 bales, and since that time it has become our most lucrative cargo out of Japan. We take it both across the Pacific and around by our other ships to Genoa and Marseilles."

### *Reciprocal Back-Scratching*

On that same trip, in Tokio he called on an old nobleman who was the vice president of the largest exporting firm in Japan. And he wrote this account of their interview:

"He wanted to sell me fuel oil for our ships. I wanted to get the carrying trade of silk from his company. They had never given us a bale and I explained to him what I was after. I said I would explain it in English in a way that possibly he wouldn't understand very well in Japanese. He and I had been doing business for twenty-six years, and I told him that for twenty-six years I had been scratching his back quite hard and he had been very slack about scratching my back in return; and that while I meant to continue to scratch, I hoped he would now do the same. I asked him if he understood it thoroughly, and he said he would have been very dull of comprehension if he could not understand that. The result was that we got some of his silk to carry before our first steamship came around for oil."

Before leaving Tokio, he called on the famous old statesman, Viscount Shibusawa, who was then nearly eighty-six years old.

"He was real pleased to see me," the captain said, "for we had been friends for a long time. He told of his work in Washington at our Disarmament Conference, where he had used his influence against the militarists of his country and for the peace-loving merchants and common people of Japan. Then he took me into a room where a photographer was waiting, and we were

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# They had no "nerves" when the world was young

*Look for this sign on the shoe repairman's window. It assures you that he uses the best bottoming materials made*
*—Uskide Soles*
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NOT for our cave-dwelling ancestor was the nerve strain that comes with pounding on hard pavements and floors—not for him the weariness of nerve exhaustion that sleep seems unable to remedy.

He followed all day on the trail of the wounded mammoth—and slept all night in the cave where the sabre-tooth tiger could not venture. Slept to awake with the dawn, refreshed for another day's struggle.

For he walked as nature intended men to walk—with soft sand and springy turf underfoot to protect the delicate nerve system from shock.

*Man was never meant to walk continually on hard surfaces.* The structure of his foot proves it. Civilization has brought pavements—the continual jar of walking—*and nerve exhaustion.*

Quit pounding your nerve energy away. Put a springy cushion between your heels and the sidewalk—a pair of U. S. Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

Stop at a repair shop where you see the Spring-Step Sign. Have a pair put on. Wear them for a month. You'll feel better, enjoy life more—have more energy. And you'll never go back to hard heels again.

**SPRING-STEP**
*Rubber Heels*
*Made by the Manufacturers of Keds*

Trade US Mark

**United States Rubber Company**


photographed together. As we were sitting down, I said

"'This is certainly a great honor to me, to have my photograph taken alongside of the Grand Old Man of Japan.' He very humorously replied:

"'It is still a greater honor to me to have my photograph taken beside the Grand Old Man of the world.'"

In Shanghai he got still more silk and also gave a luncheon to some fifty Chinese lumbermen there; for he still had his lumber and his freight boats to think about. In Tientsin he went to see a dozen other lumbermen, all on one stormy Saturday morning. "It rained so hard that the streets were flooded; and though I had an automobile, I was soon drenched to the skin," he remarked. He was eighty-two years old at the time. The next day, Sunday, he went with his wife to two churches, but they found the doors locked and were told by the Chinese janitors that no Protestant services were held during the vacation time.

"This reminded me," he wrote, "of the story told of a little girl in New York when she concluded her prayers. She said 'Good-by, God, we are all going to Saratoga, and you won't hear from us for a month.'"

Captain Dollar and his wife were given a banquet at Tientsin by his old friend, Li Yuan-hung, late president of China. Such affairs among the Chinese had been attended only by men in the past, but times had changed and he was surprised to see many Chinese women there. "About twenty-five of the highest-class ladies in China were present," he said.

While at table they heard the booming of big guns at Nan k'ow Pass; for civil war had begun again. There were more than 500,000 soldiers within thirty miles of Peking, and in all China some 2,250,000 men were under arms. "All, of course, at the expense of the poor people of China," he said, "who were heavily taxed to feed those armies."

Though the railroad to Hankow was being used only for war, he secured a permit for his wife and himself to make the trip. They were the only civilians on board, and on that ride of 800 miles they found every station swarming with troops. They arrived eight hours late. There seemed little hope of peace, those days, for in addition to the conflicts between the rival *tuchuns*—generals—millions of radical Chinese were rising in the South against them.

### *Business as Usual*

"Kill the *tuchuns!* was the cry," Harold Dollar told me. "And it spread like prairie fire."

So there was death and destruction, looting and burning, on all sides. But old Robert Dollar held to his faith. He was venturing millions of dollars on the future of China still, and his confidence was increased by the fact that while in 1915 only 17,000,000 tons of shipping entered and cleared at Shanghai, this tonnage in 1925 had grown to 31,000,000 in spite of continuous civil strife.

"When you consider," he wrote at the time, "that the foreign trade of China has not only been holding its own but gaining, in spite of all this fighting and loss of labor, what will it do when all those men are put at peaceful employment? The extent to which the foreign trade will increase is almost beyond comprehension."

In the meantime, wherever he went, no matter how great the disturbances, he always found friends in China still. "I could go into any part without let or hindrance," he told me. Time and again the troops had stopped fighting in order to let him cross the front. And though he had many lumber yards in the fighting regions, not a fire was started in any one.

"His men are never molested or harmed," the Ford agent in Shanghai wrote home at this time, "and his property is safe from the ravages of the warring factions. He is held as a virtual deity by the Chinese."

"The Ford warehouse in Shanghai was on our docks," Harold Dollar told me. "American automobiles were beginning to pour into China, those days. The General Motors Company had begun by building an assembling plant at Ozaka, Japan. Then Ford put a plant at Yokohama, and both companies thought at first they could serve the Orient from Japan. But Ford soon found he needed plants in Shanghai and Singapore. When his agent came to Shanghai, he found it mighty difficult to get any land with a clear title, owing to the civil war. We proposed that he lease a plant from us, for he'd be quite safe on our property. So we built a warehouse and assembling plant for him right there. He gained not only security, for as the parts for his automobiles were unloaded from our ships they were assembled right on the spot, and were even sold from there. So he saved a water-and-rail haul between the ship and distribution. And we got his carrying trade."

Captain Dollar had been doing his best to promote motor sales in the Orient.

### *Displacing the Ricksha*

"We helped to get it started," he told me, "by urging merchants over there, not only in China and Japan but in India as well, to buy cars in the United States and retail them on the other side. At first they would have none of it, but I kept preaching it all the time. 'The ricksha will soon be a thing of the past and the automobile will take its place. Get into the business in time,' I said. They got in, and have done so well ever since, that last year, when I was in Shanghai, a big Chinese dealer said: 'Dollar, you have done so much to develop this business of mine that I want you to come into my shop and be photographed with one of my cars.'"

Though his trip in 1926 was a great success in the getting of more cargoes from the Orient, he needed them all to meet the demands of his fast-expanding organization. For at home a few months later he decided with Stanley, his son, who by this time was in charge of the whole American end of the business, to combine the five Seattle ships with the five at San Francisco in a big transpacific service, with San Francisco as its main home port, but with two large terminals besides—the old one at Seattle and a new one at Los Angeles—to take care of the immense increase in exports of fruits and vegetables, petroleum and motor tires to the Far East, as well as the fast-growing imports from the Orient. Already the Dollar ships were bringing thousands of tons of rubber over to Los Angeles, where some of our largest tire firms made it into tires for shipment back to Singapore. For India, too, was buying cars and was starting on its way to a civilization of traffic cops. The Dollars got most of that carrying trade and it has increased enormously since. When they started their new terminal, a Los Angeles paper said:

"This announcement is more important to Los Angeles than would be the building of a great trans-continental railroad, in that it links this city directly with 500,000,000 people on the other side of the Pacific by means of ten of the finest passenger steamships ever built by the Shipping Board. And in the Orient are the vast potential markets of the world."

The organization of the new service meant a lot of extra work. And although Stanley Dollar, as one friend expressed it, was "the dynamo in the home office" now, in all this organizing his father had an active part. All winter he was hard at work. Then came a little respite, for in May, while up in Canada attending to lumber interests, he made a trip east with his wife to their old home at Bracebridge, Ontario, where had begun their married life.

"We attended services in the Auld Kirk which I helped to build," he wrote of their trip. "Met some of my old friends and enjoyed particularly meeting Frank A. Kent, of Toronto, who was, with me, one of

the members of the first Masonic Lodge established in Muskoka. He and myself are the only two alive of the charter members that established the lodge more than fifty years ago."

But he had little time for such memories.

"Conditions move rapidly in our business, especially when we try to keep up with the times," he wrote. And so he turned to more new plans. In the past, his freight ships had run from Seattle and Vancouver, loaded with his lumber for China, returning by the Philippines with cargo for Los Angeles, San Francisco and Puget Sound. At the time when the Shipping Board turned over their freight and passenger boats at Seattle to Stanley, his son, to operate, he had transferred his own freighters up there to the coast and intercoastal trade. When the Dollars bought those passenger boats, they tried to buy the freighters also from the Shipping Board, but someone put in a higher bid. So now he put five of his intercoast ships, and also two big freighters he bought, back into the China trade, running out of Seattle as before. And to reorganize this business he went once more to the Orient, with his wife and two granddaughters, in March, 1928. Although now eighty-four years of age, his old vigor was still evident.

"In Japan I took the night train from Yokohama to Kobe and used every minute of the morning making business calls," he told me. "Then the General Motors people telephoned from Ozaka and asked me to come out to their plant. They sent a car to get me and I went out that afternoon. It was well worth seeing, for at their big assembling plant more than 800 men were employed. They had given up their carrying trade of parts from the United States, and I arranged with them that day to take their finished motor cars on to Shanghai and Singapore."

### *Friends in Every Port*

Then he motored back and caught his boat, and in Shanghai he spent two busy days with his company's representatives not only from there but from Hankow, Tsingtao and Tientsin, making arrangements for the new line. The first of the freight boats then arrived and plans were soon well organized for the balance of the fleet. Later he went down to Manila and then over to Singapore. In addition to the rubber and tin, the trade in California fruits and vegetables had been increasing enormously there. For all this time his passenger ships had been giving out samples of fresh fruits and salads and vegetables, while at home he had been urging our merchants to go after the India trade; with the result that by 1928 his refrigerators were all full and some $29,000,000 had been paid to the merchants at home.

"We have done the same," he told me, "with California sardines. With only a few sample cases we started a Straits Settlements trade, which has grown so fast that last year alone we took 300,000 cases across. We are trying them now in Southern China. They make fine hot-weather food and the southern Orientals like them, for the fish are large enough so that one is a meal for each child in a family."

On that last voyage around the world, he made 624 personal calls in the various ports of call, he said.

His secretary, who went along, gave me this account of their trip:

"On shipboard he used to get up every morning at five-thirty or six o'clock. We breakfasted at seven and I read him the radio news, and after that we'd go to work. We had brought from San Francisco a big bag full of reports from all departments of the home office on matters involving each port of call, and before arriving at each place he'd freshen up his memory on what he wished to see to there. The news of his coming was flashed ahead and each office would be all spruced up, but that wouldn't fool him for a minute. He'd have their year's record right under his hat, including any trouble they'd had. He would want to know if they'd fixed it yet. If they hadn't, he'd go right to it himself. In every port he made friendly calls on customers and competitors, and they were really friendly, too, but nearly all of them helped trade. Back at the home office they say that each trip around the world he takes is worth a million dollars in business.

"On leaving each port, he would bring out the little notebooks he had filled and would dictate to me a detailed report of what he had found and what he'd accomplished, the progress made in the last year and the problems still unsolved. And copies of this, at our next stop, would be sent to San Francisco and to his foreign offices, to keep his men all fully informed.

"'For you never can tell but what some of it will be valuable to them some day,' he said."

### *Properly Vested*

"Then we'd start to get ready for the next port, and so it went all around the world. He'd work in the mornings, as a rule, from eight to about 11:30. Then he'd take a bath, have luncheon at noon and lie down for a little while. He would work again from three to four and take tea with some of the passengers or with the captain up on the bridge. He loved to be up on the bridge of his ship, especially coming into a port. He'd be up there then by five A.M., for he liked to watch the harbor life and to be sure his ship was on time. And by that he meant right to the minute. If we were sailing at four P.M., the steamer would give her farewell roar exactly while eight bells was striking. They say the lighthouse keepers out there all set their clocks when his ships go by.

"He knew every lighthouse and island we passed, and up on the bridge he would tell you about the trade and lives of the islanders. He made it interesting too. In the evening he would read his Bible and then turn in and sleep like a top. One night while we lay at Singapore, they had a lot of cargo to shift and the winches made an infernal racket until midnight. Then they stopped. The next morning I asked him if they had disturbed his rest.

"'Not a bit of it,' he said. 'I slept fine till twelve o'clock. But the minute those winches stopped, I woke right up and asked myself what was the trouble and why they had quit!'

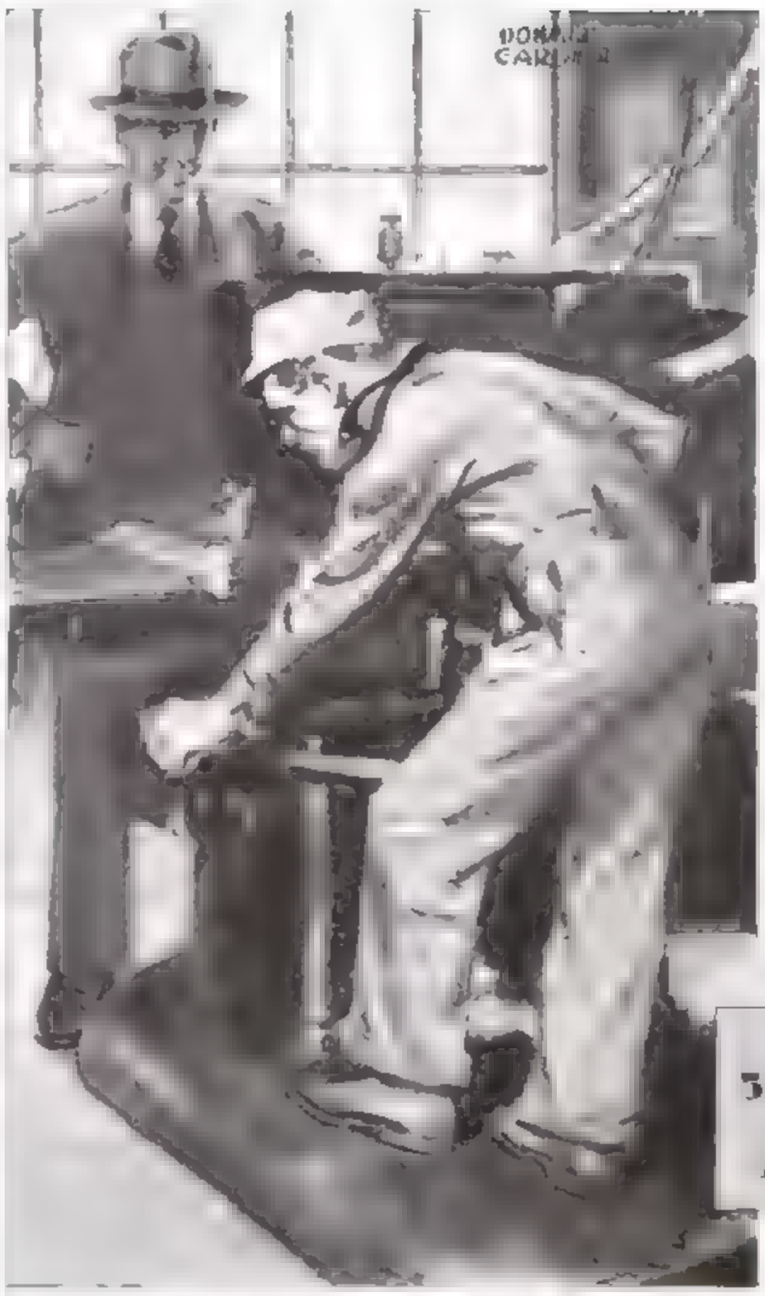
"When I told the ship's captain about it, he said: 'I did the same myself, young man. I can sleep in my cabin on the bridge with all the winches screeching, but the minute they quit I'll wake right up. I'll wake up if my propeller stops, or even slows down, while we're at sea. So what you've told me only proves what I already knew before. Captain Dollar both loves and knows his ship!'

"He certainly knew that ship all right before we got around the world. He went on the tour of inspection with the officers every day, and one hot day on the Red Sea I found him in the engine room spending a happy afternoon. I looked at the thermometer. It stood at 140 down there.

"He knew his ship, and afloat or ashore nobody put anything over on him that whole trip—except just one person, and that was his wife. It happened one evening at Manila. The Japanese Crown Prince was there, a banquet was given in his honor, and Captain Dollar and his wife were among the invited guests. When I came to their hotel rooms I found Mrs. Dollar quite stirred up.

"'Bob,' she said, 'please go in there and see what you can do with father. He says it's too hot to wear a vest.'

"It was a terribly hot night and I didn't blame him one little bit. He had a mighty good idea. By buttoning his dinner coat he would look perfectly all right. But following her instructions, very unobtrusively I slipped his vest inside of his coat and then held it up for him to put on. 'Come, captain, it's time to be starting,' I said. He quickly got into his coat without noticing our little trick. But just as they entered

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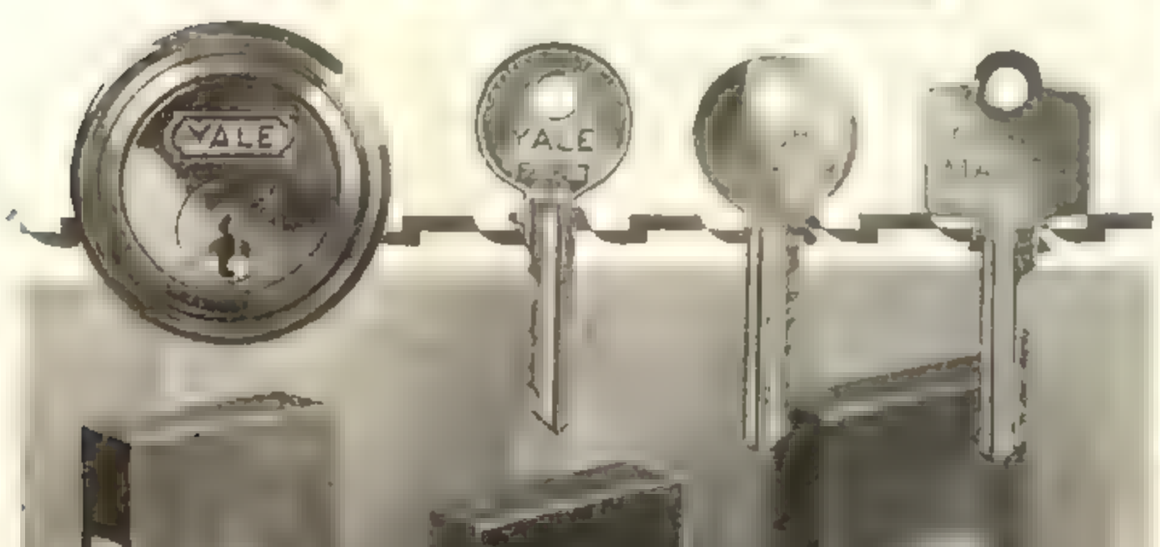


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EACH individual lock is keyed differently, with its own key that will not operate any other lock, yet your one Master-Key unlocks all.

The Yale Master-Key System further provides selective control, as you can have separate groups of locks operated by Sub Master-Keys, and the Grand Master-Key to operate all locks in all groups. Thereby individuals can have a key to one lock only, and Sub Master-Keys can be distributed to the authorized persons having access to certain divisions or groups.

Entrance door locks, cabinet locks, auxiliary rim locks and padlocks having the same size and style of key can be Master-Keyed in one group. Yale Master-Key records are protected through being housed in a fire-proof vault at the Yale plant.

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the banquet hall, she whispered: 'Father! Button your vest!'

"Captain Dollar gave his wife one look of mute reproach, then chuckled and did as he was told.

"I don't know what he'd do without his wife. It's the happiest marriage I've ever seen and she keeps looking out for him all the time. He's nearly eighty-five today, but she's still in her seventies. He's taking the night train next week down to a big chamber of commerce meeting in Los Angeles. She's going with him. She always does. Here at the office as a rule he still takes work home with him at night, but he gets through most of it on the way out, on the ferryboat and train; for when he gets to San Rafael she'll probably meet him in their car, and she doesn't like him to work in the evenings. At nine o'clock he goes to bed, and about 8:20 the next morning back into the office he comes, in fine trim for another day.

"It's a hard working day; he's that kind of man, but he's also the most considerate man to work for that I've ever known. He's kindly, too, and generous. People think of him as thrifty and Scotch, but he'll spend any amount of money when it's for the good of his ships, for he keeps looking away ahead. Outside of his business, too, he's always giving money to schools and other institutions, and to individuals, not only here but all over the world. Captain Dollar and his wife travel still on an average about 30,000 miles a year and they find old friends wherever they go. The people in China think more of him than of any living foreigner."

Of his feelings toward the yellow race, Captain Dollar has this to say:

"Some of the greatest gentlemen I have ever known have been Orientals. The courtesy of the Japanese is very pleasant, and the honesty and uprightness of the Chinese are proverbial. Among them are some of my truest friends. It is very easy for us, as a race, to become wrapped up in ourselves. But all people, especially business men who are constantly dealing with foreign countries, should try to acquaint themselves with the manner and mode of living there. Our American standard of living is by far the most advanced in the world, but we must remember that what is practical for us is not always practical for other races. In dealing with other nations I have always adopted the simple plan of giving them first what they want and then by degrees bringing our methods to their attention."

### *A Trade Missionary*

So his ships have been trade missionaries for our commerce overseas, and so it will be in the future, he thinks, with our new growing merchant marine. As our ships go again all over the globe, it will be to their own interest to do all they can for American trade, just as he has done in the past. On the Pacific Ocean he has been our great pioneer.

"Robert Dollar," said Paul Shoupe, president of the Southern Pacific, "has done more for our trade with the Orient than any man alive today. Some people out here will smile and tell you that the flag has followed the Dollar, and that he has made the Dollar go further than it ever went before. They speak more truly than they know. For he has put our flag on the map where it had never been seen before, and he has made that dollar sign on his flag a symbol of honesty everywhere. In thirty years he has built up the strongest shipping organization on this coast for foreign trade; and he has done it, not by strangling competitors but by creating new business, especially in the Orient. He has always pioneered. He has dreamed for half his life of a great world commerce on the Pacific, and now he is seeing his dreams come true. For our trade with Japan is already greater than our trade with France today, and that is only one striking example of the enormous recent growth of our commerce with the Far East."

To get facts and figures on this growth, I went to Dean Grady of the College of Commerce in the University of California, and also foreign-trade adviser to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. And here is what he gave me:

"The great opportunity for American foreign-trade expansion is with Latin America and the Far East. That expansion has already begun. From 1913 to 1927, our exports to Asia increased from $154,000,000, or about 6 per cent of our total outgoing trade, to $560,000,000, or 11½ per cent. Our imports from Asia in that same time increased from $299,000,000 to $1,257,000,000. But this is only a beginning. About half of all our exports are going over to Europe still; but when the Orientals raise their standards of living, as they have already begun to do, the streams of trade on the Pacific will widen and deepen till the present Atlantic commerce will seem small by comparison.

"From 1913 to 1927, in spite of all the disturbances there, the export and import commerce of China increased from $711,000,000 to $1,448,000,000, while her per capita trade increased only from $2.15 to $3.30. If the latter had risen to equal our own, which is more than eighty dollars today, her foreign commerce would have climbed to thirty-three billions of dollars a year."

### *An Investment Field*

"To increase per-capita trade, of course, the standards of living must be raised. In China, how can this be done? Through the building of roads and railroads, great irrigation projects, the development of her water power, mines and mills and factories. For these mean higher wages and increased wants for what money will buy. All these undertakings will require billions of dollars, and the money is not there. And since Europe has very little to spare and we are the richest nation on earth, the Chinese will naturally turn to us for capital. We have invested little so far, because we have not considered it safe.

"But how about Europe? Is she so safe? Another European war would endanger all the money we've loaned them. Not counting our governmental loans, we've invested in Europe on private account just about five billions since the war, and we're sending more over every year. But the saturation point must lie very close ahead. Meanwhile we are still selling them more goods than they sell to us, and this further adds to our credits abroad.

"Where to invest our money, then? Already the interest alone on our total investments overseas runs to nearly $800,000,000 a year and will probably reach the billion mark soon—all pouring into this country each year to augment still further our growing surplus income. We can't invest it all at home. Then in Latin America, you may say.

"But we have already invested nearly five billions down there since the war, while our investments in the Far East have been only about $700,000,000. We have held off from China both because of her civil wars and the weak state of her finances. But they've a national government now; and whether or not it survives, most observers agree that the tendency is all toward stability today. The poor Chinese peasant is sick of wars and the merchant is looking for foreign trade. The strongest business men in China are backing this government, I am told. They're disbanding the ruinous *tuchun* armies; and on their invitation, Kemmerer, of Princeton, one of our ablest currency experts, has gone over with a staff of men to help them reform their finances They have little gold, of course, but you can build a gold standard with a relatively small amount.

"If they succeed and stability comes, our money will pour into China and will rapidly stimulate that advance in their standards of living which has already begun to take place. China has 400,000,000 people.

(Continued on Page 136

# The 4-SQUARE DEALER sells lumber plus GUARANTEED QUALITY

The sign of CONFIDENCE identifies the 4-SQUARE DEALER

IF YOU have ever bought any lumber at all—even a few boards for a bit of tinkering around the house—you will recognize in the words "*Guaranteed Quality*" a brand new factor in lumber buying.

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## Here's a Message of Vital Importance

Whether you row on an inland bay, or guide a floating palace through tropical seas—whether you race a trim little outboarder up peaceful rivers, or travel to and from your office in a luxurious commuter . . . you're all in the same boat, figuratively speaking. For some time, somewhere, you will find that the safety or comfort of your craft will depend upon the sturdiness and quality of its fittings.

Of course, we don't mean to infer that good fittings will keep you off uncharted rocks or hidden sand bars. But we do maintain that good marine hardware will add substantially to your comfort and peace of mind. For it's a great relief to know that your craft is shipshape in every detail—that a sudden squall won't break something and leave you stranded far from home—miles from a source of supply. It's a relief even to know that visitors can't whisper surreptitiously about pitted deck plates or sloppy ventilators on *your* boat.

Since the halcyon days of proud old Clipper Ships, Wilcox-Crittenden Marine Hardware has safely guarded the lives and fortunes of seamen in every corner of the world. And today—as in the past—wherever smartly trimmed craft are seen, there will be fine, dependable W-C Hardware, adding comfort, safety and convenience to ships of every class.

All W-C Fittings are dependable as the tides, staunch as a New Bedford whaler, smart as the Commodore's blues. All are sea-seasoned, weather-proof, storm-proof, as only 82 years of exacting marine experience can make them. And their cost is astonishingly modest compared with the added pleasure and safety they give.

A book has been prepared to help you keep your craft shipshape. This book, "Sea Craft Suggestions and Supplies," tells about proper ground tackle for mooring or cruising. It describes knots, splices and bends. It tells how to box the compass, etc.—294 pages crammed with authentic information. Simply enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Use the coupon.

If you are an outboard owner, we will send free of charge our smaller book which shows the latest gadgets for these speedy youngsters. Use the coupon and give us your dealer's name.

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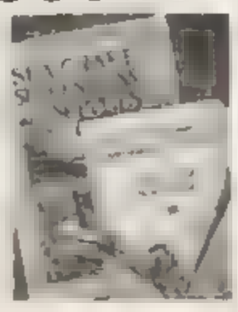


(Continued from Page 134)

Raise their wealth per capita by only one dollar and it means $400,000,000 to spend. That will bring an increase of commerce. And both because of our position just across the ocean, and also because we will be the largest investors over there, we are practically certain to get the largest share of their foreign trade.

"We may meet race feeling, of course, but we will know how to avoid it, for our foreign salesmen are fast learning how to make friends. We shall meet competition from Europe, too, but we are getting ready for that. Under the Webb-Pomerene Act, our exporters in such industries as steel, copper, oil, lumber and fruits are forming coöperative groups for purposes of export trade, to stop fighting among themselves and agree as to prices abroad, to go after new business overseas, and even in some cases to allocate the orders received. We have also exporters' clubs to make agreements in regard to terms of trade and credit, and bureaus of information on the credit of foreign merchants. The Department of Commerce, too, has done valuable work of that kind since Mr. Hoover was in charge, and as President he is sure to advance our foreign trade enormously."

### Where Mass Consumption Is

"As China builds up her industries, we shall do all we can to increase their efficiency, encourage imports here of their goods and so keep a wholesome balance of trade. For their success is what we need, and even though their rising wages will still be much lower than ours, we need not fear their competition. Japan is far in advance of China in efficiency, yet a recent Japanese report on their cotton industry says that one American textile worker is still worth four Japanese. The difference in China is undoubtedly more striking still, so we need not be afraid of them. And as they raise their standards, through economic and business organization over there, the Far East will become such a market as has never been seen before, and our trade will be in figures that would seem staggering today.

"For all these reasons, the drift of commerce to the Pacific seems to me as inevitable as the world's whole march of events. Everything is tending that way."

The same idea was put in a nutshell by A. P. Giannini, of the Bank of Italy.

"The center of the world's population is the Pacific Ocean," he said, "and when those hundreds of millions of people in the Orient, and down in South America, too, begin to get new standards of living, the whole trade of the world will change. They're pretty slow in India, but in China it's coming fast. They're getting a stable government now; and as soon as we can be sure of that, billions of American dollars are going to pour into China to help develop their industries and so increase their buying power. Because for our mass production here we need mass consumption, too, and there's no place for that like the Far East."

### Bringing the Far East Nearer

"As they use our American dollars, they're going to learn our American ways. They're going to want higher wages, and they're going to get them, too. And then they'll want our automobiles and radios and telephones. We're educating Europe to those three articles today and we'll turn next to the Orient. We'll sell them California fruits and vegetables, and oil from here, and hundreds of other things besides, from all over the United States. For the Panama Canal has brought us nearer to New York, and we'll soon fly there overnight, and also to the Orient. In another ten years you'll see whole fleets of aeroplanes from Asia dropping down into the bay.

"We'll be in close touch with the Far East and our main market will be there, because by our mass production we can make cheaper and better goods than anyone competing there, and because we're right across the ocean—this ocean which is going to be the center of commerce of the world, and over which we will fly in a night."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Poole.

*Avalanche Lilies in Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington*

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

# BEAUTY PRESERVATION

neither rain nor snow neither heat nor cold can shorten the useful life of your home if every two or three years you apply paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer inside and out. True too, for screens fences garden furniture

AND that's not all... Every time you use paint or varnish, enamel or lacquer, you better the looks of something. Maybe it's a house; maybe it's a child's toy, a chair or an automobile. For when you paint to preserve, you beautify; when you paint to beautify, you preserve... Remember this when it's time to repaint—painting is not an expense, it's a saving, a saving of the surface that all may be saved and your property protected.

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*This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.*

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THE SEALPAX CO., *Makers*, Baltimore.

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Sealpax
*twin button*
Step thru-button two

# AND IT WAS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Oh, there is no hurry," I explained in a reassuring voice.

As she did not reply to this in any way whatever, after an embarrassing pause I said again, "What a wonderful night for stars. Just look at them."

At the exact moment she lifted her head a shooting star streaked across the sky. The effect was surprising. Before I could stop them, my hands had unclasped themselves from behind my back, had reached over the gate and grabbed Elona Brown, and the next thing I knew I had kissed her warmly twice.

No sooner was this done than remorse overcame me and I would have given anything to explain that my rash act was not in any way intentional but merely the result of an uncontrollable impulse. To tell the truth, I would have felt much better if she had promptly slapped me in the face or something like that.

Instead of this, however, she merely took a step back and broke into tears, sobbing over and over again: "You shouldn't have done that! You shouldn't have done that!"

"Why not?" I asked while trying to think up a remark more appropriate to the occasion.

She took her hands down from her face, looking not so much insulted as troubled. "Because," she said, "I am going to marry Mr. Griddlegacker."

"You are going to what?" I repeated, not able to believe I had heard right.

"I am going to marry Mr. Griddlegacker. And you mustn't be seen around here in the evening. You must go away. I am engaged to be married to Mr. Griddlegacker."

Something inside me boiled up to such an extent I was afraid I might froth at the mouth.

"Well, Miss Brown, when did you stop using your brains, if any? You are free, white, and twenty-one, so what is the idea of committing such a crime? It is outrageous for a charming young girl like yourself to say such a thing or even to think it. Mr. Griddlegacker is too old for you, and you are just my age; and, anyhow, you would be miserable with a tyrant like that; and if there is nobody else to keep you from this foolishness, I will do it myself, personally."

Twice I started to say the above; each time getting as far as the word "well." Then something clicked inside me like the snap of a padlock. Though I had finished my run with hardly a drop of perspiration, I now found myself sweating from head to foot, and with legs that trembled under me.

With a last effort I tried to expostulate with Miss Brown on what she was about to do; only to hear myself saying, "Well, that seems like a good idea."

Then, realizing my remark, I turned abruptly and followed the colony road back to my shack.

That night, as I lay tossing on my bunk, unable to sleep, fifty times I asked myself if my habit and philosophy of agreeing with other people's opinions was not perhaps a colossal mistake.

## IV

IN COMING to Eleutheris, I had not thought I would have to bother with anything except agricultural problems. I had never dreamed I would be spending eighteen hours a day brooding over a girl with yellow hair and blue eyes, and wondering how I could break myself of saying, "Well, that seems like a good idea."

In general, the remark had spared me a lot of time and energy. Each separate colonist at Eleutheris was bursting with a separate pet theory of the universe. So, whenever a colonist interrupted a piece of agricultural advice to state that anybody who didn't believe in the transmigration of souls or psychical electrons or votes for children was either a fool or a rascal, I had merely to remark, "Well, that seems like a good idea," and immediately the atmosphere would clear up enough so we could get down to the subject of spraying potato plants or grafting apple trees.

In the case of Mr. Griddlegacker himself, my line was a daily life-saver. Mr. Griddlegacker's theory was that he could do all the thinking necessary for the entire colony and those who expressed differing views in his presence had to take the consequences. And whenever other colonists had begun thinking in an active way on the subject of Elona Brown, Mr. Griddlegacker had demonstrated their mistake with considerable vigor. He had done this in the case of the two previous agricultural experts, to say nothing of three primal vibrationists, one nature man, one pure vegetarian, and two advanced sex thinkers—all of whom had been attracted by Elona. In my own case, by using discretion and pulling my line early and often, I avoided all serious trouble.

But all this did nothing to make things easier for me when talking with Elona Brown privately and face to face. The conversation would generally run about as follows:

"Good morning, Miss Brown."

"Good morning, Mr. Allers. I wanted to ask you if this is the right thing to do with carrots."

"Yes, that is the right thing to do with carrots, Miss Brown."

"Thank you, Mr. Allers."

"Not at all, Miss Brown. May I ask when the wedding is going to be?"

"I'm not exactly sure, but very soon now."

My hands would close convulsively, my eyes would shut, and the next minute I would find myself saying, "Well, that seems like a good idea."

Then I would go back to my shack, kicking myself all along the entire distance.

Everything would have been comparatively simple if Elona Brown had just shown in any way that she did not enjoy seeing me or that our brief little conversations were disagreeable to her. Instead of that, she seemed to take advantage of every opportunity to talk to me in an intimate way. After looking up and down the road to see that nobody was watching, she would begin a hurried recital of her feelings about masterful men:

"The reason I have always adored masterful men is because my father was not a masterful man, and as a result our home life was a tragedy." And: "No woman should be masterful; she should leave that to her husband. I quit school-teaching because I felt myself becoming that way." And another time: "I believe any man who really wanted to try could become masterful and dominate others." And once she gave me an ad clipped out of a magazine and entitled: How to Become Masterful by Mail in Thirty Easy Lessons.

Naturally, the more I saw of Elona the harder it was for me to stand by calmly and wait for her marriage to Mr. Griddlegacker. But I did not see what I could do about it. More than once when alone in my shack I practiced saying, "No, that does not seem like a good idea. No, that seems like a rotten idea." But the real trouble was not merely that my favorite remark had become automatic; it was the logical basis of the remark. And though often I tried to argue to the contrary, I could not escape the conviction that everybody in the world has a right to decide things for himself, so why interfere?

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Three and a half miserable weeks had passed since my arrival at Eleutheris. As far as my job was concerned, I had no great reason to feel dissatisfied. In spite of knowing nothing about agriculture and in spite of a weakness for dropping work to discuss transcendental telepathy, practical nihilism and similar helpful topics, the colonists in general had followed my advice and the gardens were coming along as favorably as could be expected. Mrs. Wellover had written a number of friendly letters, and once, when she had appeared in person while I was enjoying a day off, she had left me a note that was cordial in the extreme. There was no doubt that if I wanted to quit Eleutheris she would help me to another job.

On this particular evening I was feeling especially fed up. At three in the afternoon Mr. Griddlegacker had ended a discussion between the total-disarmament pacifist and the international-police-force pacifist by cracking their heads against the side of the phalanstery till I thought it would cave in. A little later he had called me into his office and given me his opinions about agriculture, and they were all wrong.

Then, to cap all, he had wound up by announcing his marriage to Elona Brown at ten o'clock the next morning. It was a little too much.

I had drawn my chair up to the table and was figuring out how to write a respectful resignation when a light tap came at the door. I opened. There stood Elona.

## V

"GOOD evening, Miss Brown," I said, when I saw that my eyes were not playing me tricks. "I hope there is nothing wrong." I added this last because she was looking 100 per cent more worried than usual and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Oh, no, Mr. Allers," she said, bursting into tears. "I just came to tell you how happy I feel because I am going to be married tomorrow."

She now began to sob to such an extent that I left the shack and began walking back and forth with her in the moonlight. I knew that if I tried to make any comment I would probably find myself saying, "Well, that seems like a good idea." So, keeping my mouth carefully closed, I limited my efforts to patting her gently on the back.

"I am very happy to marry Mr. Griddlegacker," she went on as soon as she could speak, "because he is so masterful, and a masterful man is what every helpless girl wants for a husband."

"That seems like a good idea," I said; the words coming out before I could stop them.

"Yes, isn't it? My mother was a dominating woman and ran over my father every day of his life. It made her unhappy, and it made him unhappy, and it made us children unhappy; and that is why I always wanted to marry a masterful man, and now I am going to do it. And I am so delighted." As she uttered the last two words she collapsed against my shoulder in a fit of strangled sobbing.

As it now seemed too late to try to do anything about it, I made up my mind that I might as well be a good sport. So, in a voluntary way, I remarked, "Well, that seems like a good idea."

To my surprise, she sprang back and, dropping the handkerchief, faced me, her teeth set together, her fists clenched. "Why do you persist in springing that ridiculous tag, no matter what anyone says?"

"The reason is," I explained when I had pulled myself together a little, "that I have found the best way to get along in life is by agreeing with people."

"Yes," she hissed, "and that is just what you are and all you are—an agreer. Every time I see you I am gladder I am going to be united for life with a real man like Mr. Griddlegacker."

After an unsuccessful effort to pull what Mrs. Wellover had called "my line," I remarked, "I hope you will be very happy."

"I am certainly going to be," she said, talking between her teeth.

"Yes, that is what it looks like," I agreed. I might have added a little something to the effect that by marrying Mr. Griddlegacker she was breaking my heart. But though this was strictly true, I could not get the words out.

(Continued on Page 140)

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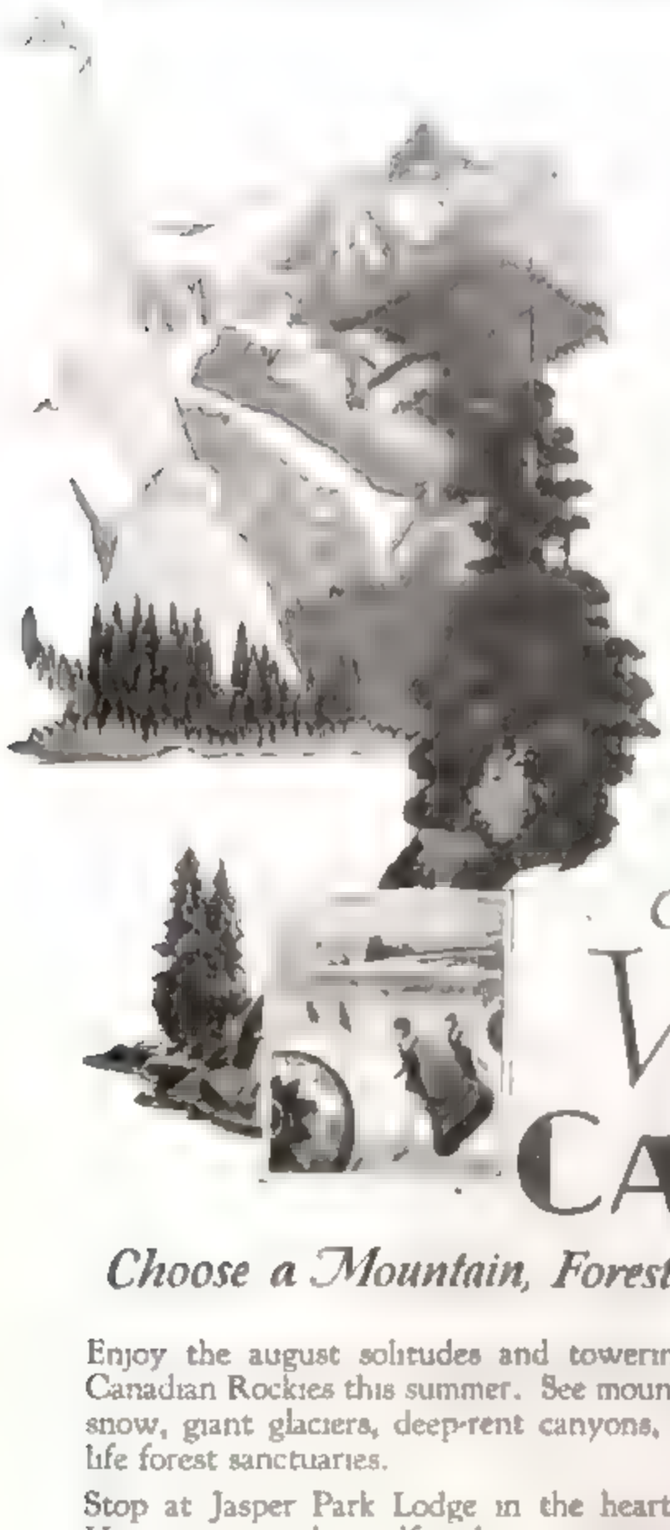

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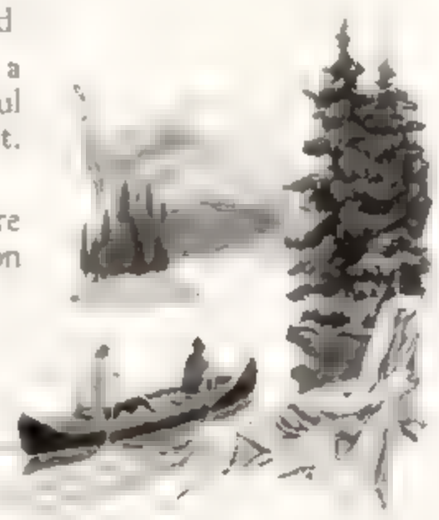

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*(Continued from Page 138)*

"Yes," she said, still between clenched teeth, "even if some unprincipled and dangerous brute should swoop down tonight and carry me off, like the poor helpless girl I am—yes, carry me off and marry me by force, I should still be the wife of a masterful man. His actions would have proved it."

"That's right," I said mechanically.

She went on in the same way: "In the case of this supposititious brute, all my life I would be afraid of him, and I believe every woman should be a little afraid of her husband."

"Well," I remarked, "that seems to be a ——"

"If you say that again," she snapped, "I'll scream. For heaven's sake, can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? Can't you ——"

At this instant I felt myself grabbed by the back of my coat collar.

I cannot truthfully state that my training in distance running helped me in any way to fight back against Mr. Griddlegacker; for that is who it was. But my being in perfect condition did save me a good many dollars in doctor's bills. Every time Mr. Griddlegacker threw me on the ground and tried to jump on me, I always managed to roll out of danger and squirm up to my feet; and when, at the end, he slammed me through the closed door into my shack, instead of having every bone broken, I was able to pick myself up with nothing worse than a couple of dozen bruises.

For a minute Mr. Griddlegacker stood panting and heaving and shaking his fist through the hole in the door. "You are fired," he said when he could speak distinctly. "Pack up and get out. If I catch you in Eleutheris tomorrow morning after ten o'clock I will break your dot-dot-dot neck." He turned to Elona, who had been standing where I left her and screaming in a helpless way. "My fine young lady," he said, "you are not going back to your cottage tonight. I have had enough of this lallygagging around with so-called agricultural experts who don't know what they're talking about. You will sleep in the phalanstery and there will be somebody outside your door to see you stay right there till the justice of the peace comes to marry us tomorrow morning. So don't let us have any more of this whimpering."

I could hear her trying to argue as he marched her away down the road.

With a low moan I sank down on my bunk, burying my face in my hands and repeating over and over: "What is the use of going on living? What is the use?" I was still in approximately this position and mental state when, near midnight, I was called to the long-distance phone.

Mrs. Wellover was at the other end of the wire, and her first words showed that she had been telegraphed the news.

"Well, Bub," she said, "don't be downhearted. Anyhow, you have broken all agricultural-expert records at Eleutheris and your future is still before you. Now hang onto that receiver, because I've something important to say. Look me over, Bub; I'm not yet an old lady, even if I am on the shady side of thirty. I am a modern woman, and we don't age the way our mothers used to do. I may have had some experience in life, but every little bit helps. If I gave Number One the gate after two years of the matrimonial marathon—well, I learned about husbands from him."

As soon as I could swallow and speak, I began, "That seems ——"

"Never mind finishing the sentence, Bub; I know exactly what you're going to say, and that's one reason why I like you. Listen to me. You know farms and farming and what a farm ought to be worth. Most of my business is right in that line. Bub, why not join hands in a life partnership? Don't be startled; the dark ages ended ten years ago. Think it over, and if it sounds interesting, wire me tomorrow morning. Leave the nuts, come to Chicago, and we'll go to the home of one of my girl friends and have an old-fashioned wedding with trimmings. Does it seem like a good idea?"

Then, without giving me a chance to answer, Mrs. Wellover hung up.

### VI

NEXT morning I did not have to go to the trouble of getting out of bed, because I had spent the entire night walking up and down in my shack. I was still in this unsettled state when the j. p. from Hayne's Crossing drove in; the phalanstery bell rang and the colonists began flocking to the wedding.

It was with the intention of stealing a last farewell glimpse of Elona that I sneaked behind the phalanstery and, propping a berry crate under one of the windows, climbed up to peek inside. I had just got in place and was craning my neck this way and that, because a practical utopist had his back to the window and was blocking the view, when something like the still small voice of conscience seemed to whisper, "Boy, look over your right shoulder and get a big surprise."

I looked. Rounding the corner of the phalanstery was Mr. Griddlegacker himself. He was dressed in a long black coat with a rose in the buttonhole, gray pants, and a pair of snappy spats. As he saw me he stopped short for a moment, while his face got the color of a fireman's shirt and his black whiskers bristled out like raspberry bushes in winter. Then, letting out a roar, he sprang forward in my direction.

As I had already pretty thoroughly tested Mr. Griddlegacker's gorilla arms, it seemed to me the best thing I could do was to leave the vicinity in the quickest and shortest way possible. It was no part of my plans to send the berry crate skidding into Mr. Griddlegacker's legs; though this is what happened. Probably before Mr. Griddlegacker sailed into the air his only intention had been to chase me off the colony limits. But after he had picked himself up, his conversation suggested that beginning at this point he was going to take up the matter seriously.

We skyhooted out from behind the phalanstery and down the rear border of the quarter-acre plots in a way that showed Mr. Griddlegacker, in spite of his two hundred and twenty-five pounds, might have made a big success as a sprinter. For the first few hundred yards I had to skip along at top speed to keep safely ahead. And he would have gone very much faster if he had not slowed up to shuck off coat, vest, collar, and other hampering articles.

He had worn out his first freshness and I was getting ready to work up a faster pace and beat it out of Eleutheris forever, when an idea hit me so hard I almost stopped in my tracks. It was such a big idea, and so clear and so simple, that I could not help wondering why I had lived all my life without seeing it before. It not only seemed like an ordinary good idea but like a cracking good idea. The only problem to be solved—at least, for the moment—was to keep Mr. Griddlegacker running after me.

This was not so simple as it might seem. Though still full of indignation, as evidenced by his peppy remarks, anybody with half an eye could see that he was in no condition for distance running and was tiring rapidly. His legs needed to be trued up and he seemed to have to make a special effort every time he filled his lungs. I could not help fearing that at any minute Mr. Griddlegacker might get discouraged and quit, and if he did, my immediate plan would be shot to pieces.

With a sort of inspiration I clapped my right hand over my liver, and gasping as though each step might be my last, I began to gurgle out, "Oh, my side! Oh, my side!"

It was a real pleasure to observe the way Mr. Griddlegacker snapped into a fresh burst of speed, at the same time saying in a profane way; "You have got a dot-dot-dot stitch in your side, hey? Well, when I get through with you there will be nothing left but a bunch of dot-dot-dot stitches!"

*(Continued on Page 143)*

# WHILE THE ROSES BLOOM

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(Continued from Page 140

He was now in such a hopeful frame of mind that, without hesitating in any way, he chased me twice around a recently plowed field. And whenever it looked as though he was slowing down, I would pretend to get another stitch or turn an ankle or else gasp in a choked voice, "Help! Police!" And each time Mr. Griddlegacker would resume control of his legs and throw himself into the pursuit with renewed vigor.

We ran out beyond the limits of Eleutheria and past a couple of outlying farmhouses before I circled and came back. All the time I watched him like a hawk, and whenever his knees began to act worse than usual, I would try to bring a little sunshine into his life by stumbling, or throwing back my head as if unable to breathe, or gasping out, "Oh, father—mother! Oh, why did I smoke so many cigarettes! Oh, I can't run another step!" And similar remarks.

It was just after an intense scramble around a pigpen, and while we were pounding back to the road, that I saw the moment I was waiting for had arrived. Mr. Griddlegacker's legs were flying out on all sides, as though mounted on universal joints; his breathing made you think of an old pump; and though he had not stopped talking, he might as well have done so, because he could only get out one syllable at a time.

I halted. You could see the expression on his face change into a horrible smile as he lumbered along toward where I stood.

"Well, Mr. Griddlegacker," I announced in a rather loud voice, because by this time it looked as though it would take a factory whistle to get his attention, "I will bet you a red apple that I can beat you to the phalanstery!" With this I launched into a brisk run, with Mr. Griddlegacker plunging along behind, the smile gone, his face contorted, and emitting yells of baffled rage in a hoarse whisper.

Two minutes later I had entered the phalanstery feeling as if I had just returned from a brisk walk. Apparently unconscious of what had happened, the colonists were still gathered inside.

They were subdued and silent, as always when in the possible vicinity of Mr. Griddlegacker. Elona, considerably tear-stained, was sitting between a modified fruitarian and the justice of the peace from Hayne's Crossing.

I took a long breath. It was a solemn moment for me, because I was about to make a radical departure from anything I had ever done before. It was almost as if I was starting my life all over again; only this time starting it right. Without looking at Elona, I began.

"My friends," I said, "on this glad occasion I have come to make a personal confession. All my life so far I have spent listening to other people's opinions and agreeing with them, and I have just discovered that there are times when a man ought to stand up and agree with his own opinion." Before anybody could interrupt, I added in a firm voice, "That seems like a good idea. Yes, that seems like a very good idea."

After a brief pause, I continued: "And good ideas, my friends, are my stock in trade. I have lots of them. And I would be doing a grave injustice to humanity if, every time I have a good idea, I did not show proper confidence in myself. From now on this principle is going to be the guiding star of my life." As before, I added: "And that seems like another good idea. In fact, that seems like one of the best ideas in Eleutheria this morning."

Nobody seemed to guess what I was getting at; the justice of the peace acted as if he thought I was some kind of a lunatic; even Elona was looking at me with a strange expression in her eyes.

I resumed, "Yes, my friends, and what I am about to tell you next seems like an especially good idea."

A confused noise came from the doorway—something between a snort and a yowl. I turned to see Mr. Griddlegacker. He was a sight. His face suggested a fish out of water; his big chest was heaving like Lake Michigan after a storm, and his legs were weaving around like grass in the wind.

"Come in, Mr. Griddlegacker," I said; "come right in. I was about to tell your friends here that I had just had an idea that seems like a good idea. And my idea is that you are not going to be married to anybody this morning. And I repeat, Mr. Griddlegacker, that seems like a good idea. In fact, it seems like a wonderful idea. I will go further and say that it seems like the best idea anybody has had since Corbett licked Sullivan. So kindly advance a little farther, where I can reach you and ease you into a horizontal position."

Amid a general murmur from the colonists, Mr. Griddlegacker let out a roar like an asthmatic lion and charged in my direction. It was easier than taking hay from a calf. As he came up within distance I sidestepped, slapped down one of his gorilla arms, and kept him going with a sizable clip behind the left ear. But it was not the punch that did the trick; it was his legs. They gave way altogether, letting Mr. Griddlegacker down so hard you would have thought the entire phalanstery floor was on its way to the cellar.

The colonists were now talking and chattering and carrying on like a school being turned out for recess. I had never seen them like that before. But there was no time to consider this angle.

"Come, come, come, Mr. Griddlegacker," I remarked in a friendly voice. "Stop swimming around like a mud turtle and get up on those hind legs. I am a busy man this morning, but before I turn to the next item on my memorandum book I have got to knock you down again. Get up, Mr. Griddlegacker, because that seems like Good Idea Number 178."

It was no longer necessary to indulge in brutality of any kind or description. Mr. Griddlegacker's legs proved to be about as much use to him as a pair of broken toothpicks. A light tap to the right shoulder and he crashed again.

By this time half the colonists were jumping up and down and cheering, with the rest whistling through their fingers. Even the justice of the peace was waving his right arm and counting: "One—two—three—four ——" like a referee at a boxing match. Only Elona remained motionless in her chair, paler than ever, and staring at me with an intense and peculiar expression.

"Once again, Mr. Griddlegacker," I said. "One more little effort on your part and we will call it a day. Get up for the last time, so that you can fall down again and stay down, and that seems not only like a good idea but like the challenge champion best idea of the twentieth century."

He got up slowly, as though being hoisted by a derrick. His eyes were like hard-boiled eggs and his arms might just as well have been a pair of stuffed shirt sleeves. Leaping into the air, I passed my right fist about three inches in front of his whiskers. Mr. Griddlegacker staggered back, stumbled, and sat down hard on the floor like a collapsing skyscraper. Not only did he continue to sit there but it looked as though he would keep on sitting there for the rest of his life. At this the colonists broke loose.

It was the moment I had been waiting for. While the remaining Eleutherians were waving their arms in the air and otherwise acting like a football crowd, I stepped over Mr. Griddlegacker's right leg to catch Elona's hand.

"Miss Brown," I said, "at any moment now the colonists will start an open discussion on the general topic of honest patriots in the American Revolution versus vitamins and philosophical anarchism. And the best place for you will be somewhere outside. That is why I have decided you are going to come along with me." Before she had any chance to object, I had pulled her to her feet and was working her through the coöperators, at the same time saying in a resounding voice, "That seems like a good

(Continued on Page 145)

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*Accurate to the very edge*

(Continued from Page 143)

idea. That seems like a corking good idea. That seems like the best idea anybody ever gave anybody else anywhere or any time."

It was lucky we started when we did, because just as we reached the door the total-disarmament pacifist jumped the international-police-force pacifist, while—using a large natural-wood walking cane—the nature man tied into the two advanced sex thinkers.

*VII*

IT WAS not until I had got Elona out of the colony limits and onto the county highway that she said a word. But after I had walked her a dozen rods in the direction of Hayne's Crossing she braced her feet and came to a stop.

"Mr. Allers, what does this mean?"

"It means," I said, "that I have got you out of a pretty bad fix."

"Who said I was in a bad fix?"

"You said so yourself, or what amounted to the same thing."

"I never even hinted anything of the kind and I demand that you release me."

"I am going to release you, Miss Brown, just as soon as I get you into a car going to Hayne's Crossing."

"I am not a child, Mr. Allers, to be treated in this way. You have presumed to interfere with my life and I want to know just what you think you are doing."

"Well," I said, "what I am doing seems to me like a good idea, and it is very simple. I am taking you to the hotel at the Crossing, where you can get a room and think things over by yourself; tomorrow, if you want to go back to the colony, you can do so."

"That is what you say," she said with a sarcastic intonation. 'Yes, that is what you say"

"I hope you don't suspect me of anything else, Miss Brown," I remarked with some anxiety, because I had not looked for this attitude on her part

"Yes, I do," she retorted, "and I have my reasons, and good ones. You think I am impressed by what you did to Mr. Griddlegacker and you think that from now on you are going to be able to lord it over me and make me do what I have no intention of doing."

"Miss Brown— " I began, but she cut me short:

"Yes, I see it all. You have been concealing your real nature right along. You are a brute at heart, and you are conceited enough to think that because you are big and strong you can do as you please with me. Oh, you brute—you great brute!"

"Miss Brown ——" I began again, beginning to feel alarmed

"I can read you like an open book," she said, wrenching her hand loose. "I know your every thought. Because I was weak enough to tell you that I liked a masterful man, you think all you have to do is to exercise your brute force and pretty soon I will break into tears and let you drag me to some minister's home and marry me. And you think that after such a marriage you can keep me happy and contented by acting in a masterful way and forcing me to chime in with all your plans. You think that in the future any time you want me to do something you will merely have to put it into words and then add, 'That seems like a good idea,' and I will agree with you. And I suppose you feel that by carrying out this program I will secretly admire you and be afraid of you. Oh, you great brute, to carry off and marry a poor helpless girl by force!"

For a minute I stood looking at Elona and feeling that the world had come to an end. Then my brain lit up as though by a flash of lightning.

"Well," I said, taking hold of Elona's right hand—and this time she did not try to pull away "well, that seems like a good idea."

# VETO OF WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

How far an institution like the League of Nations has answered this purpose is revealed by its record, which the British and American mind can examine without passion.

In the experience of the world even small units of government of all kinds have felt the political process of evolution which turns the fairest plans into the most inefficient and, sometimes, the most tyrannical theaters of intrigue and injustice. Democracy has its fatal difficulties even in orbits where the same race, language and ancient unity of purpose prevail, and where action can be observed through the microscope. How much more difficult it is to design successfully a democratic government out of a constituency of varying race, language and loyalty, out of competing interests attended by ancient fears, and of such a size and distance from daily life that its machinations can only be observed through a telescope.

The Holy Alliance and other leagues which preceded it were conceived for coöperation and to keep peace; they fell for the simple reason that good institutions may be put to the evil use of intriguing power.

It is this and other political weaknesses which today tend to lead British and American opinion toward the idea that the League is cleaved into two distinct leagues. The debility of one of these Siamese twins is a tragic drain upon the other. The emptiness of the achievement of one is constantly hidden by the advertising rightly given to the splendid success of the other.

### *Where the Strings are Pulled*

No one denies the usefulness of the Service organization of the League. Volumes have already been written upon its contribution to world welfare by coöperative action, in which, by the way, the United States often has zealously joined. Communication, transit, relief of suffering, sanitation and health, tariff practices, information services, intellectual exchange, economic and financial aid and advice to countries in difficulty, like Austria and Hungary, guidance to backward peoples—these are the examples of achievement which deserve the most generous praise. This is work of the separate Siamese twin called Service, which is illogically linked by unnatural bonds to that part of the League which undertakes the task of political machination.

The very life of the Service League is threatened by the futility and dangers disclosed in the record of the Political League. The best friend the Service League will ever have will be that statesman courageous and persuasive enough to sever the bond and tell the twin called Political Policeman to move out and set up his office across the street and see if he can make a go of it alone.

It is no secret that the Political League, with its supposed power to prevent wars, has not functioned in its main purposes as it appeared on paper. The concept of nations sitting about a table for healing discussion of their differences is disclosed by the record itself as yielding only futility in some cases, and in others as setting up almost ridiculous claims to negotiations which, in fact, are already baked behind the closed doors of those larger powers able to dictate League policy. It is not too much to say that an examination of the record discloses that the League as a shop has been nine-tenths exhibition hall where pies baked elsewhere are proudly offered as a demonstration of success.

The representatives of small countries in this supposedly open and democratic political institution know full well that from the beginning decisions of import were prepared not in Geneva but behind the green baize doors of European capitals. It is the everyday assumption of diplomats in Europe that the initiative of League action was at first the prerogative of Great Britain, leaving France with the blue pencil, until the proposal of the Geneva Protocol, which reversed the position. Even the League itself, in its open discussions, has heard the story of how the important negotiations like Locarno are prepared outside the League machinery and brought to Geneva ready-made, stuffed and mounted, with nothing left for the League, as taxidermist, to do except to put them in the glass cases. Anyone can read, for instance, the protest of Hambro of Norway on September 8, 1927, criticizing the secret sessions of the inside ring which decided the work of the Council beforehand. Behind this ring were the private deals of large powers made before coming to Geneva at all. However much Briand and Chamberlain, on September tenth, argued for their method, they certainly made no denial of the facts.

The record of the Siamese-twin policeman will not stand inspection when divorced from the record of its twin, the Service League. At times the failure to assert itself at all has shocked its friends. Such examples were the war between Greece and Turkey, the inability even to this day to discipline the new Baltic-region nations, its defenselessness from the satire of Russia, its loss of members. At other times its claims of achievement cause derision. For instance, the Pan-American conferees who stopped the war between Bolivia and Paraguay find occasion for mirth at the claim of the League that it did the trick. And its claim that in its clash with Mussolini over the Corfu affair it exercised anything but timid bungling is laughed at by a Europe which knows that the Conference of Ambassadors, and not the League, gave Mussolini substantially all he had required. The League description of the controversy reminds one of the Artemus Ward description of his meeting with an enemy. He said, "I thrust my nose firmly between his teeth, and pulling him over on top of me, I held him to the ground."

### *Arbitration and Enforcement*

It is not too much to say that since the war the United States—a single nation—by private negotiation and friendly offices has brought about more conciliations and contributed more to economics and peace than all the efforts of the League.

All of us hoped that the Policeman League might succeed—at least to create something like a United States of Europe with a sense of European security. It has not, and the passage of time discloses, rather than diminishes, its limitations.

American and British minds may come to arbitration and judicial settlement. Here there is great hope. The difficulties which present themselves, of course, are those of overcoming reluctance to obtain promises to submit questions—questions assuming vital importance in the opinion of a people to adjustment and to enforce decisions when rendered.

Membership in any genuine World Court which is free and untrammeled by dictation from such a body as the League would be a real contribution to universal peace. But the present World Court remains without such an untrammeled character, and while there is no World Court standing clearly apart from influence and domination, while arbitration has no enforcement agency, and vital interests, which are the very interests which create war, are not willingly submitted to the growing but immature practice of arbitration, we cannot find in these machines of settlement any assured bulwark against war.

Nor is there much assurance that political agreements of a general nature, such as


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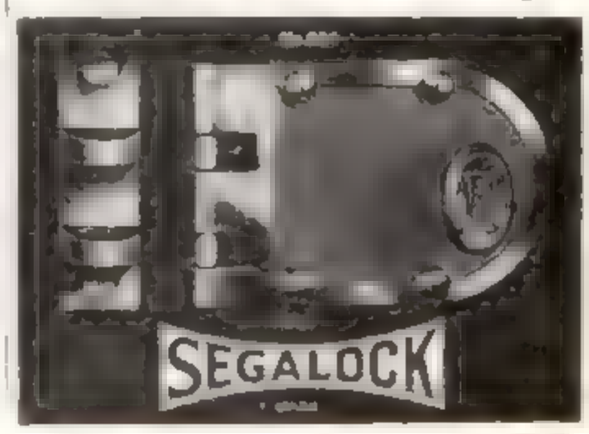

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treaties, are a bulwark against war. Any agreement between parties, whether individuals or nations, is most valuable, not as an obligation but as a statement of continuing common interest.

A contract between individuals is the best contract and is best carried out when the mutual interest of the parties supports it as time goes on. It is of doubtful value when honor compels one who is not benefited but injured by it to carry out its obligations. It is almost never a contract which should have been made, if it requires enforcement by a sheriff.

In international relations there is no effective sheriff. Undoubtedly there is a growing sense of honor to perform obligations, even unwillingly, but it must be remembered that it is easier to wriggle around the terms of a treaty, to make charges and evasions, than to nullify a private contract. Finally, it is far more difficult to write a treaty between nations which will go on expressing the same mutual interest of the signers year after year, than to write such a contract between individuals

### *Sore Thumbs*

One may notice, in going back through history, that treaty obligations to go to war have often stood up even when a sacrifice was required, but it is not clear that the world has had much practice in performing an obligation not to go to war. How much such an obligation can now be considered as a bulwark against war is indicated by the words of the man who gave his name to the efforts of Borah to outlaw war. Said Secretary Kellogg, advocating the pact outlawing war: "I must not claim that the treaties of arbitration, or even treaties explicitly renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, afford a certain guaranty against those conflicts between nations which have periodically broken out since the dawn of history."

In light of these words of the negotiator of the pact, it is ridiculous to hear voices proclaim, and indeed proclaim when all the world is still discussing other bulwarks against war, that the time has come to throw other bulwarks, such as adequate national defense, aside. The reasoning is a little less sensible than that of the kind of idealist who says, "Theft is outlawed; therefore, all those who lock up at night are enemies of society."

Nor does this most extensive treaty ever made for peace in the history of the world contemplate or at least cover the possibility that the vexatious wars of the future may be of new and wholly different kind.

The chances are great that in the coming era nations will not readily declare open war upon one another—treaty or no treaty. But what about the kind of internal civil warfare, often bloody and devastating, and dangerous to the family of nations, which is brought about by the intrigue of one of two unfriendly outside nations to serve its own interests? What of a ceaseless seethe of war in China, lit up by Soviet agents against the interests of what they call the capitalistic countries? What if Mexican interests in an unfriendly mood toward the United States should some day finance and inspire Doctor Sacasa to make an embarrassing revolution in Nicaragua? It is only a kind of innocence of the world as it is which causes us, on our way to peace, to overlook the various illusive methods by which war can be carried on without any declaration or conventional overt act.

Though an appraisal of all the political measures and efforts of a ten-year period since the war fails to assure anyone that an effective bulwark against war has been erected, we may at least thank those efforts not only for awakening a higher popular conscience as to war making but also for the conclusion that new paths must be hewn and a new technic acquired.

The faults of the old methods stand up like sore thumbs.

What are they?

What are the obvious delinquencies?

After some close contacts with their bitter failures, any observer of the past and any lookout for the future can list them. They are:

ONE. The emphasis on prevention of war instead of emphasis on coöperative building of peace is a wicked and futile folly.

TWO. This, however, is exceeded by the folly of old-fashioned, out-of-date political negotiations between nations—old-fashioned whether it be the much-abused old diplomacy or the diplomacy pretending, with a hypocrisy now almost blatant, to a democratic meeting of political representatives at sessions which Wilson conceived would result in "open agreements openly arrived at."

THREE. The impracticability of bringing together great numbers of parties at interest and their negotiators, as compared with some new system of bringing into contact a minimum number of negotiators.

FOUR. The attempt to settle differences in advance of any known state of facts instead of settling by sensible and scientific negotiation, followed, if unsuccessful, by untrammeled world court or arbitration decision, current differences on a known state of facts.

FIVE. The failure to audit or appraise the current sources of international sore spots so that international technic may become one of preventive medicine, rather than attempted and often disastrous emergency surgery.

SIX. The almost utter failure to recognize that political values and political boundaries and political nationalisms will be, and have been, superseded by inevitable economic development, so that old customs of thought no longer apply to this world of realities, and that the idea of cutthroat competition must yield in international affairs exactly as it has yielded in the internal life of nations to produce a greater good to all by the cooperative willingness to yield something by all.

It is in the recognition of these principles in international affairs and in the working out of a new technic in international dealing that the Hoover régime has its largest opportunity.

### *In the Heavyweight Class*

Just as the leaders in an industry have responsibility, just as the largest corporations in the United States have a duty to work out the problems of ethics and practical ways and means, so in internationalism the United States and Great Britain—beginning with their own problems—have the duty to dump overboard the nonsense of the past and apply sense and science and leadership to the future. They have whatever prestige is due to power, whatever is due to economic supremacy, whatever is due to financial supremacy. It is not necessary to depart with any sentiment, this way or that, from recognition of the fact. The fact is that the United States and Great Britain, without alliance, without treaty, without pledge for tomorrow, without prejudice to any other nation are, or can be, the league of coöperation and peace for the whole world.

They may veto any war.

It is as plain as the nose on your face. For it is proved by figures of the world's business. It is proved by the figures of the world's power—sea power. It is proved by the extent of language and, if one chooses to invoke it, by the extent in the world of cultural imperialism, meaning methods, manners and customs, morals, ethics and sense of responsibility.

To the statesmanlike mind in Washington in 1929 it must be acceptable to assume that a definite program based upon a trial-and-error method of new international technic can be worked out by us with someone, and that it would be a glaring waste not to work it out with the British Empire rather than with any assembly Babel.

The reasons for doing so are pungent enough. The gossip of the world is that the next great competition on earth will be between the United States and Great Britain for supremacy in this or that field. In other words and in terms of conflict, we are the heavyweight class. But there is no barrier of language, which all experienced diplomatic or business negotiators recognize is a real barrier. There is similarity in cultural background. There is a responsibility upon us both. There lies in our hands more than in the hands of any two peoples on earth, the opportunity of creating a new practice in international relations by going beneath the surface, bringing up to the air causes of trouble and exposing the exact degree of malignancy or, more often, the true harmlessness of any disorders in our relations, our competitions and our rivalries.

For this purpose our Government may give heed to the lessons we have learned already and adopt precisely the policy found most effective in the creation of our own internal national policy.

### *Using Capital to Abuse It*

That policy, in spite of any small exceptions, has been founded upon three principles:

The first is one which distinguishes American civilization from all the older civilizations, for it is that of social and economic development accompanied by the least possible political or governmental initiative, interference or paternalism. The great enterprises of most other civilizations including those of conquest, war, agriculture and industry—have required governmental and sovereign paternalism. For the first time in history the United States in a large way has proved that the greater success and greater internal unity and peace and equity are developed by private enterprise. We have uncovered, perhaps inadvertently and because of economic developments too great to be controlled or directed, the truth that cooperation and efficiency are really inherent in the organizations of the modern world, and also, conversely, that bureaucracy and inefficiency and, indeed, conflict itself appear to be inherent in political government of the affairs of men.

Unwholesome nationalism as distinguished from worthy nationalism is found in governments rather than in the flow of finance and economic activity around the world.

Finance and economic activity, when allowed to develop themselves, always tend to cast off stamps and brands of unwholesome nationalism. Where unwholesome nationalism is found is in the political machines of government.

"You may be sure," comments a veteran of our own foreign service, now in the State Department, "that the group of radical and anticapitalist agitators will not agree with you. They will want our Government to recognize Russia so that Russia may be infused by American investment and by the advantages of our economic exchanges, but they will call such infusion an instrument of imperialism when once the investment is anchored, say in Nicaragua or Mexico. That, of course, is the desire to use and then abuse capital.

Of course, while economic competition goes on without the intelligence of self-regulation by coöperation and conference of business men and bankers, they will try to use governments to pull their chestnuts out of any fire, and to a certain degree governments will be fools if they do not say to business men and bankers, 'Get together with the other fellows and trade it out yourselves!'"

It is just such wisdom that the Hoover Administration and the British Government have the opportunity to invoke.

Political delegates, as such, I have seen quite intimately. I know their good intentions—and they are of the highest standard generally—but I know their practical limitations as negotiators.

These representatives of governments, whether they be of the much-abused old school of diplomacy or the new school which pretends to get results by publicity, press,

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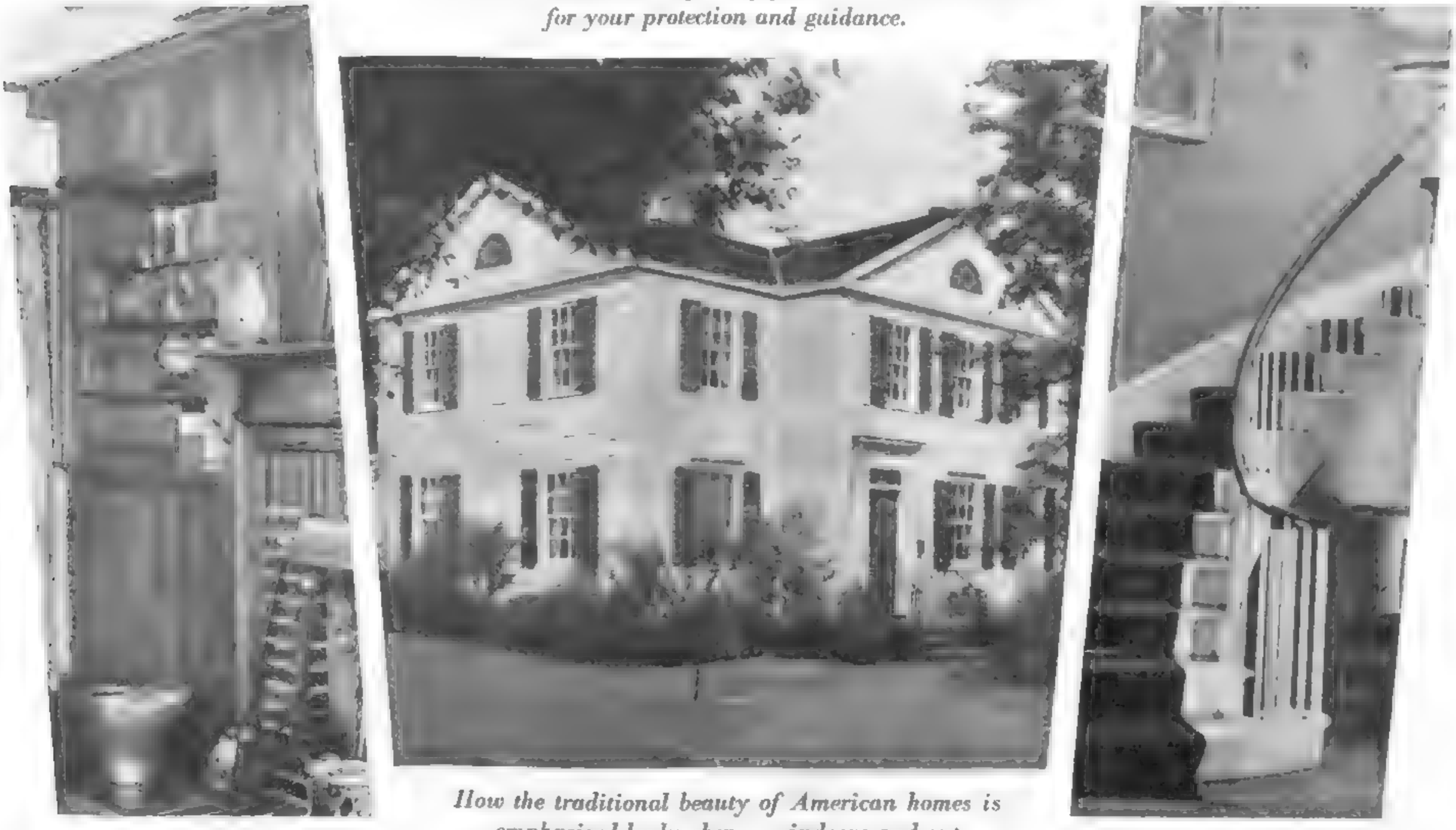

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†California Redwood Association, San Francisco—Redwood

*[illegible] Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.—Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Western White Pine, Larch

Hardwood Manufacturers Institute, Memphis, Tenn.—Oak, Gum, Southern and Appalachian Hardwoods

*[illegible] Virginia Pine Association, Norfolk, Va.—Virginia and North Carolina Pine

*Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, Oshkosh, Wis.—Hemlock, Maple, Birch and Northern Hardwoods

*Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.—White Pine, Norway Pine

*Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.—Cypress and Tidewater Red Cypress

*Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La.—Long Leaf and Short Leaf Southern Yellow Pine

*West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Wash.—Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce, West Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar

†Western Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.—Ponderosa Pine, Idaho White Pine, Larch

National Association of Wholesale Lumber Associations, New York, N. Y.

National Association of Wooden Box Manufacturers, [illegible], Ill.

*Maple Flooring Mfrs. Assn., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

British Columbia Loggers Association, Vancouver, B. C.

Hickory Golf Shaft Manufacturers Association, Memphis, Tenn.

American Wood Preservers' Assn., Chicago, Ill.

†Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, Chicago, Ill.

*Grade- and trade-marked lumber available in these species

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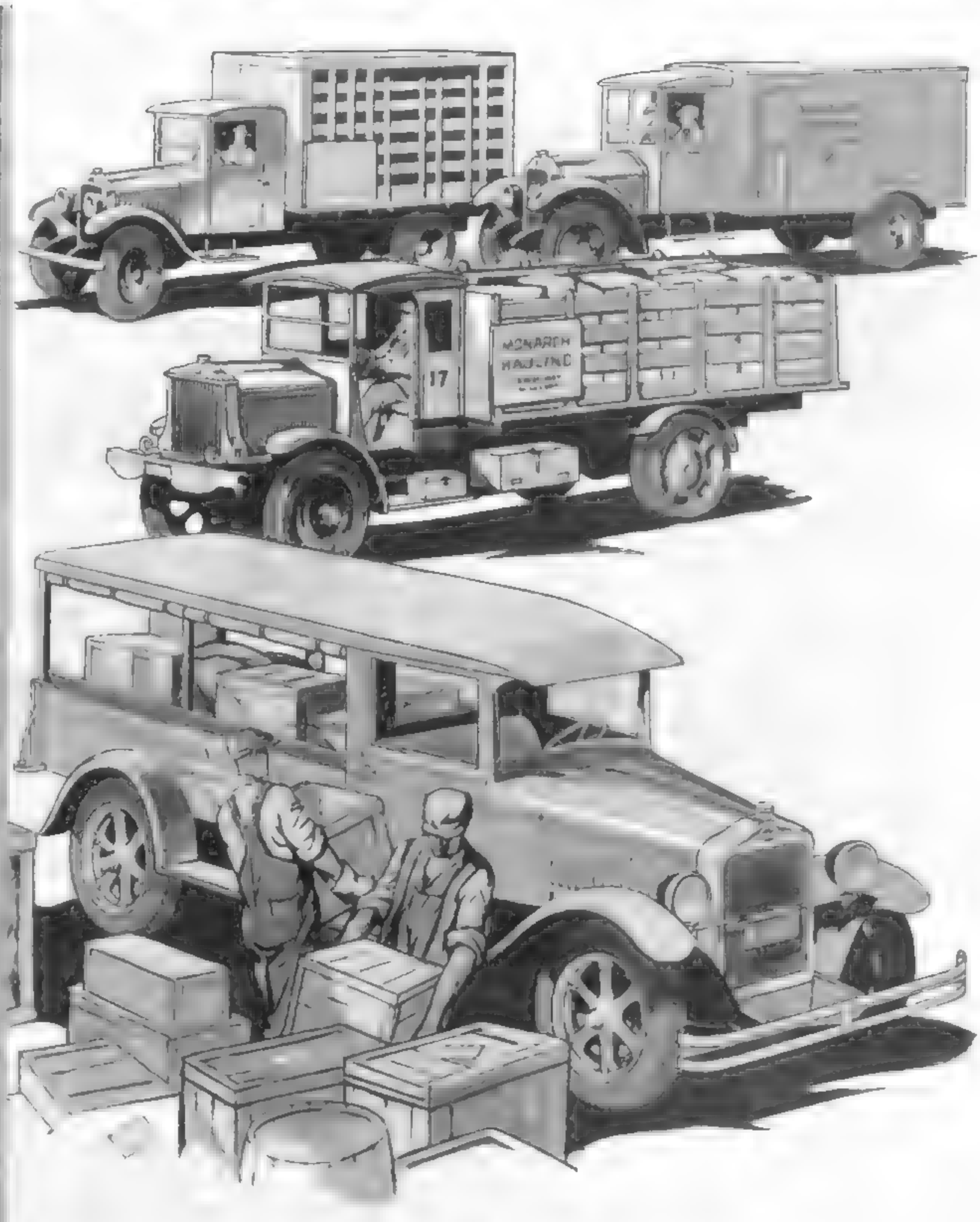


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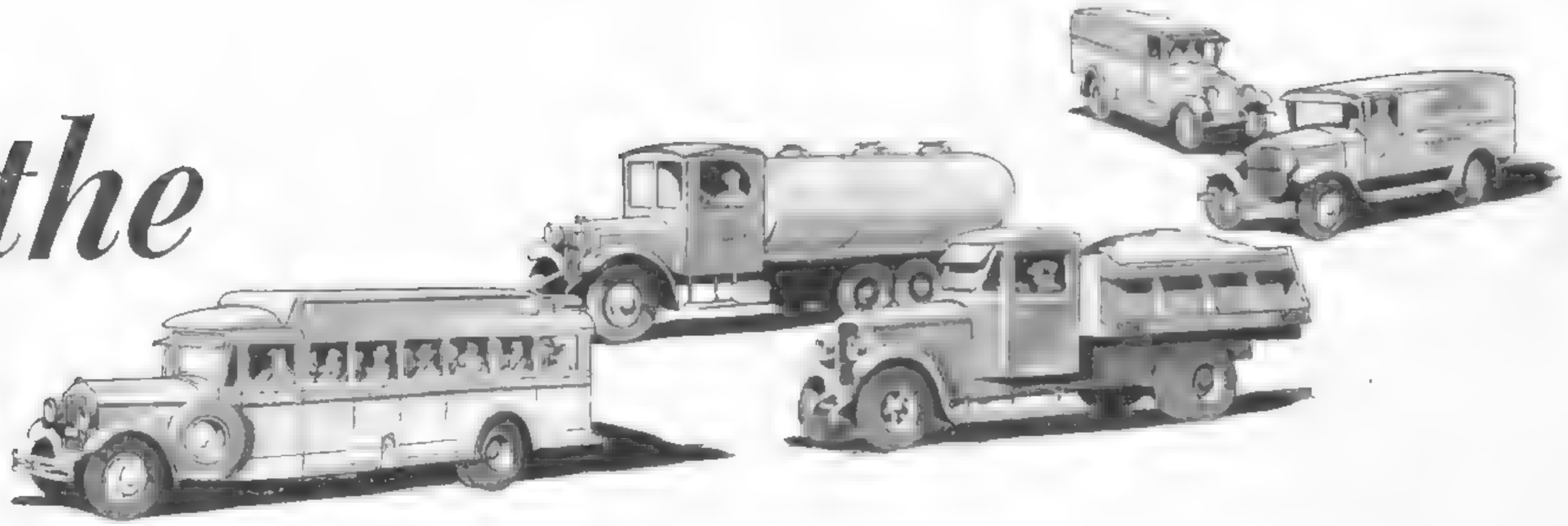

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FOURS AND SIXES

NO MATTER what you haul or where you haul it—White builds a quality unit specially designed to do your job better—at less cost per mile, per ton or per package. There's no truck or bus built that can compare with a White in low final cost of operation.

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## TRUCKS AND BUSSES

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And when you see the sales stimulation that is sure to result . . . you'll know the advantages of the Heinn Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging. Of a system that is always up-to-date . . . a catalog that is economical . . . handsome . . . able to meet the changing needs of your business.

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(Continued from Page 146)

paper and powwow, are under terrible disadvantages as scouts of international friendship and peace. If any evidence is needed, look at the exaggerated claims made in Paris by solemn representatives of governments who sacrificed not only justice but practicality to their own desires for political support at home and for their continuance in their own home limelight. They are far removed from Owen D. Young of our General Electric Company, who may be said to deal with reparations with more regard for the equities than for any eye upon public support in the next election. I do not distinguish between the sincerity of these men; one has his own exigencies and the other a different training, background and vision, and independence. One was exposed daily by pitiless publicity to the whimsical or passionate feeling of his people; the other deals with figures and conciliation factors somewhat concealed by private, unofficial, nonpolitical conference which few can understand, even if admitted into the sanctum. One is on the political stage; the other deals with economic justice and realism. One is representative of government; the other, presumably, of a new era of business internationalism in its highest sense.

The old-fashioned diplomacy has been cursed of late years by silly accusations that diplomats—whose very careers, fortunes, and reputations, in fact, and by the record of history, have rested upon allaying difficulties by every known effort—really have been the source of wars. A Von Bernstorff in Washington almost breaks his political neck at home to prevent war between the United States and Germany, and with great injustice is classed, by the ignorant, as one of the old school of diplomats which by whispers, intrigue and dark doings creates conflict. When the amateur pack in international politics found the right to bay on the scent of peace, it was considered that governments might improve international technic by making their delegates or representatives "men who sit around a table" with cameramen and an army of reporters to "bring differences into the light of day."

What was the result?

The world does not know it yet, fully, but the result was to create in these sittings of conferences a system by which compromise, yielding, tender negotiation, delicate concessions behind closed doors was almost obliterated. Conceive Delegate Jones from Volabia—a politician by trade, profession, career and hope, whose fortune is dependent upon the support of his political party in Volabia, and whose political party in Volabia is dependent upon the inflammable and unscientific opinion of the Volabians who are steeped in ignorance and prejudice. He, in his wisdom, would make a concession; he so indicates. Tomorrow the pressmen herald to the Volabians that they are being betrayed. Jones has made a damphool admission! Back home the opposition party attacks him. There are demonstrations on the streets of Volabia So Mr. Jones draws in his feelers!

### The Factory and the Showroom

This is the history of the political-official conference experiment, whether it be Paris in 1918 or Geneva eleven years later, in 1929.

And what results from that? Practical men among international statesmen, though keeping up the pretense of open discussion, really return, more or less in secret, to the old-style diplomacy. The big ones dive back behind closed doors and the assumed importance of the conferees on show disappears. What the conferees on show have as a function, whether they be League of Nations assembly or any other, is to exhibit what has been prepared by old diplomacy beforehand. And old diplomacy, whatever its merits, though less political and less inflammable than the new diplomacy, is, nevertheless, in the hands of men whose personal political careers are involved, and who often deal with subjects upon which they are much more expert in gestures than in knowledge of the facts.

In 1921 and 1922, from a good vantage ground in Europe, I urged upon the Harding Administration, and later the Coolidge Administration, that the question of the occupation of the Ruhr and the peace and economic rehabilitation of Europe must be detached from diplomacy, old or new, and put into the hands of nonpolitical experts. The Dawes Plan and the Reparations review of 1929 will indicate that business men and bankers can accomplish positively or negatively, in their cyst of comparative independence and freedom from unwelcome publicity, what politicians never could.

Furthermore, besides these considerations, the American and British mind may realize that it is the economist and the financier, and above all the practical business man, rather than the politician, who will bring sense and science to a new world where conquest of territory is bankrupt, where losing competition must be met by profitable coöperation, where realization is needed to assure new codes, new practice, new technic for a world no longer—as we shall show—living in 1830.

### New Law for Nations

This seems to me primarily to lead to moral responsibility of the United States and Great Britain, because of our possession of overwhelming joint sea power and overwhelming joint economic power.

I am not suggesting turning over to the expert and the business man of two nations, even if in small untrammeled twos and threes, the settlement of questions which are wholly political in nature. I do suggest the practice of treating economic international differences at their source by a small number of minds and men also near their source, as a means of international scouting for coöperation rather than for drifting toward competition and the snarls of political conflict.

I do say that this is the opportunity of the present Administration.

There is some comparison between the technic of internationalism and the efforts Hoover and others have made to create unofficial self-regulations for domestic American business. There has been a lot of sentimental talk about the absence in political circles of the international mind. The real difficulty has been that the internationally minded gentlemen and ladies have not known what they are talking about, and have substituted international gabbishness for international practicality. If we can, with the British, extend our own technic of small nonpolitical conference of those who know what they are talking about, we can begin to set up for the world a recognition of facts, a discard of traditional fancies and a practice of coöperation. In addition, sore spots will be treated at their sources. In addition, we will move away as much as possible from that old folly of trying to treat by political agreements on paper nonexistent and future states of facts.

What I would like to suggest is that the United States and British governments should put their best specialist minds into contacts in small confidential, unofficial and tentative conferences to create for the world, not a bullying but a responsible leadership.

No better chance can be offered than that of this régime of Hoover and Stimson. The shrewder appraisers in Washington today consider that Hoover, if he holds to his guns, is unpolitical and has the instinct for peace by sense and science, and not by fanfare and formulas, and that Stimson, with his public record of getting peace within—within the War Department as Secretary, within Nicaragua as special emissary, and distinctly within the Philippines—is the very man to accept any new state of facts and encourage that acceptance by the two nations which are advertised as being in the great future competition, but which can be by headwork joined in the great future coöperation.

We need today to discuss with Great Britain on a sense and science and nonpolitical basis, by small and selected groups of nonpolitical color: The revision of international law and its practice. Some few nonpolitical minds, divested of the legal point of view, would arrive in joint conference at conclusions of the greatest benefit.

One of these would be that no government ever should loan another government money, in war or in peace, except through the agency of some international trustee. For it is absurd that a great New York banking house which has made loans to foreign governments and sold the pledges for repayment in the form of nicely printed certificates should consider itself a fiduciary to collect payment, while at the same moment it sends forth propaganda and agents to induce the government which has made the same transaction in a fiduciary relationship to taxpayers and buyers of bonds to wipe out the debt. And a government loan always appears to create in the modern newspaper world a friction between one people and another people.

The basis of sense and science in a new and changing world might make, for example, these inquiries.

Inquiry Number One: As to the investment and interest the citizens of Country A take in Country B, what are the proper consequences?

Under present international law, Country A is justified in protecting the property and persons of its nationals in Country B. This may lead—and does—to the thing called with opprobrium "intervention" and "interference with the sovereignty" of B.

Let us ask some questions. Is Banker Smith entitled to ask his own Country A to protect him, unless he has first asked his Country A not only to approve the loan but to receive from Country B a guaranty that Country A may intervene if Country B or its citizens infringe the rights of Banker Smith?

I do not say that this question would cover all the difficulties; I do say that it might open the way to a new international practice so that, on the one hand, disorderly or backward nations might have the advantage of being exploited, without the necessity to stew in their own grease, while at the same time the normal and salutary economic and financial flow of the world need not be impeded by any reversal of the doctrine that, unless decently protected abroad, it would be protected by its own government.

### Is Competition Injurious?

Inquiry Number Two: What is the Monroe Doctrine as applied to this day?

Inquiry Number Three: What are the proper reservations to be applied to the much-discussed doctrine of the freedom of the seas?

Inquiry Number Four: What changes in old traditional ideas are required as to national monopolies of raw materials, as to tariffs, under the rapid industrialization of the whole world?

Inquiry Number Five: Is it true that there is any such specter anywhere as economic competition? Is there such a state of things as A losing because B is active and prosperous?

It is to such inquiries that those most concerned—unofficial and fit, under the patronage of the United States Government and the British Empire, because these two nations have the sea power and economic power of the world—can give authoritative answers.

War is seldom averted.

But peace is built.

War may be said to be outlawed.

But there is something that realism says more firmly than that war is outlawed; it is that the nations which preëminently are able to do so, can with a new international technic not only build peace between themselves scientifically but can also, by precept and by power, veto war.

# A GREAT AUTOMOBILE BUILDER SAID THIS

"NO MANUFACTURER has an excuse to introduce a new product in a competitive field unless he has a better article or one that more effectively serves the public. He would do better to spend his time and money in inventing a product for which there is no existing market, and in creating a demand for it."

We have recognized this principle. Our only excuse for building the Gabriel Triple-Hydraulic Shock Absorber was the need for better spring control than had ever been possible before. Our judgment has been justified.

The public is finding these advantages in the new Gabriels:

*Adjustment.* They can be adjusted to the needs of any car or the whims of any rider.

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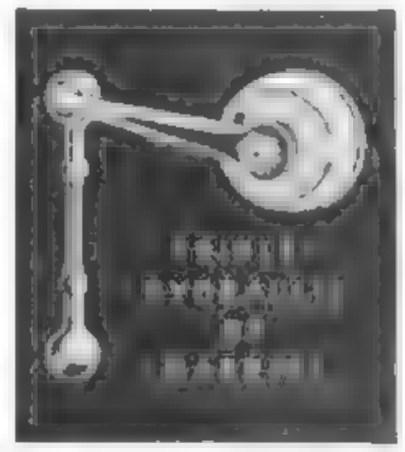
*Modern Design.* They are built to meet the conditions of *today's* automobile.

## *Do you know any other shock absorber that will give you these advantages?*

If you have not yet experienced the Gabriel "floating ride," any one of 3000 Gabriel distributors will give you a demonstration, or, better still, he will put a set on your own car for a thirty-day trial.★ Gabriel, 1407 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



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★ *The performance of Gabriel Triple-Hydraulics is unconditionally guaranteed by both the manufacturer and the distributor. Have a set installed. Ride on them, over any roads you choose, for thirty days. If you do not find that they give the finest ride in your experience, regardless of what shock absorbers you are now using, bring them back and your money will be refunded.*

# GABRIEL TRIPLE-HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
THE SET OF FOUR INSTALLED

# THE AUTHORITY OF LEADERSHIP MARKS STEEL SHEETS BY FOLLANSBEE FORGE

*"Just as good as Follansbee Forge"* has become a phrase often heard in the steel sheet industry.

That is because the penalty... if it can be called a penalty... of industrial leadership today is a constant comparison of "just as good."

We are proud of comparisons that mark Follansbee Forge Quality as a *constant standard.* We accept the penalty, as we welcome the rewards, of leadership.

Year after year for over a quarter of a century, manufacturers have known that Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets *are* of unusual quality...that they go through difficult manufacturing operations with a facility and perfection of result that distinguish them from ordinary steel sheets.

They have discovered that deeper draws are possible ...that the number and cost of operations are reduced ...that these steel sheets *in all cases raise the quality of the finished product.*

In truth, the authority of the leadership so conferred is not alone important to Follansbee. *It is important as well to the good name of hundreds of manufacturers who rely upon Follansbee Forge as a valuable safeguard to their product reputation.*

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA., MILLS AT TORONTO, OHIO, AND FOLLANSBEE, W. VA.

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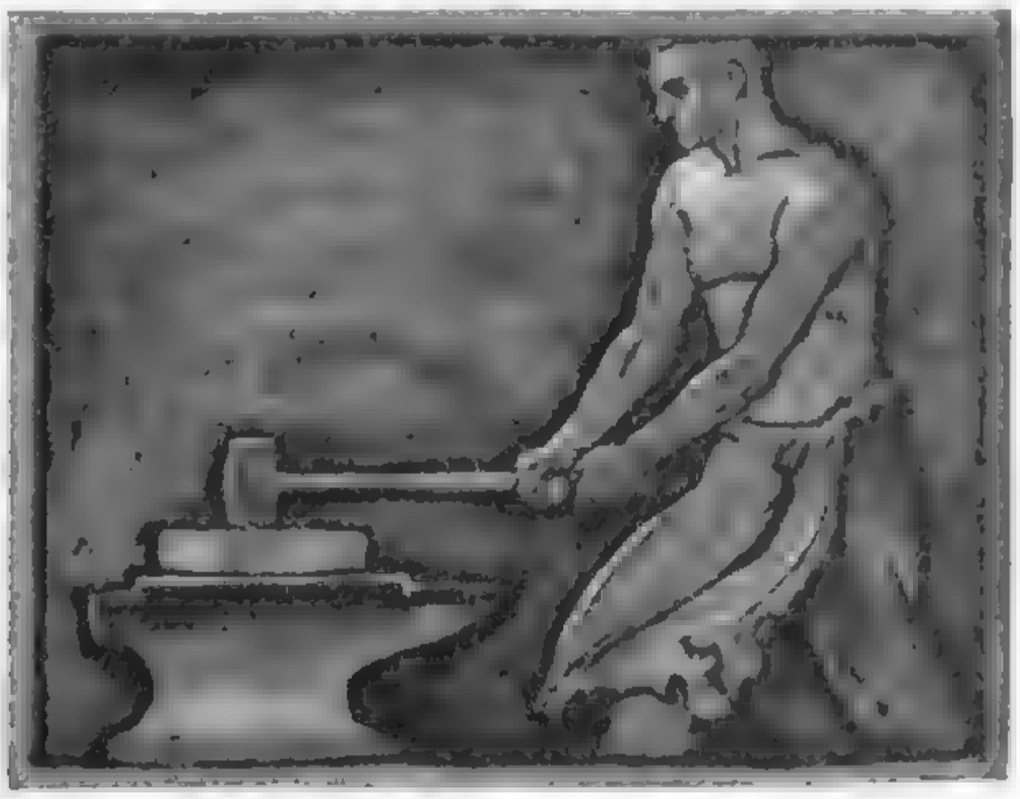

**The Forging Process, an operation used by no other mill in this country but Follansbee, is costly—it takes time—it demands skill—it cuts down mass production . . . But the forging process gives to steel sheets a compactness, ductility and strength that ordinary rolling methods will never equal.**

## Follansbee Forge
## STEEL SHEETS

FOLLANSBEE FORGE STEEL SHEETS ARE MADE FOR EVERY PURPOSE. SOME SPECIAL TYPES ARE BLUE POLISHED, NICKEL COATED POLISHED, TIN COATED, CHROMIUM COATED POLISHED, ELECTRIC, AUTOMOTIVE, AND FOLLANSBEE FORGE TERNE COATED ROOFING SHEETS FOR ARCHITECTURAL WORK

# TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

(Continued from Page 27)

discloses no reason why in a well-ordered society most of these companies should make any money. One of the certain signs of a boom is the earning of more than a bare competence by men without ability or experience. In 1920 when prices were rising and everyone was buying feverishly, anyone who set up a shop could make money; at the height of the California or Florida boom, one man stood just as good a chance of making a fortune as another. Those are unnatural conditions, for unless luck runs in two directions it is not luck. Today, except in the stock market, the rewards are only for ability. There is nowhere a bubble to prick.

A popular belief—it seems to have become almost a fact merely by repetition—is that the productive facilities of this country are so far in excess of its consumptive requirements that a glut of goods can be avoided only by manufacturers holding back. It is possible that some industries are in this condition, but I have not been able to find them. I have found sections of every industry clinging to old products and old methods. None of them is running full time, and many of them in a year or so will not be running at all—they will have died from hardened arteries. They only go to prove that industry is too active for the indolent to have a chance. And that is as it should be.

The United States Steel Corporation spends a hundred million dollars a year just to keep ahead of the times. It is now producing at the rate of about twenty-five million tons of steel a year, and last year did a gross business of more than a billion and a quarter dollars. Steel is not the sort of thing that spendthrifts buy just to get rid of their money. Steel is the raw material for millions of workmen who turn it into automobiles, buildings, machinery, railroad cars, locomotives, bridges and rails. Steel is the basis of modern industry and a big steel production means big business. Today's steel output is doubly significant. Half a dozen years ago a company using steel did not feel safe unless it had at least three months' supply ahead; if the metal were cheap it laid in half a year's supply. And so the steel production was not always a sign of current business. But today with fast transportation very few companies will carry more than a month's supply, and some of the motor companies only carry a day-to-day stock. The steel that is being produced today is being used for present business and is not being bought as an investment in expectation of future business. Thus twenty-five million tons today means a resulting business that would have taken fifty million tons a few years ago—and neither the Steel Corporation nor the country has ever produced fifty million tons in a single year.

### *Without a Surplus*

These facts are of record and must be admitted. But it is hard to comprehend bigness. The automobile stocks have every year for some years back been sold short by astute speculators who reasoned that the saturation point had at last been reached and the time had come to cash in on the break. In the first quarter of this year automobile makers turned out half a million units in excess of last year and hung up a new record for all time. The production of automobiles is very elastic; there are no facilities for storing more than a fraction of the output; they must be sold as they are made and if the dealers cannot sell then the production has to be cut down. There is no speculative production at all in motor cars.

Apparently no speculative production exists anywhere, for the prices of commodities are very firm with no tendency at all toward rising. The argument, "Buy now or you will pay more later," is no longer heard in this land. In the usual run of what in the past we have been pleased to call prosperity, prices always rose and merchants bought far beyond their needs and largely on borrowed money in order to make a speculative profit on later sales at still higher prices. When prices dropped, they were always left with big stocks of goods which they could sell only at less than they paid for them; and the banks drove prices still lower by demanding their money and forcing the merchants to close out at any sacrifice. Today no one has large stocks of anything and especially no stocks at high prices. The little that is carried has been bought and paid for with slight or no assistance from the banks. The banks cannot today crack the whip over either industry or merchandising. In fact the functions of commercial banks are rapidly changing.

Everywhere that one looks, business is going forward in a large but very steady volume. The incompetents have not a chance, for there is no profit in any of this business except for the skilled. The turnover is tremendous and somehow we cannot become accustomed to large affairs. We have no gauges to help us distinguish between the normal and the abnormal. We have inherited the tradition that a large measure of prosperity is not a natural state of being.

It is not enough to say that this is a big country with a great number of people in it who require a great number of things. We have no way of comparing present volume with potential volume. If we could do that, probably we should learn that we are doing very little as compared with what we might be doing.

### *The Fairyland of Statistics*

People insist on hunting for quick and easily understood reasons for our prosperity—instead of taking it as an inevitable sequence. One writer has very skillfully worked out that everything gets back to the sinister machinations of Secretary Mellon. He, it appears, has been able to step in every so often and arrest our natural and humane striving to get back to a state of pious poverty. This theory needs investigating, for if it be sound and the secretary really can preserve us from poverty, then it becomes the plain duty of the Congress to quit playing about and devote itself entirely to measures having as their end the preservation of the health of the head of the Treasury.

Another explanation traces the buying power directly to the large surplus that the wage earner now has over and above his cost of living. This explanation goes exactly contrary to the findings of the statistical school mentioned which holds that the wage earner has not now and never has had more than barely enough to live on. Contradictions of this sort, however, should not bother anyone, for the statistical world is a very delightful fairyland in which it is not at all inconvenient to travel north while traveling south. Taking what might be called the northern wage route and plotting curves representing the index of factory wages and the changes in the cost of living, it appears that from 1914 until sometime in 1920 these curves rise more or less together—sometimes one and sometimes the other being on top. Then came the grand slide and the cost of living hit bottom in 1922. Wages also slid but not in the same degree as the cost of living, and, during the period of deep depression, the factory worker could buy more with his lower wage than with his previously higher wage. Whether or not he was getting any wage is another matter. Since 1923 wages have been steadily rising, while the cost of living has risen only a little, so that today appears a wide area between the curve of what one gets for working and the curve of what one has to spend for living. Translated into figures, the charts say that some thirty-five

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Baldhead Row?

NO MAN wants to be bald, of course. But somehow it will creep upon you unawares unless you take steps in time to prevent this disfiguring condition.

Don't just be resigned to the fact that you're losing your hair. Start *now* to work on that little bare patch, those thin temples, your whole scalp, in fact. Give yourself regular treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp. Massage it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. This loosens the scalp. Relieves dryness and tightness. Opens up the hair follicles. Stimulates the blood flow to the scalp, which helps new hair to grow in and replace what is lost. Give yourself this growth-promoting treatment before each shampoo. Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic today. Your druggist carries it. Use it faithfully. And ward off baldness, before it's too late.

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*For well-groomed hair:*

*Dampen the hair slightly; apply a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and brush the hair briskly. Keeps the hair well-groomed and shapely without that plastered look. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.*

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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# For safety in Exercise *wear a* PAL

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Even in setting-up exercises there is danger to the delicate cords and membranes nature left so vulnerable. A quick movement—a little awkwardness—and suddenly . . . Pain . . . Disablement.

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No trained athlete ever takes even the mildest work-out without an athletic supporter. How much more essential that protection is for you, whose only hardening consists in the "daily dozen" or a week-end game of golf!

Play safe . . . wear a PAL. It's the preferred athletic supporter of leading colleges, "gyms," and physicians. Snug, porous, beautifully elastic, washable, non-chafing . . . PAL is the most comfortable and most efficient supporter made. At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

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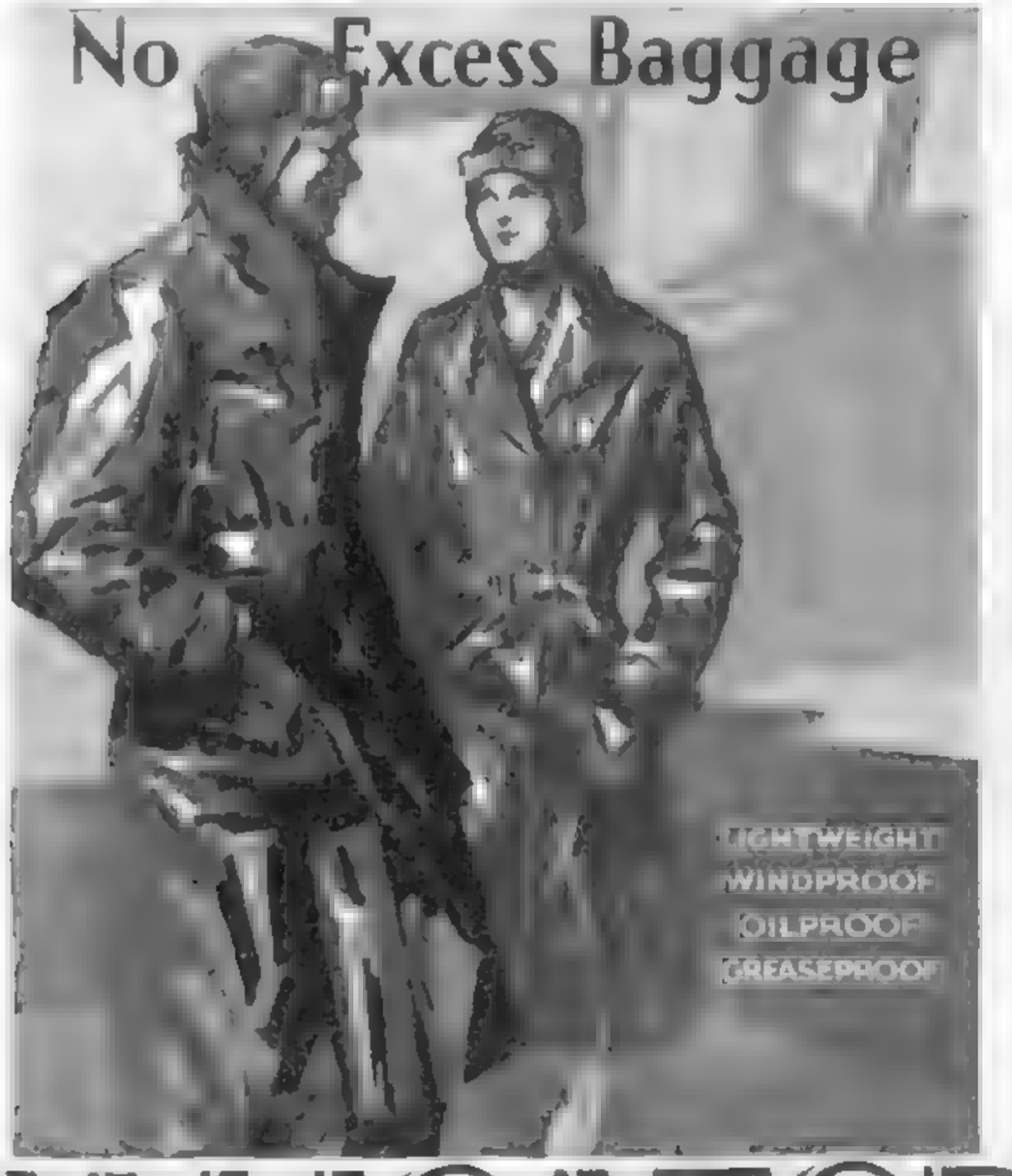
*A Division of the Kendall Co.*
CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . TORONTO
*Also makers of the famous* O-P-C
For 40 years the leading suspensory for daily wear






ALLIGATOR

WHAT is more acceptable as a part of the travel Wardrobe than an Alligator? Smartly tailored—gay—featherweight—weatherproof. Folds into a few inches for tucking into any small space.

THE ALLIGATOR CO., St. Louis *Sales Offices:* New York Chicago Portland, Ore. Los Angeles
Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00. Boys and girls, $5.00 to $15.00. Sold only at best stores


million factory workers are collectively receiving fifty billion dollars a year. It costs them only thirty-seven billion dollars a year to live, so that they now have a surplus fund each year of thirteen billion dollars which they can save or spend as they like. That is a tidy amount for pin money and if the calculations be true then we are very solidly founded. The figures cannot be absolutely true, but undoubtedly the business of the country is coming from somewhere and that somewhere must be the people who work for wages, for not otherwise could such vast volumes of goods be bought and sold. The purchases of the rich are not of high consequence.

Another school has quite a different explanation. It says that industry generally has been recapitalized on the basis of earnings and an avid public has bought the stock on the new capitalization and thus, after the fashion of the Hindu magician, a whole plant has been caused to flower where only a blade of grass grew before. The trick is easy. A concern is worth what it will earn. Suppose it has been capitalized at one hundred thousand dollars and has been earning 20 per cent. The bankers look it over and see the possibility of selling some stock. It will easily stand a recapitalization at two hundred thousand dollars and might go to five hundred thousand dollars with the aid of a little showmanship. A business which will net twenty thousand a year can be most conservatively and properly valued at two hundred thousand. It can be arranged that the former owners can keep their stock control and at the same time get out in cash at least their original investment. This has been going on in large measures and it is said that the funds set free have given the extra touch to the country's trade. Another explanation in close analogy is that the money lately won in the stock market is being very freely spent and in such great quantities that it is seeping through the whole business fabric. These explanations based on stock-market activities are lucid, and undoubtedly the exchange operations have had an effect on general buying power. But if their effect were so great as is supposed, then one would expect business to have increased its volume suddenly and with rising prices. But although the increase in dollars is large, the percentage increases have been very steady and prices have not risen.

Only the wage explanations fit the facts of the steady increase.

### *Not Even a Start*

Can it be possible that nothing at all of a really startling nature has happened and that we are just waking up to the fact that we are alive? It will be remembered that the learned physicians of the Middle Ages were very clever and ingenious in devising theories as to how the human body kept alive. Their theories went overboard with a splash when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. No one has as yet discovered how the economic blood circulates. Those of our citizens who have to do with very large affairs see nothing at all abnormal in the size of our present-day transactions. Henry Ford, who views things calmly, believes that we have not really started on anything, and in this opinion he is sustained by his own experience. The Democratic chairman, Mr. Raskob, who was quite concerned over the state of the nation last fall, now says that people are only beginning to awaken to the values that are inherent in this country. Frederick H. Ecker is the president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has assets of nearly three billion dollars. For many years he has had the direction of the investments and he may be presumed to know something about the country and also about size. He told me:

"Some time ago I made a guess that the income of the country was about ninety billion dollars a year. Afterwards I had the figures looked into and discovered that my guess was about right. Thrift is a virtue but it may be turned into a vice, and though there is an impression that the country is spending its whole income, such is far from the case. We are constructively thrifty. We are saving about 15 per cent a year and that probably is enough, or at least no one can properly say that it is too little. Curiously, ninety billions is also about the amount of life insurance in force, so the nation on the average has protected itself for a year's income. A conservative man cannot by insurance provide a fund the interest on which will preserve his whole income for his family after his death, but he can and should provide a living for from five to ten years. We are the most heavily insured of all nations and our largest insurance companies are supposed to be very big concerns, but when one discovers that insurance is in force equal to only one year's income then it looks as though, we had hardly made a start in the business."

### *Where is Unemployment?*

"And that I find is the way with nearly everything in this country. Doing things with a rush and eventually overdoing them seems to be our national habit. It is enormously wasteful but when it is all over we find that in spite of the waste we have done in a few years what another nation would take a century to do. Investment trusts have been growing in England for seventy-odd years; we go into them overnight and instead of trying out with a few million dollars organize them at the hundred-million-dollar rate. But the values in this country are so marvelously sound that surface flurries never worry me and I have learned through a long experience that in the end the public always arrives at the right conclusion without in the least knowing how it got there."

It might be imagined from all that has been said that the volume of business was moving in spectacular fashion. Such is not the case. Take the matter of employment for it is ridiculous to talk about prosperity unless it is evenly distributed. One comes across many rumors of unemployment being widespread. This is put down in part to industry being spotty and in part to machines displacing men. A large number of workers have been let out of coal mining and the textiles during the last few years, but our population has become so mobile that few of these workers have stayed, in the English fashion, in their old neighborhoods waiting for jobs. The New England textile workers have rather largely gone into the automobile and accessory factories which are so arranged that no previous mechanical skill is required. The coal miners have gone into road building or other construction work where their experience is of value. Inquiry into districts which should have large numbers of unemployed because factories have closed shows that many of those listed as out of work are not in the district at all. It would seem that the majority of the unemployed everywhere are the unemployable who will not or cannot work. They are not numerous.

There is everywhere a positive shortage of first-class machinists, but generally speaking there is neither a shortage nor a surplus of labor. Any factory which pays high wages is besieged with applicants but those that pay lower wages have trouble in getting men. The tendency everywhere is carefully to pick men with a view to permanency. This makes the labor turnover very low and also it is hard on the casual laborers and other drifters who want to work awhile and move on. When the word went out during the winter that the Detroit automobile factories were taking on men, the tramps came in droves by freight and by lizzie. Many of them never even applied for work, while most of the others were spotted by the employment managers. The news went out that Detroit was overflowing with worthy workers who could not find jobs and the relief associations had their hands full. In point of fact, Detroit had not nearly so much of an unemployment problem as it had a bum problem.

*(Continued on Page 157)*

**"THE RESULT was all that has been claimed and all that could be hoped for, and, again, such as I had never seen before with any other food."**

THAT is the declaration of one of the leading pediatricians (baby specialists) of the country in an article recently published in The Journal of the American Medical Association, reporting the result of an experiment with Evaporated Milk for babies.

### Science Discovers

Scientists in the laboratories of the great universities of the country have proved the outstanding virtues of Evaporated Milk.

Ready digestibility, uniform composition in all of the food substances of milk, complete *freedom* from anything that can endanger health; these are the qualities of *sure safety* and wholesomeness in milk for which the world has struggled for half a century.

### Specialists Confirm

Great specialists in the actual care of babies have now shown, by practical experience in feeding hundreds of babies, how these known qualities of Evaporated Milk bring comfort and rugged health and sturdy growth to babies deprived of mother's milk. Their experiments show how all the hazard of the dreaded "second summer," after weaning time, has been eliminated for babies everywhere.

### Think of this Astonishing Result!

Time was, not so long ago, when a baby deprived of mother's milk had little chance for a life of rugged growth and health. Life itself was in danger. *Now there is no reason why any baby should die, or suffer illness, or have less than perfectly normal growth and health, through lack of safe, wholesome food.* Evaporated Milk provides the surely safe and wholesome milk supply for which the world so long has sought.

### Not for Babies Alone

You will realize, of course, that milk so good and wholesome, and so *surely safe*, for babies is equally good for children. No need to wonder ever again if the milk you give your children is safe milk. Evaporated Milk cannot be other than safe milk. Sterilization makes it free from anything that could endanger health. The sealed, air-tight container brings it to you as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

*Evaporated Milk is not a prepared baby food. It is milk—milk that is surely safe, that is more easily digested than ordinary milk, that is more than twice as rich and always uniform in richness. For babies, it needs to be modified, as does any cow's milk. We do not presume to take the place of your physician in giving advice about the care of your baby, but we will send you a booklet which will give you simple directions for making any modification which your physician may prescribe.*

* * *

### And Still There's More to Tell

Only in this generation have we learned important things about the food we need for sturdy growth in childhood, for rugged health and vigor in maturity. "A quart of milk a day" is the health prescription of present-day authorities on the food we need. Evaporated Milk—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—will help every mother to give every member of her family the quantity of milk which health requires.

### Let Us Tell You How and Why

Send us your name and address. We will send you, without charge, our booklets which tell about this extraordinary milk for babies—which will tell you, too, how it helps to put the quart of milk a day in the diet of every member of the family. And note this: Evaporated Milk costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

**EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, 936 CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

Please send us your booklets on Evaporated Milk (check booklet desired). ☐ "A Safer World For Babies" ☐ "A Quart Of Milk A Day"

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

# Foot Comfort!

## *Everyone can have it. These newest scientific aids for the feet positively insure it!*

GETTING relief from any foot pain is now so simple and easy a matter that there is no longer any need for you to suffer a moment's discomfort.

For 25 years Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has worked unremittingly in his laboratories and clinics, creating, testing and perfecting scientific methods of correcting foot ailments of every kind and degree. Today there are 40 specific Dr. Scholl Correctives for every foot trouble, constituting the standard of Orthopedic practice everywhere. They are *guaranteed* to relieve pain and remove the cause.

THIS IS FOOT COMFORT WEEK! Shoe, Drug and Department stores in every city and town in the United States and Canada are coöperating in this great annual international movement to end all foot troubles.

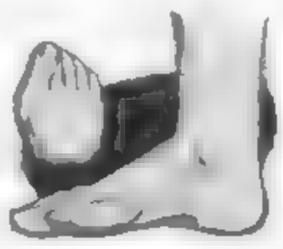
If you have any foot ailment—whether corns, callouses, bunions, tired, aching, swollen, tender feet, weak or broken-down arches, crooked or overlapping toes, weak or swollen ankles, sore heels, excessive or odorous perspiration—go to any of these stores this week and you will get immediate relief, and gentle, safe, sure correction.

CORNS

*Dr Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns* end pain in one minute They remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes, thin, dainty, protective, healing, safe, sure. 35c box

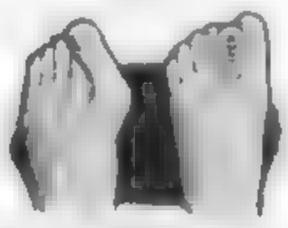
TIRED, ACHING FEET—WEAK ARCHES

*Dr Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports* give instant relief to tired, aching feet, weak or broken-down arches, foot and leg pains, cramped toes, weak ankles, tender heels, etc They gently raise the arch to normal by easy and comfortable stages. Remarkably thin, light and flexible. Adjustable to the exact requirement of every foot. Only Dr. Scholl's Supports have this patented feature Worn in any shoe. Scientifically fitted at leading shoe and dept. stores, $3 50 to $15 per pair



BUNIONS

*Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer* instantly relieves bunion pain; reduces swelling by absorption; hides the bulge; worn in any shoe 75c each



CROOKED TOES

*Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex* straightens the crooked toe by exerting an even outward pressure to the great toe. Builds up the crippled structures. 75c each.

REMOVES CORNS

*Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve* removes corns speedily; relieves pain at once. Gives best results when used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (corn size). 35c tube.

TENDER FEET

*Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder* gives immediate relief to tender, sore, perspiring feet. Very soothing and healing and beneficial to the skin. 35c can

SWOLLEN JOINTS

*Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions* quickly relieve pain; soothing, healing Remove friction and pressure of the shoes. Easy to apply. 35c box

BUNIONS

*Dr. Scholl's Bunion Spring* (worn at night) gradually and comfortably restores the crooked toe to normal. Adjustable as condition improves. $2 50

CLEANSES FEET

*Dr Scholl's Foot Soap* (granular or cake) opens the pores, loosens secretions, cleanses, softens skin, increases circulation, induces healthy condition. 35c

PAINS, CRAMPS HERE

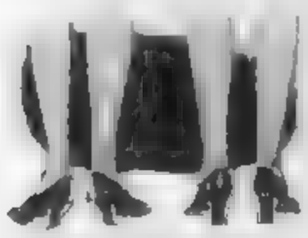
*Dr Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Support* relieves painful cramps, Morton's Toe and callouses on ball of the foot. Worn in any shoe

CALLOUS GROWTH

*Dr. Scholl's Callous Salve* quickly loosens and removes callouses. Gives best results when used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (callous size). 35c a tube.

CALLOUS PAIN

*Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses* stop pain instantly; remove shoe pressure. Thin, protective, soothing, healing, guaranteed safe and sure. 35c box



CROOKED HEELS RUN-OVER SHOES

*Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads* prevent crooked heels and run-over shoes Equalize body's weight; preserve shape of shoes; save repairs. 35c pair

SORE, HOT FEET

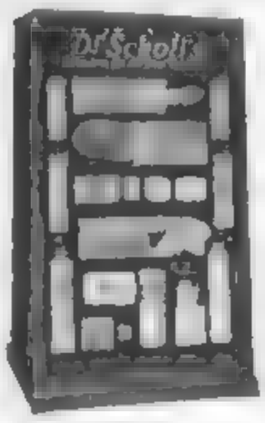
*Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm* soothes, cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Gives immediate relief. 35c per jar

SLIPPING HEELS

*Dr Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner* prevents shoes slipping and stockings wearing out at the heel. Sizes for men and women. 30c pair.

FOOT STRAIN

*Dr Scholl's Arch Binder* binds and supports the arch, relieves pain of foot strain and arch weakness Flesh color elastic—worn invisibly. $1.00 pair.




40 SPECIFIC AIDS FOR THE FEET

Practically all Drug, Shoe and Dept. stores have this Cabinet of Dr Scholl's Aids for the Feet. In it you will find displayed the Appliance or Remedy you need for your particular foot trouble Each device and preparation is made under medical and orthopedic supervision, and is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction

*Write for free booklet*

On request we will gladly mail you a copy of Dr. Wm M. Scholl's helpful booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago.

# Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK

# REMARKABLE CLOTH washes autos *without* water

SEEMS a shame to splatter up a new car. But go ahead . . . get it dirty if you like. KOZAK can dry wash it clean in a jiffy.

Removes all the dirt, dust and mud. No sponge, bucket or hose, no $2 wash at the garage. And KOZAK will last for at least 25 thorough dry-washes. Save $50 on a $1 investment. Auto dealers use KOZAK to keep new cars clean. You can obtain KOZAK from them, or from Ford dealers almost anywhere. Rexall and Liggett Drug Stores, and all Colonial (green pump) Gasoline Stations in New York and New England. KOZAK, Inc., 192 Park Place, Batavia, N.Y.

*Going to Canada?*

*What are speed laws, custom regulations on cars, cameras, firearms? Write us for complete answers to these and a score more questions about touring in Canada—now available to all* KOZAK *users.*

**KOZAK**

***The dry Wash cloth***

# $20,000 a Year at 28!

A star salesman is George Wallen. Looking the part helps him play it!

"A neat head of hair," says Mr. Wallen, "gives a clean-cut appearance. I use a little Hair Groom each morning as faithfully as I use my comb and brush. It keeps the hair combed and glossy all day without that 'plastered' look."

A little "Hair Groom" each morning will keep your hair combed all day in any style you like. Thousands of men in every walk in life use it regularly, especially after shampooing. Mothers find it fine for training boys' hair.

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. S622
578 Madison Ave., New York City

**FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom**

Name

Address

City State


*(Continued from Page 154)*

All the statistics on unemployment are unreliable, for one active unemployed man can in a single day register at enough agencies to be counted as ten unemployed men by nightfall. Against this may be set the brighter men who go out and hunt for their own jobs. But if machines are displacing men, the results do not show in the best figures available. The annual spring survey of the National Association of Manufacturers covering twenty-three industries shows that the trades in which the greatest mechanical improvements have been made are also the trades which give the highest percentages of increased employment over a similar period of last year. The list is interesting:

Automobile accessories, 44; automobiles, 23; machinery, 14; electrical, 13.5; iron and steel, 10.5; furniture, 9.5; glass, crockery, porcelain, 9; miscellaneous, 8.5; rubber, 6; building supplies, 5; metals, 5; hardware, 4; paints and oils, 4; jewelry, 2; paper and pulp, 2; chemicals, 2; food and farm products, 2; textiles, 1; and stationery and printing, 0.5. Industries showing decreased percentages are: Clothing, 4.3; leather, 4; lumber, 2.5; and cement, 1.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics' weighted index of employment in manufacturing industries for March, 1929, is 98.6, compared with 97.4 in February, 1929, and 93.7 in March, 1928. The weighted index for payroll totals in March, 1929, is 103.9, compared with 101.8 in February, 1929, and 95.2 in March, 1928.

The condition of employment has in it no spectacular features. There is no bidding for men on the one hand and no holding up of employers on the other.

This complete lack of feverishness characterizes all business. During the last half of 1927, trade generally slumped off somewhat, but through all of 1928 it was steadily gaining, although it never reached the high point of the previous year. This year has not touched the high point of 1928, but there is a peculiar steadiness; the sections of the country which have been down are coming up, while some of the sections which have been up are somewhat down. A few lines of business are making new high records but none are making new low records. The general level of residential building has fallen off, and in some quarters this is taken as an indication of the beginning of a national decline due to high money, but a careful inquiry among bankers shows that money has nothing to do with it. The life-insurance companies and other investment organizations which are restricted to bonds and mortgages are eager for good real-estate mortgages, and the banks are entirely willing to lend money for construction purposes, but not in those sections which for the moment seem to be overbuilt. Undoubtedly some of the cities and their suburbs are overbuilt for the time being or at least have not enough tenants to fill their structures. These are the sections which cannot get money for building and this is again a sign of strength, as a building boom would only hurt values for a long time to come.

### *Credit Out of Hand*

The tendency of the times is against having too much of anything. That tendency is particularly shown in the inventories of companies at the close of the year. Statistics from a large and fully representative group of industries giving a cross section of the business of the country showed at the close of 1928 an increase in inventory of 6.80 per cent over 1927, but the sales of these companies were 8.16 per cent higher for 1928 than 1927. This proves the care that is being used to avoid piling up stocks and also how neatly production and consumption have been coördinated.

Without a single bit of evidence anywhere that business is going at an artificial gait or being kept up by any unnatural force, why should there be any fear that it will slow down to the point of positive depression? The answer is not to be found in the business structure but in a new and extraordinary development in the financial structure. This is so new and so unlike any development in the past that many men are afraid of it simply because it is a habit to fear the unknown. The stock market is using an immense volume of credit. No one knows whether or not it is using more than it ought to use with the number of securities that are now listed. This credit is being used to buy and hold securities either for investment or for speculation. No one knows how much of the credit is being used for legitimate investment holding and how much for speculation. In former years stock-market credit came wholly from the banks and was thus under their control, and consequently at least to a degree under the ultimate control of the Federal Reserve Banks. Today a considerable portion of the credit comes not from the banks but from corporations with surplus funds or from investment trusts which find that they gain more money by lending in the market than by buying stocks. This lending by others than banks has been aptly called the "invisible banking system" and it is thought to be dangerous, for the lenders may withdraw their money at any time and bring on a crash. On the other hand, many men contend that lending money on collateral while a banking function is not a banking monopoly. They say that the banks could lend only the funds of their depositors and so there is no reason why the depositors themselves should not do the lending and earn some extra profits.

### *Stock Issues to Redeem Bonds*

It is difficult to distinguish cause and effect. For about a year the Federal Reserve Banks have held the opinion that stock prices were going too high and that speculation ought to be toned down. Whether or not a price is high is purely a matter of opinion, and many dispute the opinion of the Reserve authorities. There are no facts. No one can do more than guess how much credit is enough and how much is too much. There are guesses in plenty given with great weight of authority—and there is just as much authority on one side as on the other. It can be said that too little credit has been provided for the floating and trading of securities. It can be said that there is too much floating and trading in securities. In any event the call-money market, which is the market from which the brokers derive their funds, has been high. Money has gone to 20 per cent on days of near-panic. Money for business is also high but is not hard to get; the banks have kept funds on hand for their customers, but at the same time the call rates have lured money from all over this country and from beyond seas.

In former years, high money rates for business slowed down affairs and brought on a depression, but today business does not borrow much money and borrowing on commercial paper is light as compared with the volume of business. It is cheaper to issue stock than to borrow money, and several large corporations have taken advantage of the opportunity to issue common stocks and with the proceeds redeem their bonds. The whole corporate financial trend is toward getting away from obligations on which interest has to be paid regardless of earnings.

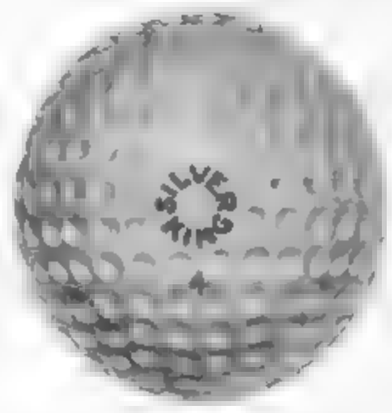
The public is buying stocks in large quantities, and one explanation of the high prices of many stocks is that the supply for trading is limited—the bulk has gone into investment. There is also a suggestion of great weight to the effect that right now we are passing through a change in the financial structure of the country and that the public for the first time is going into industrial partnership in a big way. In the past the small investor has bought bonds and only the rich man has held stocks. Of course it is quite as meritorious to hold stocks on part payment as it is to hold real estate on part payment—a mortgage given on a block of stock ought to be classed with a mortgage given on a piece of realty.


# Play the SILVER KING now only 85¢

*[And still the world's finest dollar ball]*

**With "The King O'Them All" now selling at 85c—$10 the dozen—no man need deny his game the boon of the best in 1929!**

**It has always been good psychology to play the best, and now with this new low price for the King it's good economy too.**




**The Silvertown Co., London**

• • •

**John Wanamaker**

**NEW YORK**

**Sole United States Distributors**

MULTISTAMP
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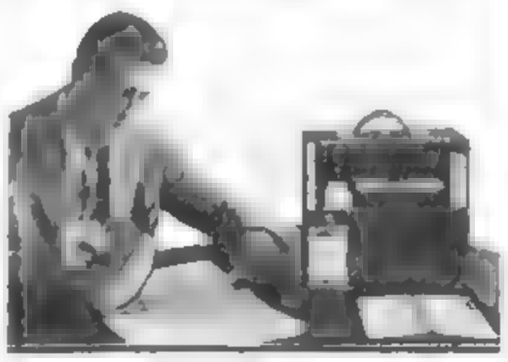

# A Print-Shop on Your Desk

The complete Multistamp Equipment takes up less space than a typewriter, but it will print *Letters, Post Cards, Notices, Forms, Labels, Menus, Tags, Drawings, Handwriting.* It will print on any grade of paper or on cloth, wood, glass—any smooth surface.

## Saves Delays..Saves Money

Handwriting on Multistamp Stencil

Multistamp makes you independent of the printer—saves you from printer's charges and delays. The "rush job" that you want NOW is finished TODAY on Multistamp.

Just Write, Typewrite, Trace, or Draw on the Multistamp Stencil as you would on a sheet of paper, snap the stencil on to Multistamp with one easy operation. Then, roll off the prints, perfect copies, right at your desk—1,500 an hour.

## Easy to Operate

Typewriting on Multistamp Stencil

Multistamp has no moving parts. There's no type to set. Nothing to get out of order. No trained operator is necessary. Anyone in your office can operate it. Fully illustrated instructions with every outfit. GUARANTEED.

## Over a Quarter-Million Users

Tracing or Drawing on Multistamp Stencil

Multistamp handles the same sort of jobs that big, expensive duplication equipment *does and a great many others besides*, but Multistamp costs little to buy and little to maintain. There's a place for Multistamp in every business. Used by Banks, Retailers, Hotels, Wholesalers, Manufacturers, Restaurants, Schools, Colleges, Fraternal and Civic Clubs, etc., etc.

No. 5 LETTER SIZE $25.00
Ready for use
No. 3 POST CARD SIZE $15.00
Ready for use
No. 1 RUBBER-STAMP SIZE $7.50
Ready for use
No. 6 All three models in Handsome Metal Cabinet $50.00

(All prices include complete equipment and are F. O. B. Factory.

MULTISTAMP
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Write for Catalogue and Samples of Work

THE MULTISTAMP COMPANY INC.
527-529 W. 21st St. Norfolk, Virginia
Agencies in principal cities. Salesmen and dealers wanted in a few open territories.

If we have a new investment habit, then the whole Reserve banking system is out of line with the financial trend.

But what of it? High interest rates here have cut into our lending to foreign nations. That for the time being may be a blessing, for foreign loans were going out at a furious rate and some of them without much investigation. Also high rates may hurt foreign trade; that would hurt the country but not permanently.

The fear is only the fear of the unknown. No two well-informed men will agree on the possible consequences of either a continued advance in the rates in the call market or in a collapse of money rates.

Speaking of consequences at once presumes that there is a situation of such critical import that there must be consequences. Is there any such situation? Stock prices are bound eventually to adjust themselves to values, and these values may be above or below present prices. They may adjust quickly or slowly. In the former days quick adjustments brought bank failures, for the banks were lending the money. Today the banks have not the major part of their resources in the market and their loans would be safe if the whole price list suddenly dropped 30 or even 40 per cent. And prices cannot take such a fall, for a great and wealthy group is standing just outside the market waiting for bargains.

Most of the trouble seems to be due to a lack of agreement as to what the trouble, if any, may be. Our only real danger is that prescriptions may be written in advance of diagnosis. The patient may be made ill by the medicines.

# WAR PROPAGANDA

*Continued from Page 13)*

Much later it was ascertained that the British secret service had installed a listening device in the telephone. There was no necessity for this precaution. Most German officials, much to the disgust of the Irish, considered it their duty to make a written record of every transaction. They attempted to secure privacy for these papers by marking them "confidential" or "very secret."

The Germans were unable to keep anything for themselves. Every memorandum they ever made seems to have fallen into the hands of the British secret service or the Department of Justice. Some of the propagandists were in the habit of keeping diaries. All of them carried portfolios.

These were minor misfortunes. They rocked the boat but did not destroy it. The German propaganda craft was wrecked by a German torpedo. Whenever the propagandists had succeeded in inveigling public opinion against Allied aggressions, bang!—another American ship would be blown up by a submarine. In the intervals between these explosions the propagandists occasionally pulled off a successful stunt. On two occasions propaganda grappled with frightfulness, and won! The propaganda cabinet interceded to save the life of a near relative of President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia. This relative had been condemned to death by the Austrians. The cabinet pointed out to the Austrian War Office that Masaryk had many friends in the United States, including President Wilson, who would resent summary action.

### *Logical But Not Psychological*

In another case the propaganda cabinet saved the life of a British sailor. The Germans, it will be remembered, had condemned to death Captain Fryatt, master of a British trading steamer, for armed resistance against a German submarine. The sentence had aroused world-wide indignation. Shortly after this, another British captain, Capt. James Blaikie, R.N.R., of the S. S. Caledonia, was captured under similar circumstances. The German naval authorities clamored for his execution. Great Britain vainly exerted every possible pressure to save his life. Finally, through a Scotch friend of the captain, the matter was brought to the attention of a member of the propaganda cabinet. Recognizing the adverse effect upon public opinion of further executions, the cabinet succeeded in prevailing upon the naval authorities to treat Captain Blaikie like an ordinary prisoner of war. This was an important concession, involving a principle in naval warfare which Tirpitz considered of paramount importance: The right to mete out to any merchantman attempting resistance against a warship the punishment which military authorities visit upon the sniper.

The Germans lost the war because they were unable to gauge public opinion. They were always logical, but never psychological.

In spite of the handicap imposed upon German propaganda in the United States by the obtuseness of some German bureaucrats, the average American was in a mood to weigh the evidence impartially. British interferences with American rights on the high seas had helped to counteract the effect of the German invasion of Belgium. Doctor Dernburg's lectures were attracting favorable attention. Doctor Albert's affairs were prospering. He succeeded in making several shipments of rubber and cotton to Germany through neutral channels, and every American cargo seized by the Allies was fuel for German propaganda.

### *Hoist With Their Own Torpedo*

The military decision seemed to favor the Central Powers. If nothing untoward happened, the negotiations between President Wilson and Count Bernstorff looking to American intervention for peace would lead to a favorable conclusion. The Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, and many members of Congress, subjected to constant bombardment by pro-Germans as well as by Americans without German affiliations who desired to keep America out of the war, were strongly in favor of some declaration requesting American citizens not to travel on British ships. The German propagandists were in high fettle. But there was always a periscope on the horizon!

"Sooner or later," remarked the editor of The Fatherland, addressing the propaganda cabinet, "a German U-boat will sink a large passenger steamer carrying many Americans. Then there will be the devil to pay."

"The German Government," Albert interjected, "has repeatedly warned neutral passengers not to act as guardian angels for Allied shipping."

But the torpedo that sank the Lusitania struck the heart of America. The newspapers were seething with anger. If German propaganda had been an uphill fight all along, the German propagandists were now almost buried by an avalanche of indignation. The Germans had played into the hands of their enemies. The sinking of the Lusitania made it possible for the Allies to rally eventually practically the entire world, with the exception of one or two South American states, against Germany.

German propaganda worked at high speed to overcome the effect of the sinking of the Lusitania. Congress proved itself more amenable than the press. Concentrating all his diplomatic gifts upon President Wilson, Count Bernstorff prevented a rupture of diplomatic relations. In prolonging the period of American abstention, the propagandists probably did a disservice to Germany. In the light of subsequent events it would have been better, from Germany's point of view, if the United States had entered the fray before Germany was completely exhausted and the Allies too embittered to permit the peace envisaged

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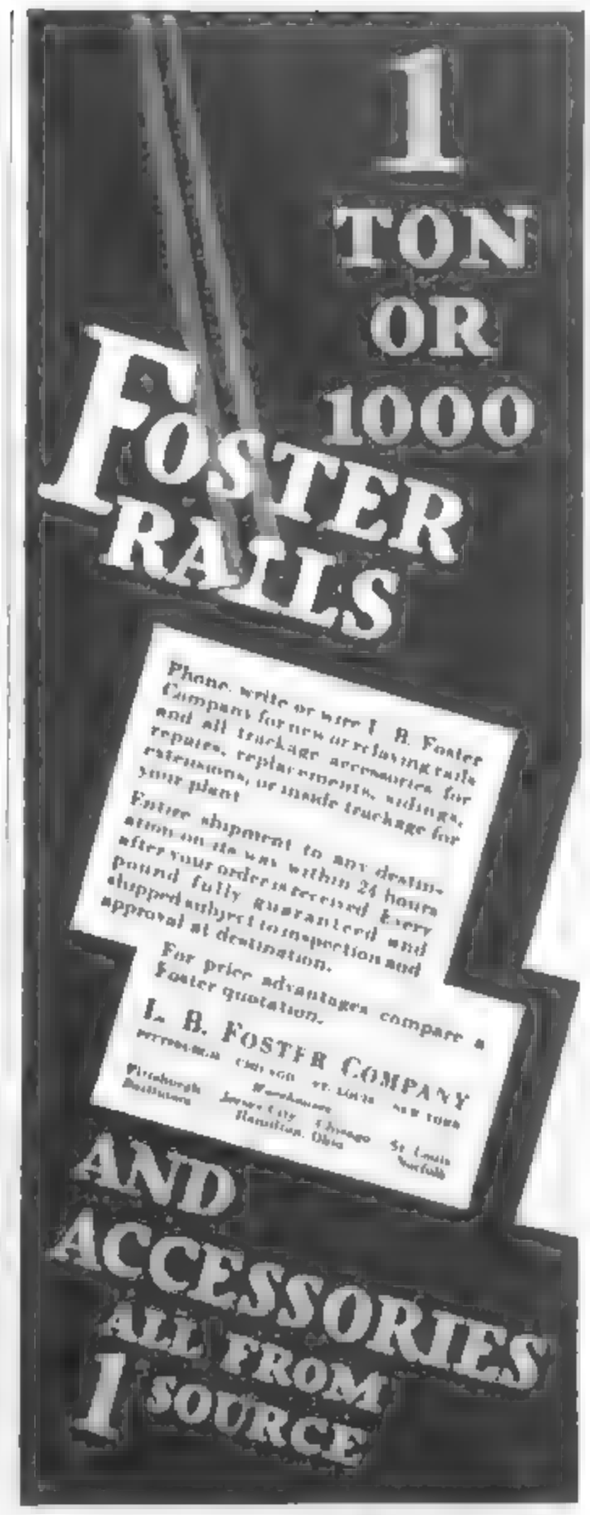
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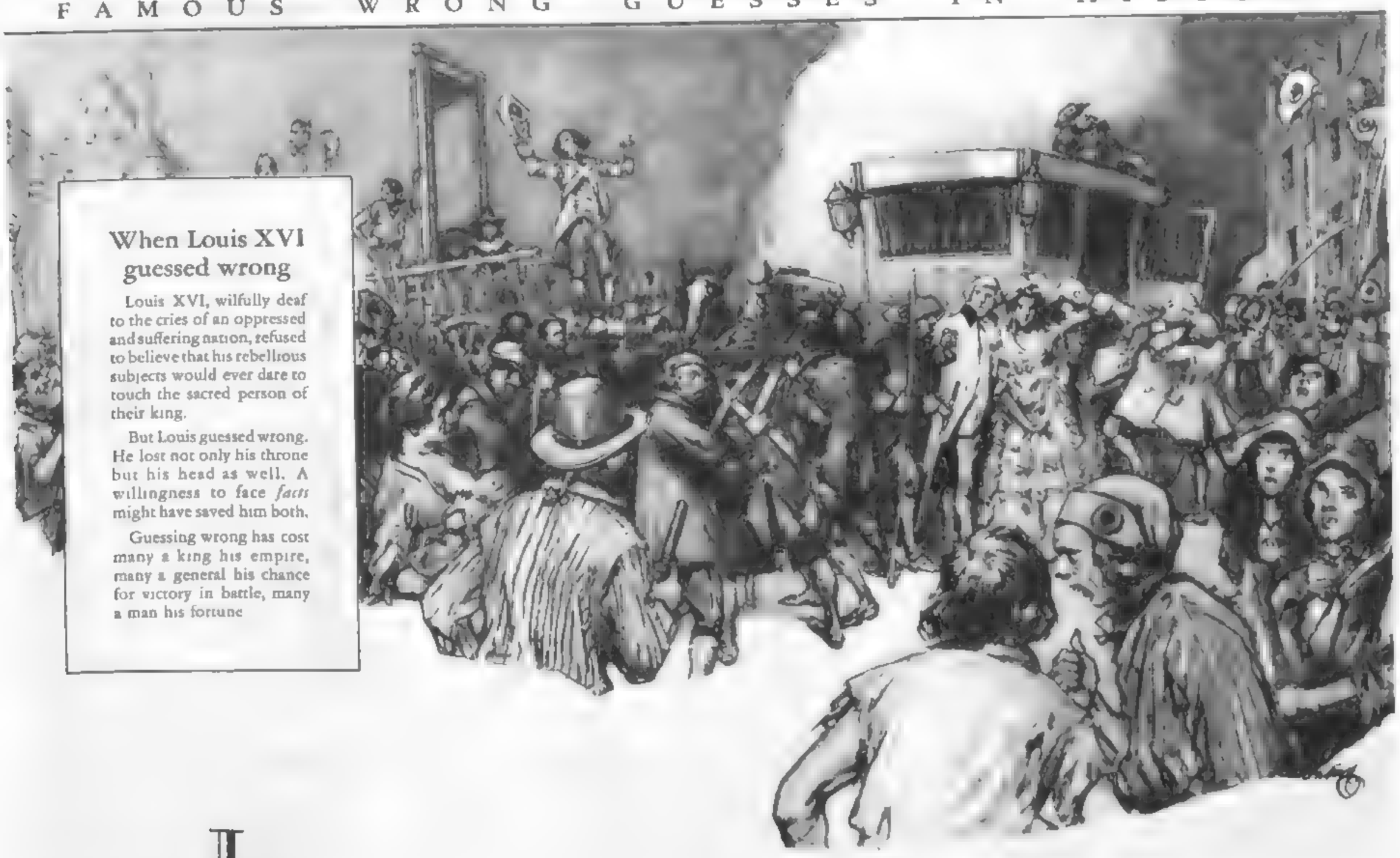

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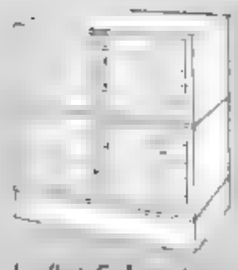

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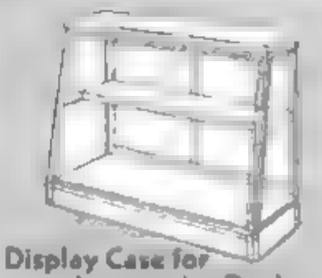

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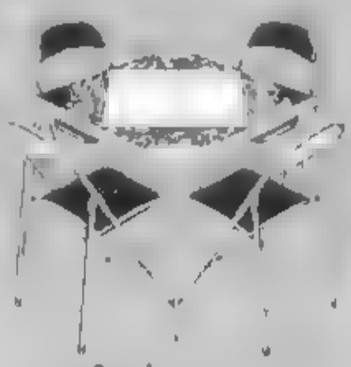

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS


*(Continued from Page 158)*

by Woodrow Wilson. This is one of the ironies of fate which no one could foresee in 1915. On the other hand, if German propaganda had stayed our hand a little longer, the war would have ended, probably, in a stalemate before the A. E. F. could smash the Hindenburg Line.

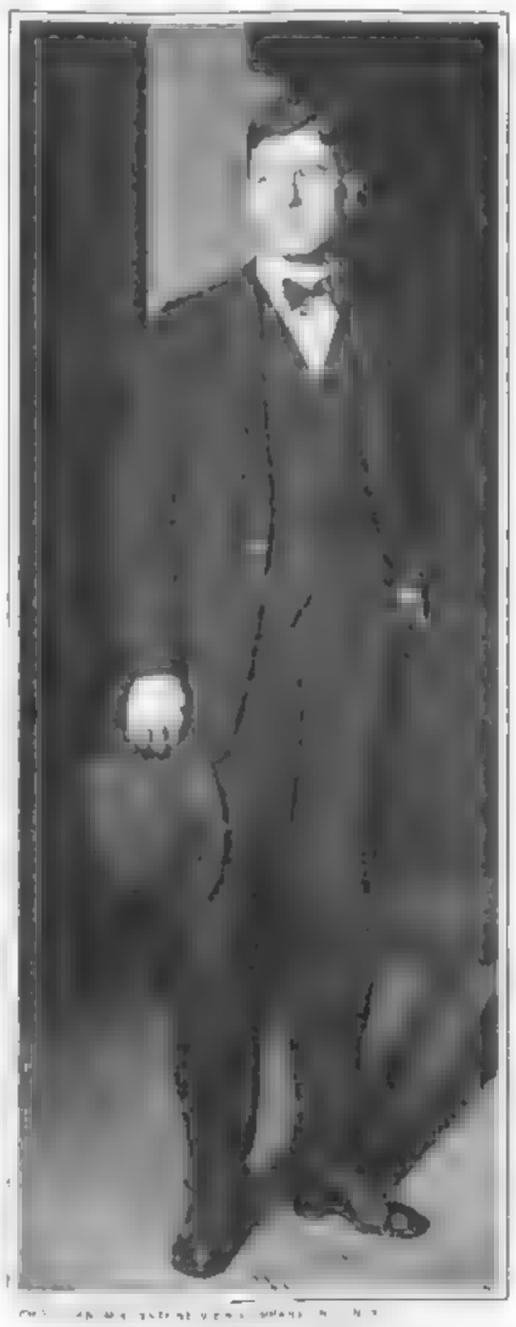
Before the storm evoked by the Lusitania affair had abated, another disaster struck the German propaganda cabinet like a cyclone. Doctor Albert lost his portfolio. The Sixth Avenue Elevated in New York City was the scene of his rout. He had been talking to the editor of The Fatherland, who left him at Fiftieth Street. At Fifty-eighth Street he walked to the door without his portfolio. He turned back almost instantly, but the brief case was gone! It smuggled serenely under the arm of a man who was leaving the car at the opposite end.

The Germans blamed the British Intelligence Bureau for the disappearance of Doctor Albert's papers. Others attributed the feat to our own secret service. The true story of the incident has never been told. It is unknown to this day to the Germans. The man who purloined Doctor Albert's portfolio was a member of a group known as the Bohemian Union. Doctor Masaryk, from his headquarters in London, had organized a secret service to shadow all German and Austrian officials in the United States. Speaking German perfectly, they were able to place their men in the German and Austrian consulates. They attended every pro-German conference, gaining the confidence of all the pro-Germans. One Czecho-Slovakian had shadowed Albert for three days, waiting for just such an opportunity. The moment Albert's back was turned, he shot toward the portfolio as a shark leaps for his prey.

The Bohemian Union immediately turned over its find to the British Intelligence Bureau. Photostatic copies were made at once of all letters and papers. Copies of the papers found their way into the offices of the New York World. Doctor Albert did not know the entire contents of his portfolio. Soon inquiries made by The World into various phases of his activities revealed the enormity of his loss. When the matter was discussed in the propaganda cabinet he did not believe that the contents of his brief case would be published.

"They are private papers!" he shouted.

"But Herr Geheimrat," remarked Hale, "this is a World War!"



*Jeremiah A. O'Leary*

### *The Cat Out of the Portfolio*

The cabinet discussed various plans to stop the publication. Someone suggested an injunction, but it was pointed out that this would attract only more attention and would enable the newspaper to publish the contents of the portfolio indirectly by making the purloined correspondence a part of court procedure. A hectic automobile trip took Doctor Albert, Doctor Fuehr and the editor of The Fatherland to the house of an influential attorney. The attorney kept the wires to Washington and to the office of the newspaper busy. He talked to Tumulty and he talked to a member of the cabinet. However, all efforts were unavailing. The mischief was afoot and its course could not be halted.

The publication of the Albert papers was a German catastrophe. It dramatized German propaganda. Henceforth the Allied propagandists could go as far as they liked. The stamp of propaganda was fastened upon the Germans. Every character in the pro-German cast strutted across the newspaper headlines a villain. Other nations, too, were intriguing, but the Germans were caught red-handed. It was a veritable mare's-nest of intrigue, conspiracy and propaganda that reposed placidly in Doctor Albert's brief case.

### *Doctor Albert on the Defensive*

The inner workings of the propaganda machine were laid bare. The exposure of Albert's activities destroyed the element of camouflage, essential to propaganda success. Dozens of persons who had never been associated in the public eye with the German cause found themselves exposed and excoriated. Members of both houses of Congress, distinguished attorneys and journalists, who had no connection at all with the Germans, found it difficult to explain the fact that their names figured in this correspondence. The innocent were implicated with the guilty. Legitimate efforts for publicity, for the publication of books, pamphlets and magazines, were confused with illicit activities. German propaganda became German conspiracy.

Albert's portfolio, like the box of Pandora, unloosened every half-hatched plan of the Germans. Germany appeared in the act of buying up munition plants surreptitiously to prevent shipments to Europe. She was discovered stirring up Southern interests to advocate an embargo on arms unless Great Britain consented to take cotton off the contraband list. There were sinister suggestions of strikes in munition plants. Germany's good faith in her relations with the United States was seriously impugned by the advice of one of Albert's correspondents, a German official, to delay the shipment of chemicals and dyestuffs badly needed by American manufacturers, even if Great Britain should permit them to pass the blockade, in order to exert pressure on the American Government.

The Albert papers established the connection between various organizations working for peace or for an embargo on arms, and the agents of the German Government, thereby discrediting all efforts in this direction, even those which were utterly innocent of any contact with propaganda.

Albert issued an astute statement explaining and defending his course. But the propagandist who is compelled to explain or to defend himself is already lost. He can no longer fire from ambush. His guns are no longer concealed. The loss of the Albert portfolio was like the loss of the Marne. The most brilliant subsequent maneuvers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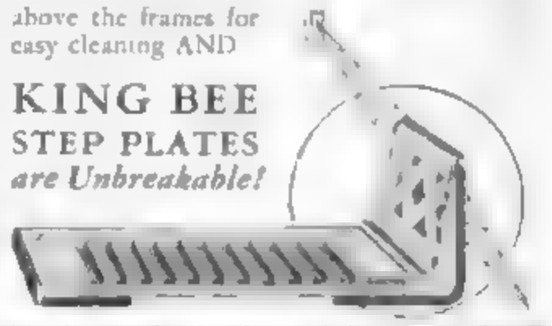

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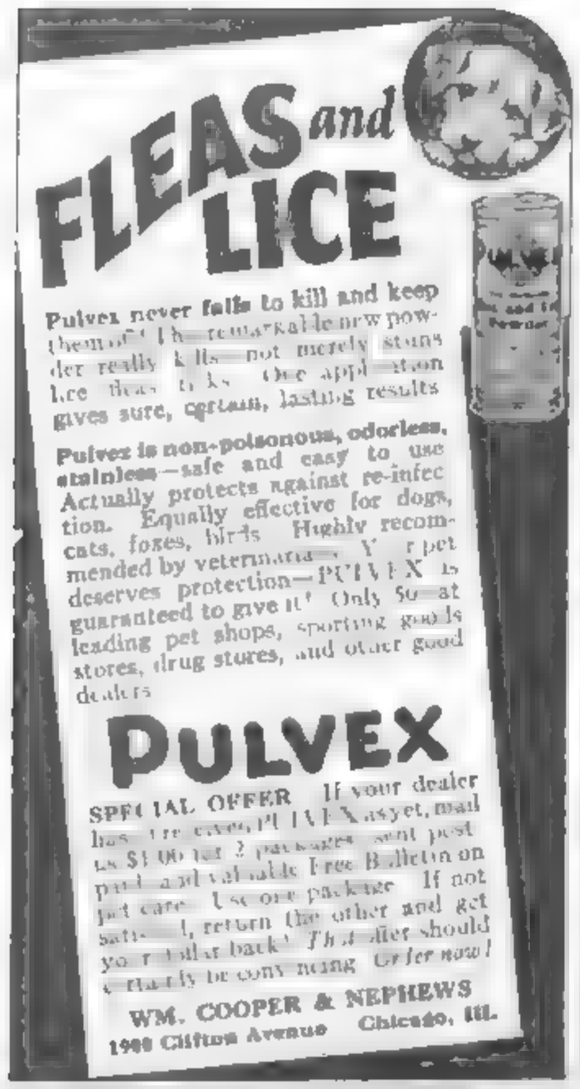
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never enabled the Germans to regain the lost ground. Most members of the propaganda cabinet did not realize the full importance of the Albert disclosures. They underestimated its effect on their campaign to capture public opinion in the same manner in which the German General Staff underestimated the effect of the first Battle on the Marne, which foredoomed to defeat their efforts to bring France to her knees.

The activities of the propaganda cabinet were so manifold that it was necessary to carry on the work through subcommittees. One of these issued a daily information sheet sent free to the newspapers. It was composed chiefly of extracts from German newspapers. Every news item sent out was carefully indexed with a minuteness that would have done credit to the German General Staff. The information service also supplied the newspapers with photographs, mats and cuts. Much of this material seeped into the press, especially through small-town papers. The metropolitan dailies, too, made occasional use of the service. The information sheet would have been welcomed more cordially by the editors if it had been able to supply the news withheld by the British censor. Though labeled news, its contents were too obviously propaganda.

More important from the German point of view was the publication of interpretative articles in newspapers and magazines, preferably without German label. When England cut the German cable, Count Bernstorff's statements were eagerly sought by the press. After a little while this method of achieving publicity grew stale. Moreover, such statements subjected the ambassador to the peril of involving himself in unwelcome controversies. It was then that Dernburg leaped into the breach. Dernburg's command of the English language was the envy of his associates. He wrote several masterly expositions of Germany's point of view for New York newspapers, which in turn syndicated them throughout the country. This was straightforward publicity. It was propaganda only in so far as these articles, always ably written, often concealed, like the scorpion, an unsuspected sting in their tale. Articles by Dr. Edmund von Mach, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg and other popular exponents of the German cause hovered also on the border line between education and propaganda.

### *The Busy Pamphleteers*

The propaganda cabinet gave such publicity as it could to special articles and manifestoes by German scholars. Frequently the German Foreign Office would send long-winded documents for which it was almost impossible to find a berth in the daily press. These interminable literary tapeworms sometimes found a welcoming host in some magazine. Articles by Americans without German associations were immediately seized upon and reprinted. In many cases thousands of copies of magazines containing such articles were purchased and distributed through pro-German business houses.

Articles likely to prove effective weapons were reprinted as pamphlets. The smallest edition was twenty-five thousand. Some attained an edition of several hundred thousand. An article against the shipment of arms by a former government official reached more than three million readers. This pamphlet was distributed through every possible channel, especially through pro-German organizations suggesting by their name a purely American origin. It was sent to fifty thousand lawyers by the American Truth Society. One hundred and eighty thousand copies were mailed to mayors, governors and legislators by the American Independence Union.

Twenty-five thousand copies of the German White Book and twenty-five thousand copies of The Case Against Armed Merchantmen were distributed primarily among legislators and editors. All pamphlets were sold through the news company, through independent bookstores, and through various pro-German publications. This was shrewd psychology. The average reader peruses more attentively something for which he has paid than something he gets for nothing. It is only heaven that is given away! The sales of pamphlets were a substantial source of income.

Doctor Dernburg's articles formed the basis of several pamphlets which attained an immense circulation. Other best sellers were: The Truth About Germany, Germany's Just Cause, Germany and the War, The Case of Belgium, Current Misconceptions About the War, Germany's Hour of Destiny, and so on. Millions of these pamphlets were circulated among pro-Germans and Irish sympathizers. They reached, however, a much larger circle because every reader, after familiarizing himself thus with the pro-German argument, spread the faith to the best of his ability among his neighbors. They fortified him with data for controversies and discussions with pro-Allies and neutrals.

British propagandists eagerly exploited the attacks by German pacifists against the German Government. The Germans, in turn, shouted from every housetop the opinions of British irreconcilables.

### *Peppery Propaganda*

Perhaps the most powerful pamphlet published was The War Plotters of Wall Street. This pamphlet purported to show the interrelations between pro-Ally banks and pro-Ally munition makers. Diagrams of the interlocking directorates of munition plants, banks and insurance companies drove home the author's meaning effectively. This peppery document urged the readers to withdraw their funds from financial institutions subscribing to Allied loans.

Several voluminous pamphlets discussed the Lusitania. Numerous pacifist pamphlets, especially Thou Shalt Not Kill, by Hale, were distributed among the clergy. Another pamphlet, The War Business in the United States, was a compilation of Viereck's articles on munition shipments. The data for these articles were supplied by Captain von Papen, who obtained them through various agents in factories and through his connections in insurance circles. The information thus secured figured frequently in the debates of the United States Senate.

One of the first and most amusing pamphlets got out by the pro-Germans, A Trip Through Headline Land, reproduced, with caustic comment, the newspaper headlines announcing almost daily the complete devastation of the German Army, while Germany was taking fortress after fortress in Belgium and in France.

More pretentious are two voluminous pamphlets edited by Doctor Hale, entitled American Rights and British Pretensions on the Seas, and Peace or War, The Great Debate of Twenty-six United States Senators and Eighty-nine Representatives in Congress. American Rights and British Pretensions was published under a neutral imprint. An expensive edition of this pamphlet, luxuriously bound, was presented by Doctor Hale to universities, libraries, colleges and to all members of Congress.

Summarizing the purpose of this pamphlet, Doctor Hale says: "It aims to afford materials for such study of American interests in at least one aspect—the aspect which, as the months draw on, emerges as perhaps the most anxious object of our concern—the vindication of the right of neutral ships to sail the seas on peaceable errands with innocent cargoes. . . . Against Germany that right has been vindicated. It remains to assert it against Great Britain."

Peace or War takes up one hundred and fifty-five pages, reproducing the oratory released in the House by the McLemore resolution and in the Senate by the Gore resolution.

Another pamphlet of more than one hundred and forty-four pages deals with European politics during the decade before

*(Continued on Page 165)*

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Simply take your pencil and fill in the coupon above for all the details of our pleasant money-making subscription plan. Then you can start earning *at once!* No expenses to you—and no obligations.

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ONE drop of this new formula and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

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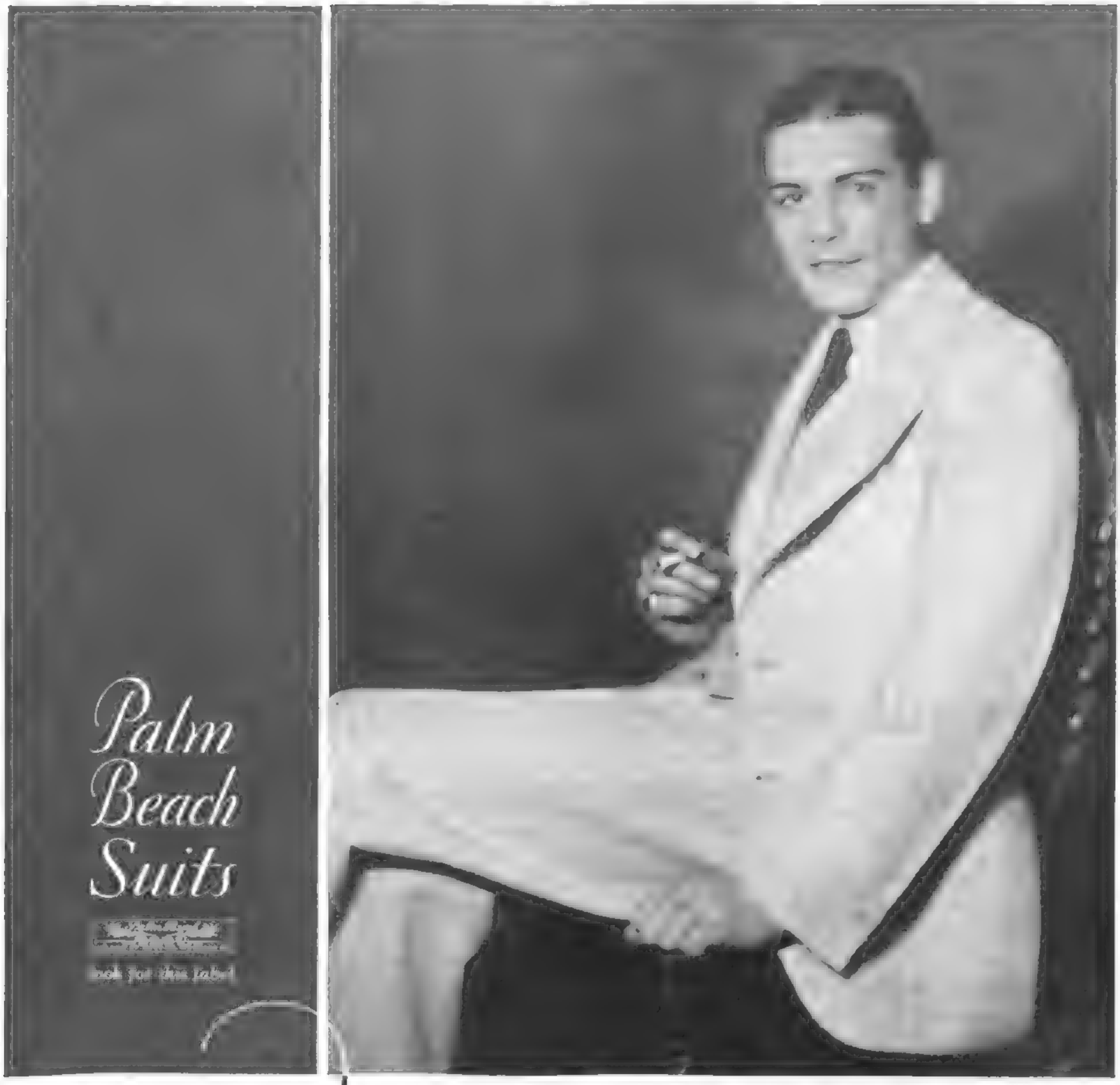


# Make your own weather . . . .

The sun may say it's hot. But the man in a Palm Beach Suit has a Cooling System of his own!

Its weave and texture emphatically sidestep the conventional character of wools and worsteds.

The yarns are cool. The weave is open. Result: a circulating current of pleasurable, vivifying air that constantly keeps the body heat down and the spirits up.

Palm Beach Cloth is a development born of modern need and modern trend -a fabric that tailors smartly and holds its good looks and smartness through the hottest summer.

It sheds the soil and dirt—yet washes perfectly. It will outwear and outlast many a garment of twice its weight and half its comfort.

Shown in a host of new, swank patterns and fashionable tones. Light colors—dark colors. Chamois shades, tans, blue grays, steel grays, rich browns. Sports Suits—Knickers. Suits for evening wear—suits for the sunny shore.

At your clothier's—your share of cool weather *—right now!* If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants—communicate with us.

* * *

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*Selling Agent:* A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

# "It's all wet!" *said Noah* . . . . "which reminds me that I'm dry!"

It was raining. It had been raining. It continued to rain. Mr. J. L. Noah, president of the Noah Navigation Company, Ltd., was down in the mouth and up in the air.

"This ark business is all wet!" he declared petulantly, "and if I ever get out of it, you can bet two pounds of animal crackers that I'm going to make for the dryest spot in the Sahara Desert. I want to reign where there is no rain.

"I'm sick and tired of looking at rain and listening to it . . . but there's just one consolation—I don't have to *drink* rain!"

Into the old navigator's eyes came a look of rare contentment as he pressed a buzzer for the second chimpanzee—"A bottle of carbonated beverage from the ice box, Jo-Jo," he ordered, "and you might take a look at the Weather Report for tomorrow!"

Which reminds us to remark that it will always be Fair Weather in your household if the ice box is laden with bottled carbonated beverages.

*Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.*

# Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

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# READY MONEY

*Everyone Wants It—*

## *Mr. Rose Has It!*

THERE is nothing unusual in the fact that George H. Rose of Ohio likes to have extra dollars in his pocket. What IS distinctive is that he *has* them, and has had them ever since, years ago, he found an easy, sure way to make his spare hours pay him handsomely.

The same way is open to you right now. Nearly every part of the country offers opportunity for wide-awake men and women, old and young, to help us care for the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The work is easy, pleasant, and pays up to $1.50 or more an hour.

You need no experience to begin. And your profits can start the very day you receive our reply to the coupon.

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340 Independence Square
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Please send full details of your money-making plan.

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City _____ State _____


(Continued from Page 162)

the war as described by Belgian diplomatists. This pamphlet was meant for the consumption of historical students. There were pamphlets intended primarily for bankers, like The Imperial Russian Finances, which warned Americans against investing money in Russia. Merely to enumerate all the pamphlets published in that time would fill several columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Some of these pamphlets had the imprints of neutral publishers; almost all of them were financed or subsidized, directly or indirectly, by the Germans.

The presses were pouring forth every day books of Allied propaganda, disguised as learned historical discussions or as fiction. In the world of books, as well as in the sphere of the pamphlet, the pro-Allies joyfully clasped the German pacifists to their bosom. The British also arranged with great gusto for the reprints of the works of German militarists like Bernhardi. In the battle of books most of the Big Berthas were on the side of the Allies. For every book gotten out by the pro-Germans the pro-Allies published ten. But the Germans, too, permitted no grass to grow under their feet. The books, like the pamphlets, of British pacifists were popular in the pro-German camp. In view of the flood of propaganda forced down our throats, it is surprising that the American people did not suffer more acutely from mental dyspepsia.

It is impossible to enumerate all publishers of propaganda books. The cuckoo of propaganda laid its eggs in every nest. There was, however, more joy in the propaganda cabinet over one pro-German book printed by a publisher with pro-Ally affiliations than over ninety-nine issuing from sources friendly to Germany. In most cases large numbers of copies were ordered and distributed through the usual channels.

The lecture platform was practically monopolized by the British. But Doctor Dernburg made a large number of speeches. A spirited debate on the war between George Sylvester Viereck and Gilbert Chesterton's temperamental brother Cecil, editor of The New Witness, furnished a one-night sensation in New York. The propaganda cabinet attended this debate in full. A large number of speakers, among whom Dr. Eugene Kuehnemann was the foremost, addressed themselves primarily to German-American audiences in innumerable Turn Halls and Vereins. Dr. von Mach and Dr. Hanns Heinz Ewers spoke in German and in English. Prof. Kuno Meyer, the great authority on the Gaelic language, addressed himself both to the Germans and to the Irish. Some Irish aided the Germans with their oratorical fire. Now and then friends of freedom for India would forgather with the pro-Germans and the pro-Irish to denounce the British.

### *Delighted by His Denouncement*

The propaganda cabinet established personal contacts between Germany's official spokesmen and American newspapermen. In the early part of the war both editors and writers were not only willing but anxious to obtain information about Germany in this manner. These contacts were usually established at intimate little dinners in a private room of a club or a smart hotel. A famous newspaperman had great difficulty in obtaining a passport from the British authorities after lunching with Doctor Dernburg, until, much to his delight, The Fatherland denounced him as a pro-Ally. After that he had no difficulty in securing his visa.

Various pro-German publications, mostly war babies of spurious origin, clamored for assistance. Most of these requests came before the propaganda cabinet. In some cases the requests came directly and the aid was given in a similar manner. In other cases both requests and the contributions flowed through camouflaged channels. The Fatherland, which reached, shortly after the declaration of war, a circulation of more than one hundred thousand copies, was self-supporting. It received some aid in the form of subscriptions and it profited substantially from purchasing pamphlets and books below cost from the propagandists. Doctor Albert was anxious to assume control of The Fatherland because its virulent attacks on the Administration proved embarrassing to Count Bernstorff. The editor of The Fatherland refused to submit to such control and the negotiations fell through.

The way of the propagandist is hard! "America," Count Bernstorff once sighed to me, "is the most indiscreet country in the world. Everybody talks. No one can keep a secret. Everyone who once received a dollar from the Imperial German Government expects to remain on its pay roll for life."

A large number of small race papers were subsidized by Austria-Hungary. One motive for subsidizing these publications was the desire to inflame discontent among Austro-Hungarian workmen employed in the war industries. The German Government repeatedly aided German-language newspapers in financial distress. In one case the subsidy was paid in the form of innocuous looking advertisements. Many of these facts are known to me personally. Most of them appear in the records of the Department of Justice and of the Overman Committee appointed by Congress to investigate the brewing interests and propaganda.

### *Propagandists Bearing Gifts*

Some correspondents going to the German Front received gratifications amounting to one thousand dollars and more. Others induced the German Government to pay their expenses. Their names appear in official records. It is not unusual for a government to buy good will in this fashion. The British Government repeatedly invited distinguished Americans to visit England or the Front as its guests. The majority of newspapermen, no doubt, resisted such blandishments. Still others accepted them without selling their soul for a steamship ticket. Nevertheless, it is never safe to trust propagandists or governments bearing gifts.

The temptation to buy some news-distributing agency presented itself repeatedly. Count Bernstorff very sensibly refused to waste almost a million dollars of government money on a goose chase. "If," he said, "it becomes known that a news agency is controlled by German interests it would never be a success. With the present animosity against Germany it would even mean risking the whole enterprise. If, on the other hand, we operate the news service in such a cautious manner that the German interest cannot very well be discovered, it will not be of much use at all. At any rate, it will never be worth nine hundred thousand dollars."

Thwarted in their efforts to purchase an influential syndicate, the Germans spent huge amounts on cable tolls to spread pro-German news in Central and South America. Doctor Fuehr organized a camouflaged concern. The amounts involved in this work can be gauged by the fact that he paid one hundred and forty thousand dollars in cable tolls to the Mexican Telephone Company from the first of January to the fifteenth of February, 1917!

The Germans also financed, to the tune of some fifty thousand dollars, a company to distribute pro-German films. Both the Germans and the Allies used the cinema for propaganda. Both sides exhibited stirring films from the battle front, but the moving picture for propaganda purposes did not come fully into its own until the United States entered the war.

From the day on which the Germans landed, the advisability of purchasing a metropolitan newspaper was a subject of animated discussion. A group of German Americans banded themselves together to purchase a dying New York paper. This attempt failed. Another attempt, engineered with the aid of Doctor Dernburg, succeeded. This matter was never discussed


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Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
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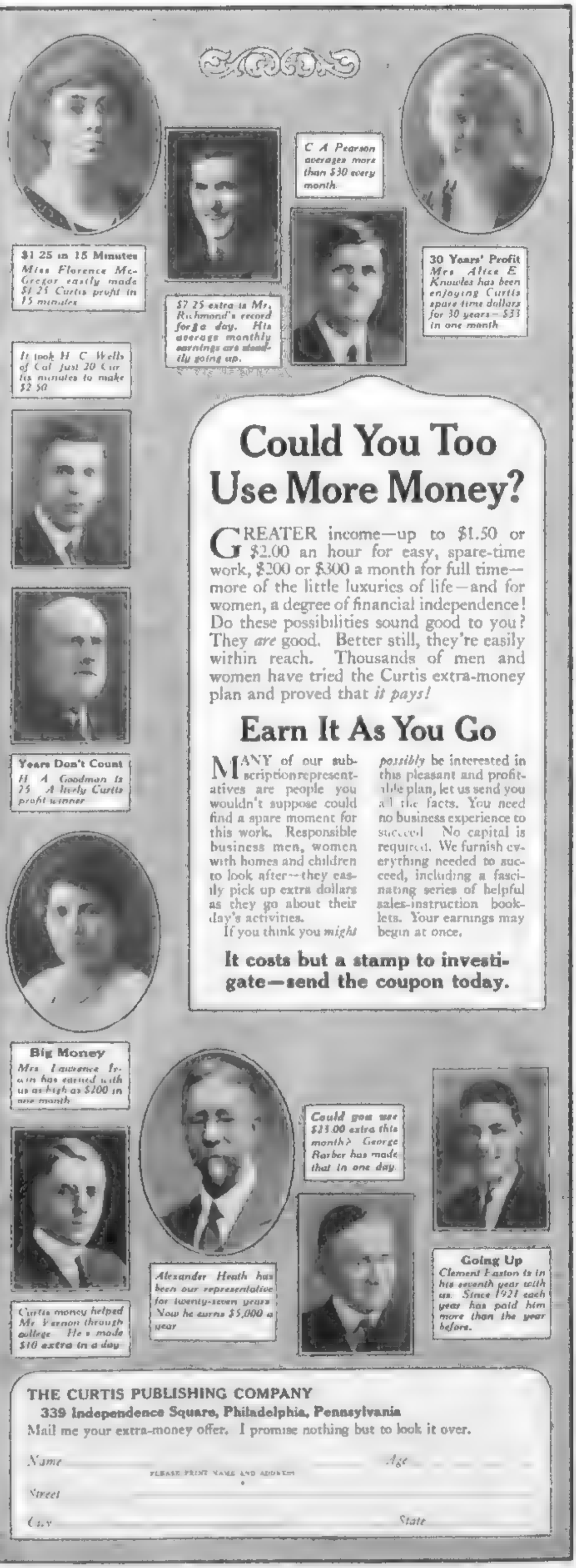
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Miss Florence McGregor easily made $1 25 Curtis profit in 15 minutes
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Curtis money helped Mr Vernon through college He's made $10 extra in a day
Going Up
Clement Easton is in his seventh year with us. Since 1921 each year has paid him more than the year before.

# Could You Too Use More Money?

GREATER income—up to $1.50 or $2.00 an hour for easy, spare-time work, $200 or $300 a month for full time—more of the little luxuries of life—and for women, a degree of financial independence! Do these possibilities sound good to you? They *are* good. Better still, they're easily within reach. Thousands of men and women have tried the Curtis extra-money plan and proved that *it pays!*

## Earn It As You Go

MANY of our subscription representatives are people you wouldn't suppose could find a spare moment for this work. Responsible business men, women with homes and children to look after—they easily pick up extra dollars as they go about their day's activities.

If you think you *might possibly* be interested in this pleasant and profitable plan, let us send you all the facts. You need no business experience to succeed. No capital is required. We furnish everything needed to succeed, including a fascinating series of helpful sales-instruction booklets. Your earnings may begin at once.

**It costs but a stamp to investigate—send the coupon today.**

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339 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mail me your extra-money offer. I promise nothing but to look it over.

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by the propaganda cabinet, although individual members were familiar with the negotiations. The purchase of the paper gave the pro-Germans little comfort. Suspected of being pro-German, it was compelled to lean backward and was less aggressive in its advocacy of various measures desired by the pro-Germans than other newspapers to which no taint of suspicion attached.

The Germans lost the opportunity to acquire other metropolitan dailies. They also failed to secure important papers in Washington and in Chicago. Three or four powerful newspapers friendly to Germany would have stiffened the resistance of the bitter-enders opposed to war. It is not impossible that a few million dollars thus invested would have saved the German Empire billions in reparation and changed the course of history.

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on propaganda. The third article, which will appear next week, will describe how German propaganda exploited and created American organizations to influence Congress and public opinion.

# TWIN ARTS

NEITHER of us liked to eavesdrop, but in this case it could not be avoided. The two men seated in front of us on the street car began to talk about my companion, Robert Stevens, and his fellow bankers.

"Go to Brigham, of the Anglo-California Bank, when you start this account," said the younger. "He's a fine fellow. But, whatever you do, stay away from Stevens. He's disagreeable and a fresh upstart."

I looked at Stevens, feeling almost as embarrassed as he. "Don't let it disturb you," I whispered. "Just one of those cases where you turned down a loan and Brigham granted it."

"But it isn't!" was my friend's answer. "It was Brigham who turned him down and I who saved his financial neck."

I could see that Stevens' injured vanity was losing in a fight with curiosity. He wanted to know why the man felt as he did, and being a most impulsive person, he proceeded to tap him on the shoulder and ask.

The man blushed, sputtered apologies, started to leave.

"Please!" Stevens detained him. "I'm not angry. It will be a favor if you will tell me all about it. Perhaps other people feel about me as you do, and it would be good business for me to learn the reasons."

The man gulped several times. "Well, as long as you've asked, I'll tell you. You know, I went to Brigham and he turned down my request for a loan. But he did it in such a nice way that I left feeling happy. You granted the loan, but you were very disagreeable about it. When I called to ask if I could have the note extended, you said no abruptly. I requested that you tell me why, and you snapped, 'Not now!'"

"You've done me a very great favor," Stevens said.

It was several weeks before I saw Stevens again.

"I've found somebody to teach me how to say yes and no," he said. "I told my secretary, Miss Green, about the street-car incident. She said that my lack of skill in handling yes and no was my most serious handicap. She knows a dozen people who feel about me as that fellow did. The upshot of it was that she agreed to become my instructor. She calls me every time I fall down, and keeps me busy reading about diplomacy and allied subjects."

### *A Lesson From the Orient*

"There are a lot of old masters to study. Napoleon had a hundred ways to say no, each fitted to the occasion. Woodrow Wilson could refuse or grant equally well. Some of Theodore Roosevelt's best boosters were people he had turned down. My Chinese cook will expend most of his pidgin English in an effort to avoid a direct negative. Or if he is in a hurry, he will say something like 'Yes, me no can do it.'"

"Reminds me of the time I was in the office of Kadono, who manages the business interests in Japan of the late Baron Okura," I said. "An insurance salesman came in. I knew that Kadono was busy, so wondered how he would get rid of the agent. Kadono bowed low and said, 'I deeply regret that it will be impossible for me to add to my meager store of knowledge by listening to your jeweled words of wisdom, for I can see that you are too busy to give me of your time.'"

"Going into the study of the two words," Stevens resumed, "I've been surprised to find that the three-lettered one presents almost as many problems as its shorter twin. When a man does a favor for you he feels good about it and rather superior to you. His vanity has been fed, so he likes you. He's the creditor.

"But when you grant a favor, he feels obligated to you, and that feeling can easily react against you. Yes and no are alike in that they can lead either to friendship or enmity."

### *The Right Way to Say Yes*

Stevens wanted me to sit near by and watch him practice for a while. A client applied for a loan. Stevens' attentiveness was so rapt that it was a compliment. He praised the arrangement of the man's statement and mentioned good points he had overlooked. While the man was nodding happily, Stevens led into an explanation of why the bank could not grant the loan. Then he suggested a plan of reorganization which would make the loan unnecessary. The man liked the scheme. As he left he said, "You've proved yourself a real friend and counselor."

Next an automobile salesman came along. Stevens soon had the salesman agreeing with him that his reasons for not wanting the car were sound. And he suggested a live prospect.

When a small boy asked him to subscribe for a magazine, Stevens did. But more than that, he complimented the lad on his salesmanship, predicted a future for him. The boy left so proudly happy that I dare say he told a dozen people about Stevens before the day was over.

When Stevens was promoted from assistant cashier to vice president, I chanced to see the bank's president. I asked, in effect, "How come?"

"Stevens has learned how to handle people," the financier explained. "We're giving him charge of all public relations. Every bank is eager to promote a man who can be agreeable without being patronizing and who can reject a proposition in such a way that the applicant agrees that he wouldn't have said yes himself.

"For that matter, every business needs such men. We're going to place Stevens on the board of the public utility we control because he will bring to the company a gift for keeping customers happy."

When I congratulated Stevens on the advancement he interrupted me: "You haven't heard the really big news! When I asked Miss Green if she would marry me, she said that since she had spent so much time teaching me how to say yes, she couldn't consistently give any answer but that. So we're to be married." —R. P.

# USELESS TO SHOUT STOP THIEF!

A PIERCING shriek shattered the midnight silence of the Conrad household, in New York. Tracing the sounds of hysterical sobbing, Mr. Conrad* found their maid sitting up in bed frantic with fright. Awakened by a stealthy noise, she had seen the shadowy form of a man in her doorway. Investigation revealed the burglar had taken practically every piece of jewelry in the house. (Claim 45-RB-29358)

The Harts* of Pasadena employed a servant who proved dishonest. She vanished with $800 worth of table and bed linen. (Claim 33-BR-55229)

The Richards* of Philadelphia, while absent from home, were robbed of oriental rugs, draperies and miscellaneous furnishings valued at $3480. Unfortunately Mr. Richards carried only $2000 insurance. (Claim 4-BR-98253)

Mr. Johnstone* of Longview, Texas, while making a roadside tire repair was held up by highwaymen who took his cash and jewelry. We paid Mr. Johnstone $850. (Claim 18-BPH-21015)

These claims, like all just claims, Ætna met with promptness. Insurance could not make restitution of the stolen property, but its cash value promptly was made good up to the limit of the coverage.

There is an Ætna policy or bond to protect against every insurable risk. The protection and service given under Ætna policies reach from coast to coast and are the personal interest of 20,000 representatives equipped and willing to care for your insurance necessities always, wherever you may be. Let the Ætna-izer in your community arrange a program of protection commensurate with *your* needs.

The Ætna Life group consists of The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut.

**These names are fictitious. All other details are authentic.*

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

**Boys!**

Read how you can secure a copy of "Car Crests" which enables you to identify any car on the road.

# A Free Offer to Boys

## *who want to help busy fathers*

*YOUR DAD*, like so many others, is probably a pretty busy man—too busy to look after everything. Take the car. He is glad to find enough time to drive it. Mighty little chance he has to think about making it run better.

Why not give him a hand? We will help you . . . . by sending you a free booklet on spark plugs. Even dad will like to read it!

Now a spark plug is only one of perhaps 3800 parts in an automobile. It looks pretty insignificant—unimportant. So that many people think spark plugs are not worth bothering about. But don't you believe it. You'll be surprised to learn how important they really are . . . . and what a difference they can make in pep and power!

Take the new Pyro-Action Spark Plugs, for instance. They make a car start easier. They improve the running of the motor very noticeably. They even increase gasoline mileage. This last claim may sound like exaggeration, but wait until you see this plug. Its firing points are different for they have a knife edge. This knife edge produces a bigger, broader spark capable of burning a mixture with less gasoline. Therefore if he wants to, your dad can have the carburetor adjusted to use less gasoline.

These Pyro-Action Plugs are made by Robert Bosch, inventor of the famous Bosch Magneto. Your dad can probably tell you that Robert Bosch is the world's leading authority on auto ignition. So a booklet on spark plugs from the Robert Bosch Magneto Company is certainly worth reading.

To every boy who writes for this booklet, we will also present a copy of "Car Crests", which illustrates the emblems of every motor car in America and enables you to identify any car on sight. Write today for your copy.

*Pyro-Action Plugs are made for passenger cars, busses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc. Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark.*

**ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.**
**3601 F Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.**

# Pyro-Action Spark Plugs

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"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."


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# A 6" BALL BEARING ELECTRIC BENCH GRINDER for $35.00

*On Sale at the Leading Stores*

AN entirely new, powerful Grinder with ball bearings throughout. Designed to fill the need for a 6" Bench Grinder of Black & Decker quality, at low cost, for general purpose grinding and tool sharpening.

Wheel guards are adjustable, making it possible to grind at any position on the circumference of the wheels.

The rubber feet and lifting handle are special features, affording the utmost in convenience -- as the rubber feet make it possible to do ordinary grinding without necessity for fastening the Grinder down and, by means of the handle, Grinder can be readily moved from place to place to suit the nature of the work or the convenience of the operator.

This Grinder is practically vibrationless, due to inherent balance and the absorptive qualities of the rubber feet.

**SPECIFICATIONS**

Size of wheels: 6" diameter by ½" face by ½" hole
Net Weight: 36 lbs.
Motor: 110 volts, 50-60 cycles, single phase, A. C.

Equipment: Switch located in base, three conductor cable with attachment plug. Rubber feet. Two adjustable tool rests. Two adjustable wheel guards.

The Black & Decker Mfg. Co.

Towson, Md. U. S. A.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Slough, Bucks., England

# LISTERINE
# Shaving Cream

## Glycerine film ends razor pain

YOU can confidently expect the most amazing shaving comfort, the first time you try this new-type cream.

You will think your blade has suddenly acquired some magic smoothness. You will marvel that your skin is not drawn tight but relaxed, not harshened but soothed, not heated but cooled.

That's what glycerine does in a shaving cream. And this is why. At the cutting line of the hairs, Listerine Shaving Cream deposits a microscopic film of this cosmetic lubricant. Gone is the friction between beard and blade. The steel edge slides on that film. There is no slashing or sticking. Smooth and clean, off come the whiskers, with your skin unruffled and gladdened by the healing Listerine ingredients.

The next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine, remember to ask for Listerine Shaving Cream. That will end your search for the utmost in shaving comfort.

## 157 shaves-50c

Men told us that they would pay almost any price if only they could get a cream which really made shaving pleasant instead of painful. Now we offer such a lather-maker, compounded of costly ingredients. Luxurious and amazingly different, it is the perfected result of 26 months of research and study.

Yet the savings of great production permit a price approved by even the most thrifty shavers. The big white tube contains 118 inches of rich cream, more than enough for 157 shaves. That makes it a five-months' supply for 50c; or the utmost in shaving comfort for only 10c a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 62

absorb all his assets—leaving nothing, of course, to pay the manufacturer's judgment. That friendly judgment business, by the way, is a favorite device to defeat creditors' claims.

"The law and the courts are effective only with respect to assets that are within reach. If it could be shown that Keller had put the title to his real estate and other assets in the names of his wife and mother for the purpose of defrauding creditors, perhaps the thing could be upset, but that would be an extremely difficult thing to prove. People like Keller—the people that credit men call poor moral risks—so arrange their affairs as to become what is known as 'execution proof.' That simply means that if you get judgment against them, there are no assets in sight on which you can execute it to get your money.

"It's true that Keller might pay our bill for this first order of his—or might even pay for two or three bills—for the purpose of building up his credit standing with us until he could get into us for a substantial amount. When that happened, there would be no more checks from him, and our only recourse would be to the courts—with the outcome I have just explained. Even at the most optimistic outlook—namely, that we could collect a judgment against him is it worth while, even from a sales point of view, to sell goods to a customer where a lawsuit to collect our money is a virtual certainty?"

"No, it isn't," conceded the sales manager. "I'll have to agree on that. Word of lawsuits gets around among the trade like wildfire, and there's always the danger that somebody would think we were in the wrong. Explanations only make things worse."

"That's just another of the disadvantages of selling to a poor moral risk," the credit man pointed out. "A customer like that on the books of a business is a definite liability. There are so many ways in which a man who sets out to be dishonest can cheat his creditors that the mere possession, or apparent possession, of assets means little to a credit man unless there is, in addition, some evidence of honesty, good morals and a disposition to pay."

—CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*


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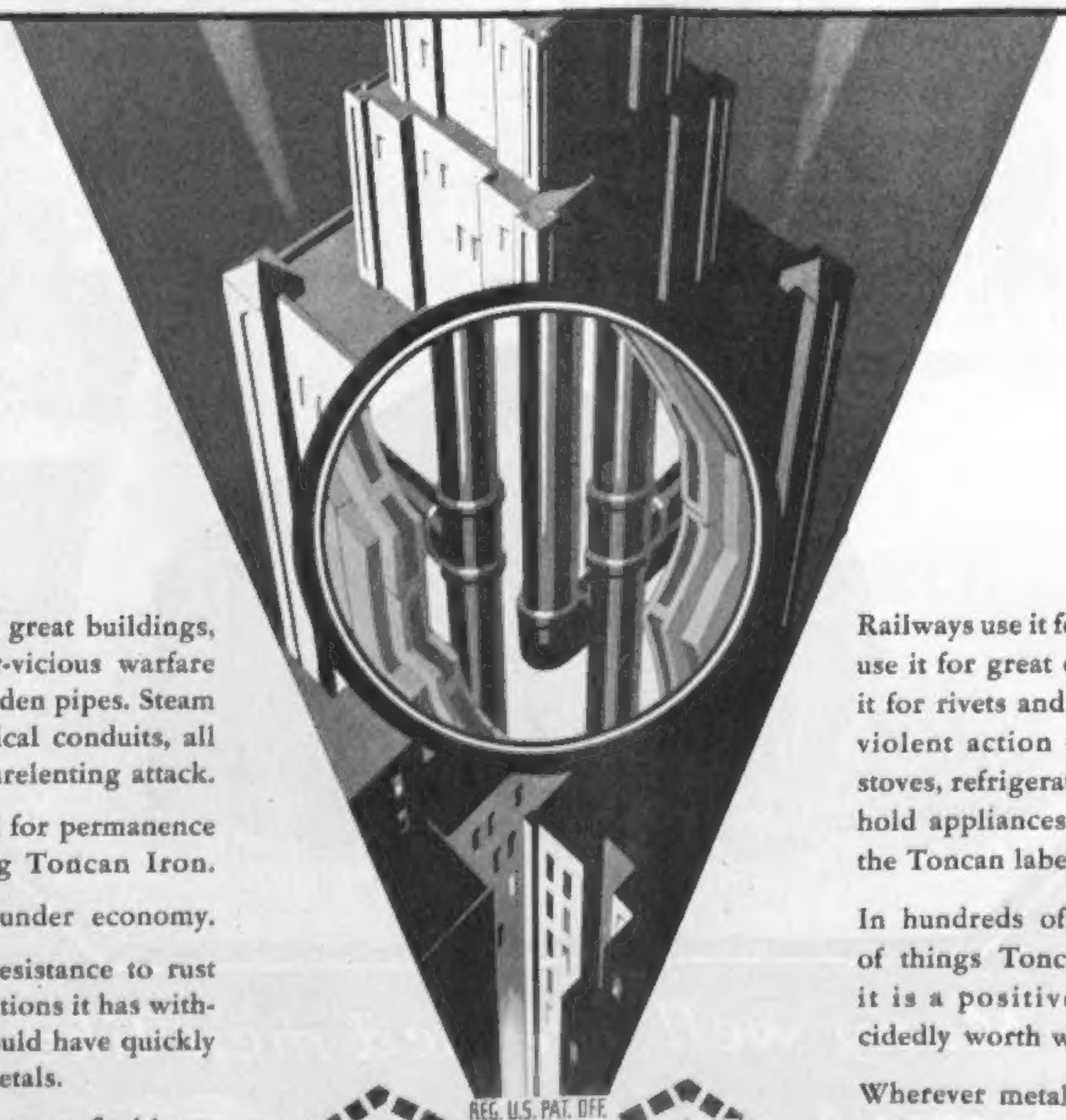
# Rust-resisting Pipe of TONCAN Iron Defeats the Menace of Rust and Corrosion



WITHIN the walls of great buildings, rust wages an ever-vicious warfare on the vast network of hidden pipes. Steam pipes, water pipes, electrical conduits, all are subject to the same unrelenting attack.

But today, men who build for permanence specify pipe of enduring Toncan Iron.

After all, there is no sounder economy.

Toncan shows amazing resistance to rust and corrosion. For generations it has withstood punishment that would have quickly ruined ordinary ferrous metals.

But Toncan endures. Gutters, flashings, cornices, ventilators and other exposed metal parts are prolonged indefinitely when made from this durable alloy of pure iron, copper and molybdenum.

Railways use it for gondola cars. Engineers use it for great culverts. Ship builders use it for rivets and plates that must stand the violent action of salt water. Makers of stoves, refrigerators and many other household appliances have learned the value of the Toncan label on their products.

In hundreds of places and for hundreds of things Toncan has demonstrated that it is a positive protection that is decidedly worth while.

Wherever metal must resist rust and corrosion, you can count on Toncan for long life and dependability.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
*Massillon and Canton, Ohio*

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COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

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OTTO SCHNERING, P

*A generous individual packet of dollar-a-pound quality candy which just fits your pocket . . . . 5¢*

REAL MINT
*—around the course, keep your mouth cool and fresh with this new and better gum*

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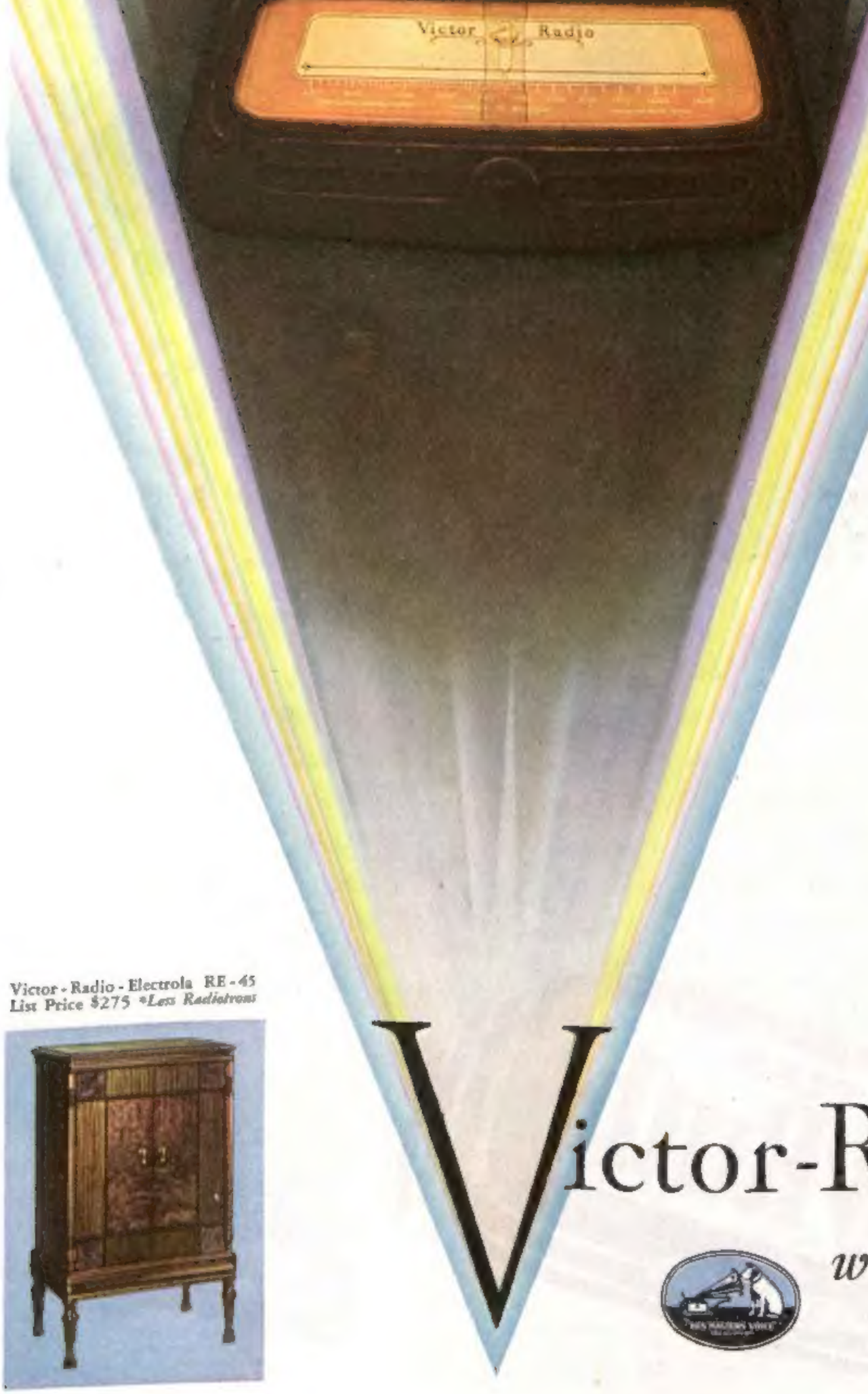
# Victor-Radio

*designed by Victor . . .*
*built by Victor . . .*

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At last . . . Micro-Synchronous Radio . . . a radio by the creator of the Orthophonic Victrola . . . by the producer of the marvelous Orthophonic records . . . that crystallizes in one magnificent instrument—Victor's incomparable craftsmanship and acoustical genius.

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Victor-Radio-Electrola RE-45
List Price $275 *Less Radiotron*



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*with Electrola*